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IN THE LEVANT  
By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER  
*ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAVURES*  
IN TWO VOLUMES  
VOLUME I

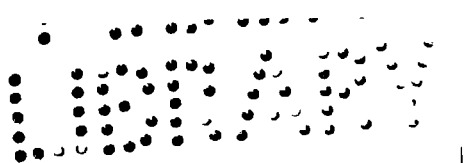








*Charles Dudley Warner*









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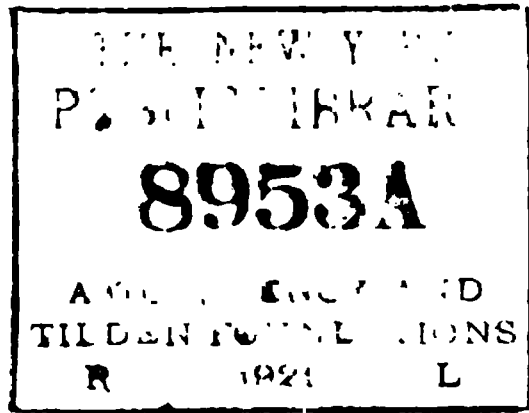
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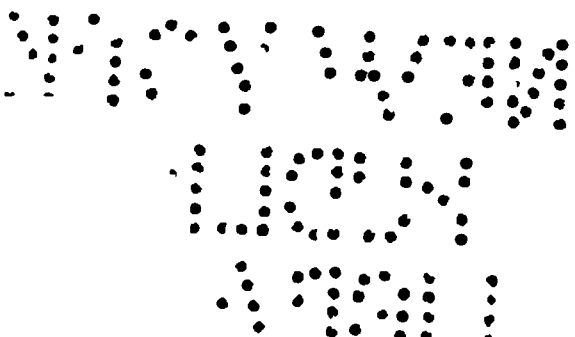


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TO  
WILLIAM D. HOWELLS  
THESE NOTES OF ORIENTAL TRAVEL  
ARE FRATEERNALLY INSCRIBED









## PREFACE TO THE ILLUSTRATED EDITION

IN turning over the pages of *In the Levant* with a view to its revision for the present illustrated edition, I am reminded that it was written seventeen years ago. That is a considerable portion out of an individual life, and indeed in that of a Western republic, but in the East it is scarcely the space between a sleeping and a waking. Since it was written, the Russo-Turkish war has been fought; philanthropy and fanaticism have again and again attempted to modernize, or to restore to the ancient ways, the hills and wildernesses of Judea; the English flag has been planted in Cyprus; English law, arms, and manners have encamped in Egypt; the Sultan has been murdered, the Sultan has been deposed as imbecile, the Sultan still sits in his seraglio, lazily watching his iron-clads in the Golden Horn, in the midst of a civilization that has been steadily decaying for five hundred years, and in adding all the Occidental vices to the Oriental immoralities, and assuming

the weight of modern armaments and military expense, has exhibited the endurance that once made the Turk the martial terror of Europe. That Turkey as a political factor is only held for a counter in the game that jealous rivals are playing for the possession of the East may be as true as it was when Russia made her first movement on Constantinople ; but so long as the head of the Moslem faith is a Turk, so long must he be considered in the contact of modern life with that still aggressive and growing religion, with its almost innumerable populations in Central Asia, India, and Africa.

Changes there have been in Palestine, — better roads, better hotels, better organizations for conducting the steps of irreverent sight-seers among historic ruins the commercial value of which the Orientals appreciate ; Constantinople itself has taken new steps in the emancipation of its women and the adoption of Frank ways ; last winter, in Cairo, I found an enormous superimposition of European life, and a wonderful change in the administration of justice, of finance, of the laying and collection of taxes, of agricultural production, of improved irrigation, in the physical well-being of the Fellaheen, — all and entirely due to the still unspent English sense of duty and love of order, and the splendid, conquering, what shall I call it? —

moral egotism. But for all that, the Oriental life, the essential current of an existence which is as strange to us as it was to Herodotus, still holds on its way, not much more changed in its character than is the Mediterranean by the modern fleets of war and commerce which vex its surface.

There is much that I might add to this record of a little pilgrimage, but I see nothing that it is worth while to change. In Cairo, I entered, in the desolate cemetery, the little tomb-building where lies that famous dragoman Mohammed Abd-el-Atti, under a gorgeous cenotaph erected by his widow. I wondered if he has found the sort of Paradise he expected. Those who were his comrades speak of him with serious respect, in a low voice, as having been very rich. I trust he still is. The world he delighted in is very much as he left it, and I am sure that if we could again go over the scenes that his shrewdness and sentiment made at once poetic and comical, I should be as much disillusionized and fascinated as I was before.

C. D. W.

HARTFORD, *May*, 1892.





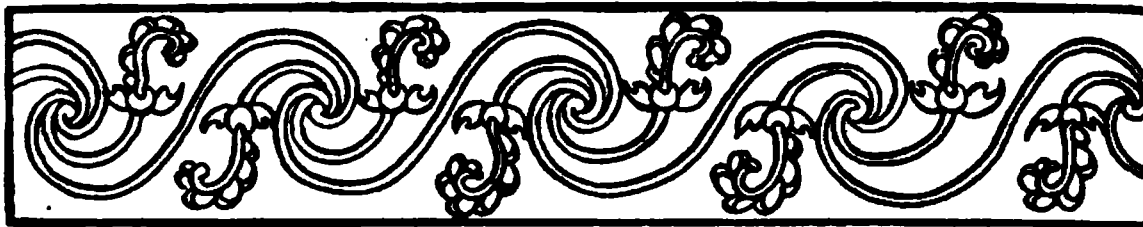
## PREFACE

IN the winter and spring of 1875 the writer made the tour of Egypt and the Levant. The first portion of the journey is described in a volume published last summer, entitled "My Winter on the Nile, among Mummies and Moslems;" the second in the following pages. The notes of the journey were taken and the books were written before there were any signs of the present Oriental disturbances, and the observations made are therefore uncolored by any expectation of the existing state of affairs. Signs enough were visible of a transition period, extraordinary but hopeful; with the existence of poverty, oppression, superstition, and ignorance were mingling Occidental and Christian influences, the faint beginnings of a revival of learning, and the stronger pulsations of awakening commercial and industrial life. The best hope of this revival was then, as it is now, in peace and not in war.

C. D. W.

HARTFORD, *November* 10, 1876.





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# IN THE LEVANT

## I

### FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM



SINCE Jonah made his short and ignominious voyage along the Syrian coast, mariners have had the same difficulty in getting ashore that the sailors experienced who attempted to land the prophet; his tedious though safe method of disembarking was not followed by later navigators, and the landing at Jaffa has remained a vexatious and half the time an impossible achievement.

The town lies upon the open sea and has no harbor. It is only in favorable weather that vessels can anchor within a mile or so from shore, and the Mediterranean steamboats often pass the port without being able to land either freight or passengers. In the usual condition of the sea the big fish would have found it difficult to discharge Jonah without stranding itself, and it seems that it waited three days for the favorable moment. The best chance for landing nowadays is in the early morning, in that calm period when the winds and the

waves alike await the movements of the sun. It was at that hour, on the 5th of April, 1875, that we arrived from Port Said on the French steamboat *Erymanthe*. The night had been pleasant and the sea tolerably smooth, but not to the apprehensions of some of the passengers, who always declare that they prefer, now, a real tempest to a deceitful groundswell. On a recent trip a party had been prevented from landing, owing to the deliberation of the ladies in making their toilet; by the time they had attired themselves in a proper manner to appear in Southern Palestine, the golden hour had slipped away, and they were able only to look upon the land which their beauty and clothes would have adorned. None of us were caught in a like delinquency. At the moment the anchor went down we were bargaining with a villain to take us ashore, a bargain in which the yeasty and waxingly uneasy sea gave the boatman all the advantage.

Our little company of four is guided by the philosopher and dragoman Mohammed Abd-el-Atti, of Cairo, who has served us during the long voyage of the Nile. He is assisted in his task by the Abyssinian boy Ahman Abdallah, the brightest and most faithful of servants. In making his first appearance in the Holy Land he has donned over his gay Oriental costume a blue Frank coat, and set his fez back upon his head at an angle exceeding the slope of his forehead. His black face has an unusual lustre, and his eyes dance with more than their ordinary merriment as he points excitedly to the shore and cries, "Yâfa! Mist'r Dunham."

The information is addressed to Madame, whom Ahman, utterly regardless of sex, invariably addresses by the name of one of our traveling companions on the Nile.

"Yes, marm; you see him, Yâfa," interposed Abd-el-Atti, coming forward with the air of brushing aside, as impertinent, the geographical information of his subordinate; "not much, I tink, but him bery old. Let us to go ashore."

Jaffa, or Yâfa, or Joppa, must have been a well-established city, since it had maritime dealings with Tarshish, in that remote period in which the quaint story of Jonah is set, — a piece of Hebrew literature that bears internal evidence of great antiquity in its extreme *naïveté*. Although the Canaanites did not come into Palestine till about 2400 B. C., that is to say, about the time of the twelfth dynasty in Egypt, yet there is a reasonable tradition that Jaffa existed before the Deluge. For ages it has been the chief Mediterranean port of great Jerusalem. Here Solomon landed his Lebanon timber for the Temple. The town swarmed more than once with the Roman legions on their way to crush a Jewish insurrection. It displayed the banner of the Saracen host a few years after the Hegira. And, later, when the Crusaders erected the standard of the cross on its walls, it was the depot of supplies which Venice and Genoa and other rich cities contributed to the holy war. Great kingdoms and conquerors have possessed it in turn, and for thousands of years merchants have trusted their fortunes to its peril-

ous roadstead. And yet no one has ever thought it worth while to give it a harbor by the construction of a mole, or a pier like that at Port Said. I should say that the first requisite in the industrial, to say nothing of the moral, regeneration of Palestine is a harbor at Jaffa.

The city is a cluster of irregular, flat-roofed houses, and looks from the sea like a brown bowl turned bottom up; the roofs are terraces on which the inhabitants can sleep on summer nights, and to which they can ascend, out of the narrow, evil-smelling streets, to get a whiff of sweet odor from the orange gardens which surround the town. The ordinary pictures of Jaffa do it ample justice. The chief feature in the view is the hundreds of clumsy feluccas tossing about in the aggravating waves, diving endwise and dipping sidewise, guided a little by the long sweeps of the sailors, but apparently the sport of the most uncertain billows. A swarm of them, four or five deep, surrounds our vessel; they are rising and falling in the most sickly motion, and dashing into each other in the frantic efforts of their rowers to get near the gangway ladder. One minute the boat nearest the stairs rises as if it would mount into the ship, and the next it sinks below the steps into a frightful gulf. The passengers watch the passing opportunity to jump on board, as people dive into the "lift" of a hotel. Freight is discharged into lighters that are equally frisky; and it is taken on and off splashed with salt water, and liable to a thousand accidents in the violence of the transit.

Before the town stretches a line of rocks worn for ages, upon which the surf is breaking and sending white jets into the air. It is through a narrow opening in this that our boat is borne on the back of a great wave, and we come into a strip of calmer water and approach the single landing-stairs. These stairs are not so convenient as those of the vessel we have just left, and two persons can scarcely pass on them. But this is the only sea entrance to Jaffa; if the Jews attempt to return and enter their ancient kingdom this way, it will take them a long time to get in. A sea-wall fronts the town, fortified by a couple of rusty cannon at one end, and the passage is through the one gate at the head of these stairs.

It seems forever that we are kept waiting at the foot of this shaky stairway. Two opposing currents are struggling to get up and down it: excited travelers, porters with trunks and knapsacks, and dragomans who appear to be pushing their way through simply to show their familiarity with the country. It is a dangerous ascent for a delicate woman. Somehow, as we wait at this gate where so many men of note have waited, and look upon this sea-wall upon which have stood so many of the mighty from Solomon to Origen, from Tiglath-Pileser to Richard Cœur de Lion, the historical figure which most pervades Jaffa is that of the whimsical Jonah, whose connection with it was the slightest. There is no evidence that he ever returned here. Josephus, who takes liberties with the Hebrew Scriptures, says that a whale carried



the fugitive into the Euxine Sea, and there discharged him much nearer to Nineveh than he would have been if he had kept with the conveyance in which he first took passage and landed at Tarsus. Probably no one in Jaffa noticed the little man as he slipped through this gate and took ship, and yet his simple embarkation from the town has given it more notoriety than any other event. Thanks to an enduring piece of literature, the unheroic Jonah and his whale are better known than St. Jerome and his lion; they are the earliest associates and Oriental acquaintances of all well-brought-up children in Christendom. For myself, I confess that the strictness of many a New England Sunday has been relieved by the perusal of his unique adventure. He in a manner anticipated the use of the monitors and of cigar-shaped submerged sea-vessels.

When we have struggled up the slippery stairs and come through the gate, we wind about for some time in a narrow passage on the side of the sea, and then cross through the city, still on foot. It is a rubbishy place; the streets are steep and crooked; we pass through archways, we ascend steps, we make unexpected turns; the shops are a little like bazaars, but rather Italian than Oriental; we pass a pillared mosque and a Moslem fountain; we come upon an ancient square, in the centre of which is a round fountain with pillars and a canopy of stone, and close about it are the bazaars of merchants. This old fountain is profusely sculptured with Arabic inscriptions; the stones are

worn and have taken the rich tint of age, and the sunlight blends it into harmony with the gay stuffs of the shops and the dark skins of the idlers on the pavement. We come into the great market of fruit and vegetables, where vast heaps of oranges, like apples in a New England orchard, line the way and fill the atmosphere with a golden tinge.

The Jaffa oranges are famous in the Orient; they grow to the size of ostrich eggs, they have a skin as thick as the hide of a rhinoceros, and, in their season, the pulp is sweet, juicy, and tender. It is a little late now, and we open one golden globe after another before we find one that is not dry and tasteless as a piece of punk. But one cannot resist buying such magnificent fruit.

Outside the walls, through broad dusty highways, by lanes of cactus hedges and in sight again of the sea breaking on a rocky shore, we come to the Hotel of the Twelve Tribes, occupied now principally by Cook's tribes, most of whom appear to be lost. In the adjacent lot are pitched the tents of Syrian travelers, and one of Cook's expeditions is in all the bustle of speedy departure. The bony, nervous Syrian horses are assigned by lot to the pilgrims, who are excellent people from England and America, and most of them as unaccustomed to the back of a horse as to that of an ostrich. It is touching to see some of the pilgrims walk around the animals which have fallen to them, wondering how they are to get on, which side they are to mount, and how they are to stay on. Some have already mounted, and are walking the steeds

carefully round the inclosure or timidly essaying a trot. Nearly every one concludes, after a trial, that he would like to change, — something not quite so much up and down, you know, an easier saddle, a horse that more unites gentleness with spirit. Some of the dragomans are equipped in a manner to impress travelers with the perils of the country. One, whom I remember on the Nile as a mild though showy person, has bloomed here into a Bedawee: he is fierce in aspect, an arsenal of weapons, and gallops furiously about upon a horse loaded down with accoutrements. This, however, is only the beginning of our real danger.

After breakfast we sallied out to see the sights: besides the house of Simon the tanner, they are not many. The house of Simon is, as it was in the time of St. Peter, by the seaside. We went upon the roof (and it is more roof than anything else) where the apostle lay down to sleep and saw the vision, and looked around upon the other roofs and upon the wide sweep of the tumbling sea. In the court is a well, the stone curb of which is deeply worn in several places by the rope, showing long use. The water is brackish; Simon may have tanned with it. The house has not probably been destroyed and rebuilt more than four or five times since St. Peter dwelt here; the Romans once built the entire city. The chief room is now a mosque. We inquired for the house of Dorcas, but that is not shown, although I understood that we could see her grave outside the city. It is a great oversight not to show the house of Dorcas,

and one that I cannot believe will long annoy pilgrims in these days of multiplied discoveries of sacred sites.

Whether this is the actual spot where the house of Simon stood, I do not know, nor does it much matter. Here, or hereabouts, the apostle saw that marvelous vision which proclaimed to a weary world the brotherhood of man. From this spot issued the gospel of democracy: "Of a truth, I perceive that God is no respecter of persons." From this insignificant dwelling went forth the edict that broke the power of tyrants, and loosed the bonds of slaves, and ennobled the lot of woman, and enfranchised the human mind. Of all places on earth I think there is only one more worthy of pilgrimage by all devout and liberty-loving souls.

We were greatly interested, also, in a visit to the well-known school of Miss Arnot, a mission school for girls in the upper chambers of a house in the most crowded part of Jaffa. With modest courage and tact and self-devotion this lady has sustained it here for twelve years, and the fruits of it already begin to appear. We found twenty or thirty pupils, nearly all quite young, and most of them daughters of Christians; they are taught in Arabic the common branches, and some English, and they learn to sing. They sang for us English tunes like any Sunday-school; a strange sound in a Moslem town. There are one or two other schools of a similar character in the Orient, conducted as private enterprises by ladies of culture;

and I think there is no work nobler, and none more worthy of liberal support, or more likely to result in giving women a decent position in Eastern society.

On a little elevation a half-mile outside the walls is a cluster of wooden houses, which were manufactured in America. There we found the remnants of the Adams colony, only half a dozen families out of the original two hundred and fifty persons; two or three men and some widows and children. The colony built in the centre of their settlement an ugly little church out of Maine timber; it now stands empty and staring, with broken windows. It is not difficult to make this adventure appear romantic. Those who engaged in it were plain New England people, many of them ignorant, but devout to fanaticism. They had heard the prophets expounded, and the prophecies of the latter days unraveled, until they came to believe that the day of the Lord was nigh, and that they had laid upon them a mission in the fulfillment of the divine purposes. Most of them were from Maine and New Hampshire, accustomed to bitter winters and to wring their living from a niggardly soil. I do not wonder that they were fascinated by the pictures of a fair land of blue skies, a land of vines and olives and palms, where they were undoubtedly called by the Spirit to a life of greater sanctity and considerable ease and abundance. I think I see their dismay when they first pitched their tents amid this Moslem squalor, and attempted to "squat," Western fashion, upon the

skirts of the Plain of Sharon, which has been for some ages preëmpted. They erected houses, however, and joined the other inhabitants of the region in a struggle for existence. But Adams, the preacher and president, had not faith enough to wait for the unfolding of prophecy; he took to strong drink, and with general bad management the whole enterprise came to grief, and the deluded people were rescued from starvation only by the liberality of our government.

There was the germ of a good idea in the rash undertaking. If Palestine is ever to be repopled, its coming inhabitants must have the means of subsistence; and if those now here are to be redeemed to a better life, they must learn to work; before all else there must come a revival of industry and a development of the resources of the country. To send here Jews or Gentiles, and to support them by charity, only adds to the existing misery.

It was eight years ago that the Adams community exploded. Its heirs and successors are Germans, a colony from Würtemberg, an Advent sect akin to the American, but more single-minded and devout. They own the ground upon which they have settled, having acquired a title from the Turkish government; they have erected substantial houses of stone and a large hotel, The Jerusalem, and give many evidences of shrewdness and thrift as well as piety. They have established a good school, in which, with German thoroughness, Latin, English, and the higher mathematics are taught, and an excellent education may be ob-

tained. More land the colony is not permitted to own; but they hire ground outside the walls, which they farm to advantage.

I talked with one of the teachers, a thin young ascetic in spectacles, whose severity of countenance and demeanor was sufficient to rebuke all the Oriental levity I had encountered during the winter. There was in him and in the other leaders an air of sincere fanaticism, and a sobriety and integrity in the common laborers, which are the best omens for the success of the colony. The leaders told us that they thought the Americans came here with the expectation of making money uppermost in mind, and hardly in the right spirit. As to themselves, they do not expect to make money; they repelled the insinuation with some warmth; they have had, in fact, a very hard struggle, and are thankful for a fair measure of success. Their sole present purpose is evidently to redeem and reclaim the land, and make it fit for the expected day of jubilee. The Jews from all parts of the world, they say, are to return to Palestine, and there is to issue out of the Holy Land a new divine impulse which is to be the regeneration and salvation of the world. I do not know that anybody but the Jews themselves would oppose their migration to Palestine, though their withdrawal from the business of the world suddenly would create wide disaster. With these doubts, however, we did not trouble the youthful knight of severity. We only asked him upon what the community founded its creed and its mission. Largely, he replied, upon

the prophets, and especially upon Isaiah; and he referred us to Isaiah xxxii. 1; xlix. 12 *et seq.*; and lii. 1. It is not every industrial community that would flourish on a charter so vague as this.

A lad of twelve or fourteen was our guide to the Advent settlement; he was an early polyglot, speaking, besides English, French, and German, Arabic, and, I think, a little Greek; a boy of uncommon gravity of deportment and of precocious shrewdness. He is destined to be a guide and dragoman. I could see that the whole Biblical history was a little *fade* to him, but he does not lose sight of the profit of a knowledge of it. I could not but contrast him with a Sunday-school scholar of his own age in America, whose imagination kindles at the Old Testament stories, and whose enthusiasm for the Holy Land is awakened by the wall maps and the pictures of Solomon's Temple. Actual contact has destroyed the imagination of this boy; Jerusalem is not so much a wonder to him as Boston; Samson lived just over there beyond the Plain of Sharon, and is not so much a hero as Old Put.

The boy's mother was a good New Hampshire woman, whose downright Yankeeism of thought and speech was an odd contrast to her Oriental surroundings. I sat in a rocking-chair in the sitting-room of her little wood cottage, and could scarcely convince myself that I was not in a prim New Hampshire parlor. To her mind there were no more Oriental illusions, and perhaps she had never indulged any; certainly, in her presence Palestine seemed to me as commonplace as New England.



"I s'pose you 've seen the meetin' house?"

"Yes."

"Wal, it's goin' to rack and ruin like everything else here. There is n't enough here to have any service now. Sometimes I go to the German; I try to keep up a little feeling."

I have no doubt it is more difficult to keep up a religious feeling in the Holy Land than it is in New Hampshire, but we did not discuss that point. I asked, "Do you have any society?"

"Precious little. The Germans are dreffle unsocial. The natives are all a low set. The Arabs will all lie; I don't think much of any of 'em. The Mohammedans are all shiftless; you can't trust any of 'em."

"Why don't you go home?"

"Wal, sometimes I think I'd like to see the old place, but I reckon I could n't stand the winters. This is a nice climate, that's all there is here; and we have grapes and oranges, and loads of flowers, — you see my garden there; I set great store by that, and me and my daughter take solid comfort in it, especially when *he* is away, and he has to be off most of the time with parties, guidin' 'em round. No, I guess I sha'n't ever cross the ocean again."

It appeared that the good woman had consoled herself with a second husband, who bears a Jewish name; so that the original object of her mission, to gather in the chosen people, is not altogether lost sight of.

There is a curious interest in these New England

transplantations. Climate is a great transformer. The habits and customs of thousands of years will insensibly conquer the most stubborn prejudices. I wonder how long it will require to blend these scions of our vigorous civilization with the motley growth that makes up the present Syriac population, — people whose blood is streaked with a dozen different strains, Egyptian, Ethiopian, Arabian, Assyrian, Phœnician, Greek, Roman, Canaanite, Jewish, Persian, Turkish, with all the races that have in turn ravaged or occupied the land. I do not, indeed, presume to say what the Syrians are who have occupied Palestine for so many hundreds of years, but I cannot see how it can be otherwise than that their blood is as mixed as that of the modern Egyptians. Perhaps these New England offshoots will maintain their distinction of race for a long time, but I should be still more interested to know how long the New England mind will keep its integrity in these surroundings, and whether those ruggednesses of virtue and those homely simplicities of character which we recognize as belonging to the hilly portions of New England will insensibly melt away in this relaxing air that so much wants moral tone. These Oriental countries have been conquered many times, but they have always conquered their conquerors. I am told that even our American consuls are not always more successful in resisting the undermining seductions of the East than were the Roman proconsuls.

These reflections, however, let it be confessed,

did not come to me as I sat in the rocking-chair of my countrywoman. I was rather thinking how completely her presence and accent dispelled all my Oriental illusions and cheapened the associations of Jaffa. There is I know not what in a real living Yankee that puts all appearances to the test and dissipates the colors of romance. It was not until I came again into the highway, and found in front of The Jerusalem hotel a company of Arab acrobats and pyramid-builders, their swarthy bodies shining in the white sunlight, and a lot of idlers squatting about in enjoyment of the exertions of others, that I recovered in any degree my delusions.

With the return of these, it seemed not so impossible to believe even in the return of the Jews; especially when we learned that preparations for them multiply. A second German colony has been established outside of the city. There is another at Haifa; on the Jerusalem road the beginning of one has been made by the Jews themselves. It amounts to something like a "movement."

At three o'clock in the afternoon we set out for Ramleh, ignominiously, in a wagon. There is a carriage-road from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and our dragoman had promised us a "private carriage." We decided to take it, thinking it would be more comfortable than horseback for some of our party. We made a mistake, which we have never ceased to regret. The road I can confidently commend as the worst in the world. The carriage into which we climbed belonged to the German colony,

and was a compromise between the ancient ark, a modern dray, and a threshing-machine. It was one of those contrivances that a German would evolve out of his inner consciousness, and its appearance here gave me grave doubts as to the adaptability of these honest Germans to the Orient. It was, however, a great deal worse than it looked. If it were driven over smooth ground it would soon loosen all the teeth of the passengers, and shatter their spinal columns. But over the Jerusalem road the effect was indescribable. The noise of it was intolerable, the jolting incredible. The little solid Dutchman, who sat in front and drove, shook like the charioteer of an artillery wagon; but I suppose he had no feeling. We pounded along over the roughest stone pavement, with the sensation of victims drawn to execution in a cart, until we emerged into the open country; but there we found no improvement in the road.

Jaffa is surrounded by immense orange groves, which are protected along the highways by hedges of prickly-pear. We came out from a lane of these upon the level and blooming Plain of Sharon, and saw before us, on the left, the blue hills of Judæa. It makes little difference what kind of conveyance one has, it is impossible for him to advance upon this historic, if not sacred plain, and catch the first glimpse of those pale hills which stood to him for a celestial vision in his childhood, without a great quickening of the pulse; and it is a most lovely view after Egypt, or after anything. The elements of it are simple enough, — merely a

wide sweep of prairie and a line of graceful mountains; but the forms are pleasing, and the color is incomparable. The soil is warm and red, the fields are a mass of wild-flowers of the most brilliant and variegated hues, and, alternately swept by the shadows of clouds and bathed in the sun, the scene takes on the animation of incessant change.

It was somewhere here, outside the walls, I do not know the spot, that the massacre of Jaffa occurred. I purposely go out of my way to repeat the well-known story of it, and I trust that it will always be recalled whenever any mention is made of the cruel little Corsican who so long imposed the vulgarity and savageness of his selfish nature upon Europe. It was in March, 1799, that Napoleon, toward the close of his humiliating and disastrous campaign in Egypt, carried Jaffa by storm. The town was given over to pillage. During its progress four thousand Albanians of the garrison, taking refuge in some old khans, offered to surrender on condition that their lives should be spared; otherwise they would fight to the bitter end. Their terms were accepted, and two of Napoleon's aids-de-camp pledged their honor for their safety. They were marched out to the general's headquarters and seated in front of the tents with their arms bound behind them. The displeased commander called a council of war and deliberated two days upon their fate, and then signed the order for the massacre of the entire body. The excuse was that the general could not be burdened

with so many prisoners. Thus in one day were murdered in cold blood about as many people as Jaffa at present contains. Its inhabitants may be said to have been accustomed to being massacred; eight thousand of them were butchered in one Roman assault; but I suppose all antiquity may be searched in vain for an act of perfidy and cruelty combined equal to that of the Grand Emperor.

The road over which we rattle is a causeway of loose stones; the country is a plain of sand, but clothed with a luxuriant vegetation. In the fields the brown husbandmen are ploughing, turning up the soft red earth with a rude plough drawn by cattle yoked wide apart. Red-legged storks, on their way, I suppose, from Egypt to their summer residence further north, dot the meadows, and are too busy picking up worms to notice our halloo. Abd-el-Atti, who has a passion for shooting, begs permission to "go for" these household birds with the gun; but we explain to him that we would no more shoot a stork than one of the green birds of Paradise. Quails are scudding about in the newly turned furrows, and song birds salute us from the tops of swinging cypresses. The Holy Land is rejoicing in its one season of beauty, its spring-time.

Trees are not wanting to the verdant meadows. We still encounter an occasional grove of oranges; olives also appear, and acacias, sycamores, cypresses, and tamarisks. The pods of the carob-tree are, I believe, the husks upon which the prodigal son did not thrive. Large patches of barley

are passed. But the fields not occupied with grain are literally carpeted with wild-flowers of the most brilliant hues, such a display as I never saw elsewhere: scarlet and dark flaming poppies, the scarlet anemone, marigolds, white daisies, the lobelia, the lupin, the vetch, the gorse with its delicate yellow blossom, the pea, something that we agreed to call the white rose of Sharon, the mallow, the asphodel; the leaves of a lily not yet in bloom. About the rose of Sharon we no doubt were mistaken. There is no reason to suppose it was white; but we have somehow associated the purity of that color with the song beginning, "I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys." It was probably not even a rose. We finally decided to cherish the red mallow as the rose of Sharon; it is very abundant, and the botanist of our company seemed satisfied to accept it. For myself, the rose by the name of mallow does not smell sweet.

We come in sight of Ramleh, which lies on the swelling mounds of the green plain, encompassed by emerald meadows and by groves of orange and olive, and conspicuous from a great distance by its elegant square tower, the most beautiful in form that we have seen in the East. As the sun is sinking, we defer our visit to it, and drive to the Latin convent, where we are to lodge, permission to that effect having been obtained from the sister convent at Jaffa; a mere form, since a part of the convent was built expressly for the entertainment of travelers, and the few monks who occupy it find

keeping a hotel a very profitable kind of hospitality. The stranger is the guest of the superior, no charge is made, and the little fiction of gratuitous hospitality so pleases the pilgrim that he will not at his departure be outdone in liberality. It would be much more agreeable if all our hotels were upon this system.

While the dragoman is unpacking the luggage in the court-yard and bustling about in a manner to impress the establishment with the importance of its accession, I climb up to the roofs to get the sunset. The house is all roofs, it would seem, at different levels. Steps lead here and there, and one can wander about at will; you could not desire a pleasanter lounging-place in a summer evening. The protecting walls, which are breast-high, are built in with cylinders of tile, like the mud houses in Egypt; the tiles make the walls lighter, and furnish at the same time peep-holes through which the monks can spy the world, themselves unseen. I noticed that the tiles about the entrance court were inclined downwards, so that a curious person could study any new arrival at the convent without being himself observed. The sun went down behind the square tower which is called Saracenic and is entirely Gothic in spirit, and the light lay soft and rosy on the wide compass of green vegetation; I heard on the distant fields the bells of mules returning to the gates, and the sound substituted Italy in my mind for Palestine.

From this prospect I was summoned in haste; the superior of the convent was waiting to receive



me, and I had been sought in all directions. I had no idea why I should be received, but I soon found that the occasion was not a trivial one. In the reception-room were seated in some state the superior, attended by two or three brothers, and the remainder of my suite already assembled. The abbot, if he is an abbot, arose and cordially welcomed "the general" to his humble establishment, hoped that he was not fatigued by the journey from Jaffa, and gave him a seat beside himself. The remainder of the party were ranged according to their rank. I replied that the journey was on the contrary delightful, and that any journey could be considered fortunate which had the hospitable convent of Ramleh as its end. The courteous monk renewed his solicitous inquiries, and my astonishment was increased by the botanist, who gravely assured the worthy father that "the general" was accustomed to fatigue, and that such a journey as this was a recreation to him.

"What in the mischief is all this about?" I seized a moment to whisper to the person next me.

"You are a distinguished American general, traveling with his lady in pursuit of Heaven knows what, and accompanied by his suite; don't make a mess of it."

"Oh," I said, "if I *am* a distinguished American general, traveling with my lady in pursuit of Heaven knows what, I am glad to know it."

Fortunately the peaceful father did not know anything more of war than I did, and I suppose my hastily assumed modesty of the soldier seemed

to him the real thing. It was my first experience of anything like real war, the first time I had ever occupied any military position, and it did not seem to be so arduous as has been represented.

Great regret was expressed by the superior that they had not anticipated my arrival, in order to have entertained me in a more worthy manner; the convent was uncommonly full of pilgrims, and it would be difficult to lodge my suite as it deserved. Then there followed a long discussion between the father and one of the monks upon our disposition for the night.

"If we give the general and his lady the south room in the court, then the doctor" — etc., etc.

"Or," urged the monk, "suppose the general and his lady occupy the cell number four, then mademoiselle can take" — etc., etc.

The military commander and his lady were at last shown into a cell opening out of the court, a lofty but narrow vaulted room, with brick floor and thick walls, and one small window near the ceiling. Instead of candles we had antique Roman lamps, which made a feeble glimmer in the cavern; the oddest water-jugs served for pitchers. It may not have been damp, but it felt as if no sun had ever penetrated the chill interior.

"What is all this nonsense of the general?" I asked Abd-el-Atti, as soon as I could get hold of that managing factotum.

"Dunno, be sure; these monk always pay more attention to 'stinguish people."

"But what did you say at the convent in Jaffa when you applied for a permit to lodge here?"

“Oh, I tell him my gentleman general American, but 'stinguish; mebbe he done gone wrote 'em that you 'stinguish American general. Very nice man, the superior, speak Italian beautiful; when I give him the letter, he say he do all he can for the general and his suite; he sorry I not let him know 'forehand.”

The dinner was served in the long refectory, and there were some twenty-five persons at table, mostly pilgrims to Jerusalem, and most of them of the poorer class. One bright Italian had traveled alone with her little boy all the way from Verona, only to see the Holy Sepulchre. The monks waited at table and served a very good dinner. Travelers are not permitted to enter the portion of the large convent which contains the cells of the monks, nor to visit any part of the old building except the chapel. I fancied that the jolly brothers who waited at table were rather glad to come into contact with the world, even in this capacity.

In the dining-room hangs a notable picture. It is the Virgin enthroned, with a crown and aureole, holding the holy child, who is also crowned; in the foreground is a choir of white boys or angels. The Virgin and child are both *black*: it is the Virgin of Ethiopia. I could not learn the origin of this picture; it was rude enough in execution to be the work of a Greek artist of the present day; but it was said to come from Ethiopia, where it is necessary to a proper respect for the Virgin that she should be represented black. She seems to bear something the relation to the Virgin of Judæa that

Astarte did to the Grecian Venus. And we are again reminded that the East has no prejudice of color: "I am black but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem;" "Look not upon me because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me."

The convent bells are ringing at early dawn, and though we are up at half past five, nearly all the pilgrims have hastily departed for Jerusalem. Upon the roof I find the morning fair. There are more minarets than spires in sight, but they stand together in this pretty little town without discord. The bells are ringing in melodious persuasion, but at the same time, in voices as musical, the muezzins are calling from their galleries; each summoning men to prayer in its own way. From these walls spectators once looked down upon the battles of cross and crescent raging in the lovely meadows, — battles of quite as much pride as piety. A common interest always softens animosity, and I fancy that monks and Moslems will not again resort to the foolish practice of breaking each other's heads so long as they enjoy the profitable stream of pilgrims to the Holy Land.

After breakfast and a gift to the treasury of the convent according to our rank, — I think if I were to stay there again it would be in the character of a common soldier, — we embarked again in the ark, and jolted along behind the square-shouldered driver, who seemed to enjoy the rattling and rumbling of his clumsy vehicle. But no minor infelicity could destroy for us the freshness of the morning or the enjoyment of the lovely country.

Although, in the jolting, one could not utter a remark about the beauty of the way without danger of biting his tongue in two, we feasted our eyes and let our imaginations loose over the vast ranges of the Old Testament story.

After passing through the fertile meadows of Ramleh, we came into a more rolling country, destitute of houses, but clothed on with a most brilliant bloom of wild-flowers, among which the papilionaceous flowers were conspicuous for color and delicacy. I found by the roadside a *black calla* (which I should no more have believed in than in the black Virgin, if I had not seen it). Its leaf is exactly that of our calla-lily; its flower is similar to, but not so open and flaring as the white calla, and the pistil is large and very long, and of the color of the interior of the flower. The corolla is green on the outside, but the inside is incomparably rich, like velvet, black in some lights and dark maroon in others. Nothing could be finer in color and texture than this superb flower. Besides the blooms of yesterday we noticed buttercups, various sorts of the ranunculus, among them the scarlet and the shooting-star, a light purple flower with a dark purple centre, the Star of Bethlehem, and the purple wind-flower. Scarlet poppies and the still more brilliant scarlet anemones, dandelions, marguerites, filled all the fields with masses of color.

Shortly we come into the hills, through which the road winds upward, and the scenery is very much like that of the Adirondacks, or would be if

the rocky hills of the latter were denuded of trees. The way begins to be lively with passengers, and it becomes us to be circumspect, for almost every foot of ground has been consecrated or desecrated, or in some manner made memorable. This heap of rubbish is the remains of a fortress which the Saracens captured, built by the Crusaders to guard the entrance of the pass, upon the site of an older fortification by the Maccabees, or founded upon Roman substructions, and mentioned in Judges as the spot where some very ancient Jew stayed over night. It is also, no doubt, one of the stations that help us to determine with the accuracy of a surveyor the boundary between the territory of Benjamin and Judah. I try to ascertain all these localities and to remember them all, but I sometimes get Richard Cœur de Lion mixed with Jonathan Maccabæus, and I have no doubt I mistook "Job's convent" for the *Castellum boni Latronis*, a place we were specially desirous to see as the birthplace of the "penitent thief." But whatever we confounded, we are certain of one thing: we looked over into the Valley of Ajalon. It was over this valley that Joshua commanded the moon to tarry while he smote the fugitive Amorites on the heights of Gibeon, there to the east.

The road is thronged with pilgrims to Jerusalem, and with travelers and their attendants, — gay cavalcades scattered all along the winding way over the rolling plain, as in the picture of the Pilgrims to Canterbury. All the transport of freight as well as passengers is by the backs of beasts of

burden. There are long files of horses and mules staggering under enormous loads of trunks, tents, and bags. Dragomans, some of them got up in fierce style, with baggy yellow trousers, yellow kuffias bound about the head with a twisted fillet, armed with long Damascus swords, their belts stuck full of pistols, and a rifle slung on the back, gallop furiously along the line, the signs of danger but the assurances of protection. Camp boys and waiters dash along also, on the pack-horses, with a great clatter of kitchen furniture; even a scullion has an air of adventure as he pounds his rack-a-bone steed into a vicious gallop. And there are the Cook's tourists, called by everybody "Cookies," men and women struggling on according to the pace of their horses, conspicuous in hats with white muslin drapery hanging over the neck. Villainous-looking fellows with or without long guns, coming and going on the highway, have the air of being neither pilgrims nor strangers. We meet women returning from Jerusalem clad in white, seated astride their horses, or upon beds which top their multifarious baggage.

We are leaving behind us on the right the country of Samson, in which he passed his playful and engaging boyhood, and we look wistfully towards it. Of Zorah, where he was born, nothing is left but a cistern, and there is only a wretched hamlet to mark the site of Timnath, where he got his Philistine wife. "Get her for me, for she pleaseth me well," was his only reply to the entreaty of his father that he would be content with a maid of his own people.

The country gets wilder and more rocky as we ascend. Down the ragged side paths come wretched women and girls, staggering under the loads of brushwood which they have cut in the high ravines; loads borne upon the head that would tax the strength of a strong man. I found it no easy task to lift one of the bundles. The poor creatures were scantily clad in a single garment of coarse brown cloth, but most of them wore a profusion of ornaments; strings of coins, Turkish and Arabic, on the head and breast, and uncouth rings and bracelets. Farther on a rabble of boys besets us, begging for backsheesh in piteous and whining tones, and throwing up their arms in theatrical gestures of despair.

All the hills bear marks of having once been terraced to the very tops, for vines and olives. The natural ledges seem to have been humored into terraces and occasionally built up and broadened by stone walls; but where the hill was smooth, traces of terraces are yet visible. The grape is still cultivated low down the steeps, and the olives straggle over some of the hills to the very top; but these feeble efforts of culture or of nature do little to relieve the deserted aspect of the scene.

We lunch in a pretty olive grove, upon a slope long ago terraced and now grass-grown and flower-sown; lovely vistas open into cool glades, and paths lead upward among the rocks to inviting retreats. From this high perch in the bosom of the hills we look off upon Ramleh, Jaffa, the broad Plain of Sharon, and the sea. A strip of sand be-



tween the sea and the plain produces the effect of a mirage, giving to the plain the appearance of the sea. It would be a charming spot for a country-seat for a resident of Jerusalem, although Jerusalem itself is rural enough at present; and David and Solomon may have had summer pavilions in these cool shades in sight of the Mediterranean. David himself, however, perhaps had enough of this region — when he dodged about in these fastnesses between Ramah and Gath, from the pursuit of Saul — to make him content with a city life. There is nothing to hinder our believing that he often enjoyed this prospect; and we do believe it, for it is already evident that the imagination must be called in to create an enjoyment of this deserted land. David no doubt loved this spot. For David was a poet, even at this early period when his occupation was that of a successful guerilla; and he had all the true poet's adaptability, as witness the exquisite ode he composed on the death of his enemy Saul. I have no doubt that he enjoyed this lovely prospect often, for he was a man who enjoyed heartily everything lovely. He was in this as in all he did a *thorough* man; when he made a raid on an Amorite city, he left neither man, woman, nor child alive to spread the news.

We have already mounted over two thousand feet. The rocks are silicious limestone, crumbling and gray with ages of exposure; they give the landscape an ashy appearance. But there is always a little verdure amid the rocks, and now and then an olive-tree, perhaps a very old one,

decrepit and twisted into the most fantastic form, as if distorted by a vegetable rheumatism, casting abroad its withered arms as if the tree writhed in pain. On such ghostly trees I have no doubt the five kings were hanged. Another tree or rather shrub is abundant, the dwarf-oak; and the hawthorn, now in blossom, is frequently seen. The rock-rose — a delicate white single flower — blooms by the wayside and amid the ledges, and the scarlet anemone flames out more brilliantly than ever. Nothing indeed could be more beautiful than the contrast of the clusters of scarlet anemones and white roses with the gray rocks.

We soon descend into a valley and reach the site of Kirjath-Jearim, which has not much ancient interest for me, except that the name is pleasing; but on the other side of the stream and opposite a Moslem fountain are the gloomy stone habitations of the family of the terrible Abu Ghash, whose robberies of travelers kept the whole country in a panic a quarter of a century ago. He held the key of this pass, and let no one go by without toll. For fifty years he and his companions defied the Turkish government, and even went to the extremity of murdering two pashas who attempted to pass this way. He was disposed of in 1846, but his descendants still live here, having the inclination but not the courage of the old chief. We did not encounter any of them, but I have never seen any buildings that have such a wicked physiognomy as their grim houses.

Near by is the ruin of a low, thick-walled

chapel, of a pure Gothic style, a remnant of the Crusaders' occupation. The gloomy wady has another association: a monkish tradition would have us believe it was the birthplace of Jeremiah; if the prophet was born in such a hard country it might account for his lamentations. As we pass out of this wady, the German driver points to a forlorn village clinging to the rocky slope of a hill to the right, and says, —

“That is where John Baptist was born.”

The information is sudden and seems improbable, especially as there are other places where he was born.

“How do you know?” we ask.

“Oh, I know *ganz wohl*; I been five years in dis land, and I ought to know.”

Descending into a deep ravine we cross a brook, which we are told is the one that flows into the Valley of Elah, the valley of the “terebinth” or button-trees; and if so, it is the brook out of which David took the stone that killed Goliath. It is a bright, dashing stream. I stood upon the bridge, watching it dancing down the ravine, and should have none but agreeable recollections of it, but that close to the bridge stood a vile grog-shop, and in the doorway sat the most villainous-looking man I ever saw in Judæa, rapacity and murder in his eyes. The present generation have much more to fear from him and his drugged liquors than the Israelite had from the giant of Gath.

While the wagon zigzags up the last long hill, I mount by a short path and come upon a rocky

plateau, across which runs a broad way, on the bed rock, worn smooth by many centuries of travel : by the passing of caravans and armies to Jerusalem, of innumerable generations of peasants, of chariots, of horses, mules, and foot-soldiers; here went the messengers of the king's pleasure, and here came the heralds and legates of foreign nations; this great highway the kings and prophets themselves must have trodden when they journeyed towards the sea; for I cannot learn that the Jews ever had any decent roads, and perhaps they never attained the civilization necessary to build them. We have certainly seen no traces of anything like a practicable ancient highway on this route.

Indeed, the greatest wonder to me in the whole East is that there has not been a good road built from Jaffa to Jerusalem; that the city sacred to more than half the world, to all the most powerful nations, to Moslems, Jews, Greeks, Roman Catholics, Protestants, the desire of all lands, and the object of pilgrimage with the delicate and the feeble as well as the strong, should not have a highway to it over which one can ride without being jarred and stunned and pounded to a jelly; that the Jews should never have made a road to their seaport; that the Romans, the road-builders, do not seem to have constructed one over this important route. The Sultan began this one over which we have been dragged, for the Empress Eugénie. But he did not finish it; most of the way it is a mere rubble of stones. The track is well engi-

neered, and the road bed is well enough; soft stone is at hand to form an excellent dressing, and it might be, in a short time, as good a highway as any in Switzerland, if the Sultan would set some of his lazy subjects to work out their taxes on it. Of course, it is now a great improvement over the old path for mules; but as a carriage road it is atrocious. Imagine thirty-six miles of cobble pavement, with every other stone gone and the remainder sharpened!

Perhaps, however, it is best not to have a decent road to the Holy City of the world. It would make going there easy, even for delicate ladies and invalid clergymen; it would reduce the cost of the trip from Jaffa by two thirds; it would take away employment from a lot of vagabonds who harry the traveler over the route; it would make the pilgrimage too much a luxury, in these days of pilgrimages by rail, and of little faith, or rather of a sort of lacquer of faith which is only credulity.

Upon this plateau we begin to discern signs of the neighborhood of the city, and we press forward with the utmost eagerness, disappointed at every turn that a sight of it is not disclosed. Scattered settlements extend for some distance out on the Jaffa road. We pass a school which the Germans have established for Arab boys, — an institution which does not meet the approval of our restoration driver; the boys, when they come out, he says, don't know what they are; they are neither Moslems nor Christians. We go rapidly on over the swelling hill, but the city will not reveal itself.

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*Jerusalem*

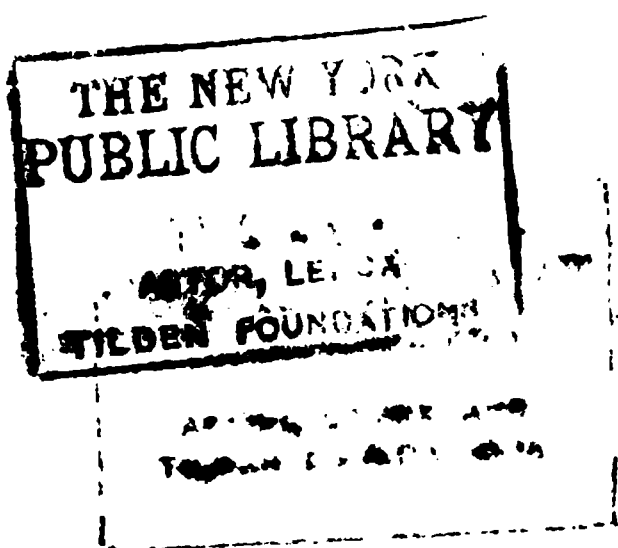
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We expect it any moment to rise up before us, conspicuous on its ancient hills, its walls shining in the sun. We pass a guard-house, some towers, and newly built private residences. Our pulses are beating a hundred to the minute, but the city refuses to "burst" upon us as it does upon other travelers. We have advanced far enough to see that there is no elevation before us higher than that we are on. The great sight of all our lives is only a moment separated from us; in a few rods more our hearts will be satisfied by that long-dreamed-of prospect. How many millions of pilgrims have hurried along this road, lifting up their eyes in impatience for the vision! But it does not come suddenly. We have already seen it, when the driver stops, points with his whip, and cries, —

"JERUSALEM!"

"What, *that*?"

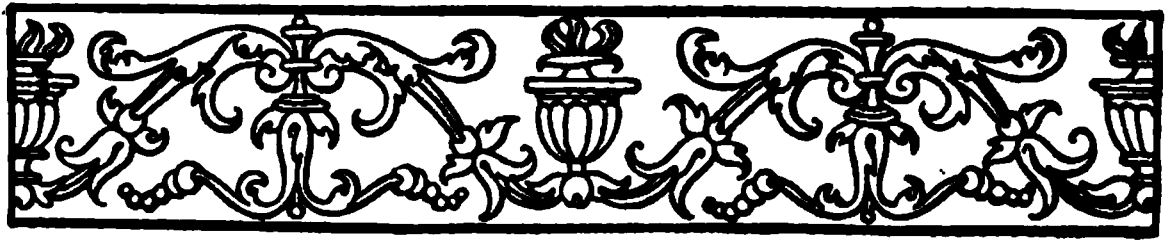
We are above it and nearly upon it. What we see is chiefly this: the domes and long buildings of the Russian Hospice, on higher ground than the city and concealing a good part of it; a large number of new houses, built of limestone prettily streaked with the red oxide of iron; the roofs of a few of the city houses, and a little portion of the wall that overlooks the Valley of Hinnom. The remainder of the City of David is visible to the imagination.

The suburb through which we pass cannot be called pleasing. Everything outside the walls looks new and naked; the whitish glare of the

stone is relieved by little vegetation, and the effect is that of barrenness. As we drive down along the wall of the Russian convent, we begin to meet pilgrims and strangers, with whom the city overflows at this season; many Russian peasants, unkempt, unsavory fellows, with long hair and dirty apparel, but most of them wearing a pelisse trimmed with fur and a huge fur hat. There are coffee-houses and all sorts of cheap booths and shanty shops along the highway. The crowd is motley and far from pleasant; it is sordid, grimy, hard, very different from the more homogeneous, easy, flowing, graceful, and picturesque assemblage of vagabonds at the gate of an Egyptian town. There are Russians, Cossacks, Georgians, Jews, Armenians, Syrians. The northern dirt and squalor and fanaticism do not come gracefully into the Orient. Besides, the rabble is importunate and impudent.

We enter by the Jaffa and Hebron gate, a big square tower, with the exterior entrance to the north and the interior to the east, and the short turn is choked with camels and horses and a clamorous crowd. Beside it stands the ruinous citadel of Saladin and the Tower of David, a noble entrance to a mean street. Through the rush of footmen and horsemen, beggars, venders of olive-wood, Moslems, Jews, and Greeks, we make our way to the Mediterranean Hotel, a rambling new hostelry. In passing to our rooms we pause a moment upon an open balcony to look down into the green Pool of Hezekiah, and off over the roofs

to the Mount of Olives. Having secured our rooms, I hasten along narrow and abominably cobbled streets, mere ditches of stone, lined with mean shops, to the Centre of the Earth, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.



## II

### JERUSALEM

**I**T was in obedience to a natural but probably mistaken impulse, that I went straight to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre during my first hour in the city. Perhaps it was a mistake to go there at all; certainly I should have waited until I had become more accustomed to holy places. When a person enters this memorable church, as I did, expecting to see only two sacred sites, and is brought immediately face to face with *thirty-seven*, his mind is staggered, and his credulity becomes so enfeebled that it is practically useless to him thereafter in any part of the Holy City. And this is a pity, for it is so much easier and sweeter to believe than to doubt.

It would have been better, also, to have visited Jerusalem many years ago; then there were fewer sacred sites invented, and scholarly investigation had not so sharply questioned the authenticity of the few. But I thought of none of these things as I stumbled along the narrow and filthy streets, which are stony channels of mud and water, rather

than footpaths, and peeped into the dirty little shops that line the way. I thought only that I was in Jerusalem; and it was impossible, at first, for its near appearance to empty the name of its tremendous associations, or to drive out the image of that holy city, "conjubilant with song."

I had seen the dome of the church from the hotel balcony; the building itself is so hemmed in by houses that only its south side, in which is the sole entrance, can be seen from the street. In front of this entrance is a small square; the descent to this square is by a flight of steps down Palmer Street, a lane given up to the traffic in beads, olive-wood, ivory-carving, and the thousand trinkets, most of them cheap and inartistic, which absorb the industry of the Holy City. The little square itself, surrounded by ancient buildings on three sides and by the blackened walls of the church on the north, might be set down in a mediæval Italian town without incongruity. And at the hour I first saw it, you would have said that a market or fair was in progress there. This, however, I found was its normal condition. It is always occupied by a horde of more clamorous and impudent merchants than you will find in any other place in the Orient.

It is with some difficulty that the pilgrim can get through the throng and approach the portal. The pavement is covered with heaps of beads, shells, and every species of holy fancy-work, by which are seated the traders, men and women, in wait for customers. The moment I stopped to

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look at the church, and it was discovered that I was a new-comer, a rush was made at me from every part of the square, and I was at once the centre of the most eager and hungry crowd. Sharp-faced Greeks, impudent Jews, fair-faced women from Bethlehem, sleek Armenians, thrust strings of rude olive beads and crosses into my face, forced upon my notice trumpery carving in ivory, in nuts, in seeds, and screamed prices and entreaties in chorus, bidding against each other and holding fast to me, as if I were the last man, and this were the last opportunity they would ever have of getting rid of their rubbish. Handfuls of beads rapidly fell from five francs to half a franc, and the dealers insisted upon my buying, with a threatening air; I remember one hard-featured and rapacious wretch who danced about and clung to me, and looked into my eyes with an expression that said plainly, "If you don't buy these beads I'll murder you." My recollection is that I bought, for I never can resist a persuasion of this sort. Whenever I saw the fellow in the square afterwards, I always fancied that he regarded me with a sort of contempt, but he made no further attempt on my life.

This is the sort of preparation that one daily has in approaching the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The greed and noise of traffic around it are as fatal to sentiment as they are to devotion. You may be amused one day, you may be indignant the next; at last you will be weary of the importunate crowd; and the only consolation you can get from these

daily scenes of the desecration of the temple of pilgrimage is the proof they afford that this is indeed Jerusalem, and that these are the legitimate descendants of the thieves whom Christ scourged from the precincts of the Temple. Alas that they should thrive under the new dispensation as they did under the old!

A considerable part of the present Church of the Holy Sepulchre is not more than sixty years old; but the massive, carved, and dark south portal, and the remains of the old towers and walls on this side, may be eight hundred. There has been some sort of a church here ever since the time of Constantine (that is, three centuries after the crucifixion of our Lord), which has marked the spot that was then determined to be the site of the Holy Sepulchre. Many a time the buildings have been swept away by fire or by the fanaticism of enemies, but they have as often been renewed. There would seem at first to have been a cluster of buildings here, each of which arose to cover a newly discovered sacred site. Happily, all the sacred places are now included within the walls of this many-roofed, heterogeneous mass of chapels, shrines, tombs, and altars of worship of many warring sects, called the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Happily also the exhaustive discussion of the question of the true site of the sepulchre, conducted by the most devout and accomplished biblical scholars and the keenest antiquarians of the age, relieves the ordinary tourist from any obligation to enter upon an investigation that would interest



none but those who have been upon the spot. No doubt the larger portion of the Christian world accepts this site as the true one.

I make with diffidence a suggestion that struck me, although it may not be new. The Pool of Hezekiah is not over four hundred feet, measured on the map, from the dome of the sepulchre. Under the church itself are several large excavations in the rocks, which were once cisterns. Ancient Jerusalem depended for its water upon these cisterns, which took the drainage from the roofs, and upon a few pools, like that of Hezekiah, which were fed from other reservoirs, such as Solomon's Pool, at a considerable distance from the city. These cisterns under the church may not date back to the time of our Lord, but if they do, they were doubtless at that time within the walls. And of course the Pool of Hezekiah, so near to this alleged site, cannot be supposed to have been beyond the walls.

Within the door of the church, upon a raised divan at one side, as if this were a bazaar and he were the merchant, sat a fat Turk, in official dress, the sneering warden of this Christian edifice, and the perhaps necessary guardian of peace within. His presence there, however, is at first a disagreeable surprise to all those who rebel at owing an approach to the holy place to the toleration of a Moslem; but I was quite relieved of any sense of obligation when, upon coming out, the Turk asked me for backsheesh!

Whatever one may think as to the site of Cal-

vary, no one can approach a spot which even claims to be it, and which has been for centuries the object of worship of millions, and is constantly thronged by believing pilgrims, without profound emotion. It was late in the afternoon when I entered the church, and already the shades of evening increased the artificial gloom of the interior. At the very entrance lies an object that arrests one. It is a long marble slab resting upon the pavement, about which candles are burning. Every devout pilgrim who comes in kneels and kisses it, and it is sometimes difficult to see it for the crowds who press about it. Underneath it is supposed to be the Stone of Unction upon which the Lord's body was laid, according to the Jewish fashion, for anointing, after he was taken from the cross.

I turned directly into the rotunda, under the dome of which is the stone building inclosing the Holy Sepulchre, a ruder structure than that which covers the hut and tomb of St. Francis in the church at Assisi. I met in the way a procession of Latin monks, bearing candles, and chanting as they walked. They were making the round of the holy places in the church, this being their hour for the tour. The sects have agreed upon certain hours for these little daily pilgrimages, so that there shall be no collision. A rabble of pilgrims followed the monks. They had just come from incensing and adoring the sepulchre, and the crowd of other pilgrims who had been waiting their turn were now pressing in at the narrow door. As many times as I have been there, I have always

seen pilgrims struggling to get in and struggling to get out. The proud and the humble crowd there together; the greasy boor from beyond the Volga jostles my lady from Naples, and the dainty pilgrim from America pushes her way through a throng of stout Armenian peasants. But I have never seen any disorder there, nor any rudeness, except the thoughtless eagerness of zeal.

Taking my chance in the line, I passed into the first apartment, called the Chapel of the Angel, a narrow and gloomy ante-chamber, which takes its name from the fragment of stone in the centre, the stone upon which the angel sat after it had been rolled away from the sepulchre. A stream of light came through the low and narrow door of the tomb. Through the passage to this vault only one person can enter at a time, and the tomb will hold no more than three or four. Stooping along the passage, which is cased with marble like the tomb, and may cover natural rock, I came into the sacred place, and into a blaze of silver lamps and candles. The vault is not more than six feet by seven, and is covered by a low dome. The sepulchral stone occupies all the right side, and is the object of devotion. It is of marble, supposed to cover natural stone, and is cracked and worn smooth on the edge by the kisses of millions of people. The attendant who stood at one end opened a little trap-door, in which lamp-cloths were kept, and let me see the naked rock, which is said to be that of the tomb. While I stood there in that very centre of the faith and longing of so many souls, which

seemed almost to palpitate with a consciousness of its awful position, pilgrim after pilgrim, on bended knees, entered the narrow way, kissed with fervor or with coldness the unresponsive marble, and withdrew in the same attitude. Some approached it with streaming eyes and kissed it with trembling rapture; some ladies threw themselves upon the cold stone and sobbed aloud. Indeed, I did not of my own will intrude upon these acts of devotion, which have the right of secrecy, but it was some time before I could escape, so completely was the entrance blocked up. When I had struggled out, I heard chanting from the hill of Golgotha, and saw the gleaming of a hundred lights from chapel and tomb and remote recesses, but I cared to see no more of the Temple itself that day.

The next morning (it was the 7th of April) was very cold, and the day continued so. Without, the air was keen, and within, it was nearly impossible to get warm or keep so, in the thick-walled houses, which had gathered the damp and chill of dungeons. You might suppose that the dirtiest and most beggarly city in the world could not be much deteriorated by the weather, but it is. In a cheerful, sunny day you find that the desolation of Jerusalem has a certain charm and attraction: even a tattered Jew leaning against a ruined wall, or a beggar on a dunghill, is picturesque in the sunshine; but if you put a day of chill rain and frosty wind into the city, none of the elements of complete misery are wanting. There is nothing to be done, day or night; indeed, there is nothing

ever to be done in the evening, except to read your guide-book, — that is, the Bible, — and go to bed. You are obliged to act like a Christian here, whatever you are.

Speaking of the weather, a word about the time for visiting Syria may not be amiss. In the last part of March the snow was a foot deep in the streets; parties who had started on their tour northward were snowed in and forced to hide in their tents three days from the howling winter. There is pleasure for you! We found friends in the city who had been waiting two weeks after they had exhausted its sights, for settled weather that would permit them to travel northward. To be sure, the inhabitants say that this last storm ought to have been rain instead of snow, according to the habit of the seasons; and it no doubt would have been if this region were not twenty-five hundred feet above the sea. The hardships of the Syrian tour are enough in the best weather, and I am convinced that our dragoman is right in saying that most travelers begin it too early in the spring.

Jerusalem is not a formidable city to the explorer who is content to remain above ground, and is not too curious about its substructions and buried walls, and has no taste, as some have, for crawling through its drains. I suppose it would elucidate the history of the Jews if we could dig all this hill away and lay bare all the old foundations, and ascertain exactly how the city was watered. I, for one, am grateful to the excellent man and great scholar who crawled on his hands

*Pool of Siloam*



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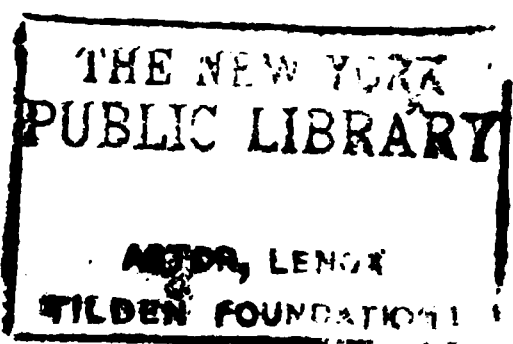
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and knees through a subterranean conduit, and established the fact of a connection between the Fountain of the Virgin and the Pool of Siloam. But I would rather contribute money to establish a school for girls in the Holy City, than to aid in laying bare all the aqueducts from Ophel to the Tower of David. But this is probably because I do not enough appreciate the importance of such researches among Jewish remains to the progress of Christian truth and morality in the world. The discoveries hitherto made have done much to clear up the topography of ancient Jerusalem; I do not know that they have yielded anything valuable to art or to philology, any treasures illustrating the habits, the social life, the culture, or the religion of the past, such as are revealed beneath the soil of Rome or in the ashes of Pompeii; it is, however, true that almost every tourist in Jerusalem becomes speedily involved in all these questions of ancient sites, — the identification of valleys that once existed, of walls that are now sunk under the accumulated rubbish of two thousand years, from thirty feet to ninety feet deep, and of foundations that are rough enough and massive enough to have been laid by David and cemented by Solomon. And the fascination of the pursuit would soon send one underground, with a pickaxe and a shovel. But of all the diggings I saw in the Holy City, that which interested me most was the excavation of the church and hospital of the chivalric Knights of St. John; concerning which I shall say a word further on.

The present walls were built by Sultan Suleiman in the middle of the sixteenth century, upon foundations much older, and here and there, as you can see, upon big blocks of Jewish workmanship. The wall is high enough and very picturesque in its zigzag course and reëntering angles, and, I suppose, strong enough to hitch a horse to; but cannon-balls would make short work of it.

Having said thus much of the topography, gratuitously and probably unnecessarily, for every one is supposed to know Jerusalem as well as he knows his native town, we are free to look at anything that may chance to interest us. I do not expect, however, that any words of mine can convey to the reader a just conception of the sterile and blasted character of this promontory and the country round about it, or of the squalor, shabbiness, and unpicturesqueness of the city, always excepting a few of its buildings and some fragments of antiquity built into modern structures here and there. And it is difficult to feel that this spot was ever the splendid capital of a powerful state, that this arid and stricken country could ever have supplied the necessities of such a capital, and, above all, that so many Jews could ever have been crowded within this cramped space as Josephus says perished in the siege by Titus, when ninety-seven thousand were carried into captivity and eleven hundred thousand died by famine and the sword. Almost the entire Jewish nation must have been packed within this small area.

Our first walk through the city was in the Via

Dolorosa, as gloomy a thoroughfare as its name implies. Its historical portion is that steep and often angled part between the Holy Sepulchre and the house of Pilate, but we traversed the whole length of it to make our exit from St. Stephen's Gate toward the Mount of Olives. It is only about four hundred years ago that this street obtained the name of the Via Dolorosa, and that the sacred "stations" on it were marked out for the benefit of the pilgrim. It is a narrow lane, steep in places, having frequent sharp angles, running under arches, and passing between gloomy buildings, enlivened by few shops. Along this way Christ passed from the Judgment Hall of Pilate to Calvary. I do not know how many times the houses along it have been destroyed and rebuilt since their conflagration by Titus, but this destruction is no obstacle to the existence intact of all that are necessary to illustrate the Passion-pilgrimage of our Lord. In this street I saw the house of Simon the Cyrenian, who bore the cross after Jesus; I saw the house of St. Veronica, from which that woman stepped forth and gave Jesus a handkerchief to wipe his brow, — the handkerchief, with the Lord's features imprinted on it, which we have all seen exhibited at St. Peter's in Rome; and I looked for the house of the Wandering Jew, or at least for the spot where he stood when he received that awful mandate of fleshly immortality. In this street are recognized the several "stations" that Christ made in bearing the cross; we were shown the places where he fell, a stone

having the impress of his hand, a pillar broken by his fall, and also the stone upon which Mary sat when he passed by. Nothing is wanting that the narrative requires. We saw also in this street the house of Dives, and the stone on which Lazarus sat while the dogs ministered unto him. It seemed to me that I must be in a dream, in thus beholding the houses and places of resort of the characters in a *parable*; and I carried my dilemma to a Catholic friend. But a learned father assured him that there was no doubt that this is the house of Dives, for Christ often took his parables from real life. After that I went again to look at the stone, in a corner of a building amid a heap of refuse, upon which the beggar sat, and to admire the pretty stone tracery of the windows in the house of Dives.

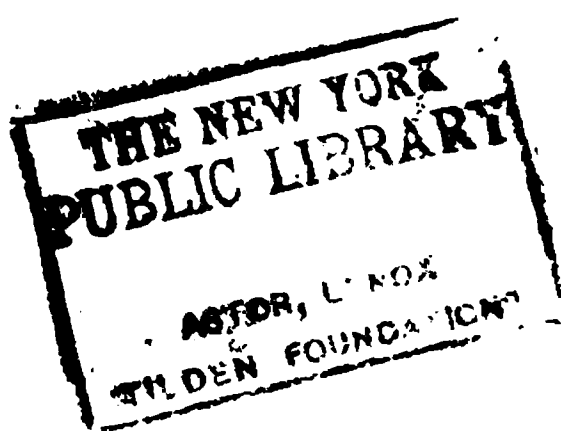
At the end of the street, in a new Latin nunnery, are the remains of the house of Pilate, which are supposed to be authentic. The present establishment is called the convent of St. Anne, and the community is very fortunate, at this late day, in obtaining such a historic site for itself. We had the privilege of seeing here some of the original rock that formed part of the foundations of Pilate's house; and there are three stones built into the altar that were taken from the pavement of Gabbatha, upon which Christ walked. These are recent discoveries; it appears probable that the real pavement of Gabbatha has been found, since Pilate's house is so satisfactorily identified. Spanning the street in front of this convent is the Ecce Homo arch, upon which Pilate showed Christ to

*Via Dolorosa*









the populace. The ground of the new building was until recently in possession of the Moslems, who would not sell it for a less price than seventy thousand francs; the arch they would not sell at all; and there now dwells, in a small chamber on top of it, a Moslem saint and hermit. The world of pilgrims flows under his feet; he looks from his window upon a daily procession of Christians, who traverse the Via Dolorosa, having first signified their submission to the Moslem yoke in the Holy City by passing under this arch of humiliation. The hermit, however, has the grace not to show himself, and few know that he sits there, in the holy occupation of letting his hair and his nails grow.

From the house of the Roman procurator we went to the citadel of Sultan Suleiman. This stands close by the Jaffa Gate, and is the most picturesque object in all the circuit of the walls, and, although the citadel is of modern origin, its most characteristic portion lays claim to great antiquity. The massive structure which impresses all strangers who enter by the Jaffa Gate is called the Tower of Hippicus, and also the Tower of David. It is identified as the tower which Herod built and Josephus describes, and there is as little doubt that its foundations are the same that David laid and Solomon strengthened. There are no such stones in any other part of the walls as these enormous beveled blocks; they surpass those in the Harem wall, at what is called the Jews' Wailing Place. The tower stands upon the northwest

corner of the old wall of Zion, and being the point most open to attack it was most strongly built.

It seems also to have been connected with the palace on Zion which David built, for it is the tradition that it was from this tower that the king first saw Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah, when "it came to pass in an eventide that David arose from off his bed, and walked upon the roof of the king's house: and from the roof he saw a woman washing herself; and the woman was very beautiful to look upon." On the other side of the city gate we now look down upon the Pool of Bathsheba, in which there is no water, and we are informed that it was by that pool that the lovely woman, who was destined to be the mother of Solomon, sat when the king took his evening walk. Others say that she sat by the Pool of Gihon. It does not matter. The subject was a very fruitful one for the artists of the Renaissance, who delighted in a glowing reproduction of the biblical stories, and found in such incidents as this and the confusion of Susanna themes in which the morality of the age could express itself without any conflict with the religion of the age. It is a comment not so much upon the character of David as upon the morality of the time in which he lived, that although he repented, and no doubt sincerely, of his sin when reproved for it, his repentance did not take the direction of self-denial; he did not send away Bathsheba.

This square old tower is interiorly so much in ruins that it is not easy to climb to its parapet, and yet it still has a guard-house attached to it,

and is kept like a fortification; a few rusty old cannon, under the charge of the soldiers, would injure only those who attempted to fire them; the entire premises have a tumble-down, Turkish aspect. The view from the top is the best in the city of the city itself; we saw also from it the hills of Moab and a bit of the Dead Sea.

Close by is the Armenian quarter, covering a large part of what was once the hill of Zion. I wish it were the Christian quarter, for it is the only part of the town that makes any pretension to cleanliness, and it has more than any other the aspect of an abode of peace and charity. This is owing to its being under the government of one corporation, for the Armenian convent covers nearly the entire space of this extensive quarter. The convent is a singular, irregular mass of houses, courts, and streets, the latter apparently running over and under and through the houses; you come unexpectedly upon stairways, you traverse roofs, you enter rooms and houses on the roofs of other houses, and it is difficult to say at any time whether you are on the earth or in the air. The convent, at this season, is filled with pilgrims, over three thousand of whom, I was told, were lodged here. We came upon families of them in the little rooms in the courts and corridors, or upon the roofs, pursuing their domestic avocations as if they were at home, cooking, mending, sleeping, a boorish but simple-minded lot of peasants.

The church is a large and very interesting specimen of religious architecture and splendid,

barbaric decoration. In the vestibule hang the "bells." These are long planks of a sonorous wood, which give forth a ringing sound when struck with a club. As they are of different sizes, you get some variation of tone, and they can be heard far enough to call the inmates of the convent to worship. The interior walls are lined with ancient blue tiles to a considerable height, and above them are rude and inartistic sacred pictures. There is in the church much curious inlaid work of mother-of-pearl and olive-wood, especially about the doors of the chapels, and one side shines with the pearl as if it were incrustated with silver. Ostrich eggs are strung about in profusion, with hooks attached for hanging lamps.

The first day of our visit to this church, in one of the doorways of what seemed to be a side chapel, and which was thickly incrustated with mother-of-pearl, stood the venerable bishop, in a light rose-colored robe and a pointed hood, with a cross in his hand, preaching to the pilgrims, who knelt on the pavement before him, talking in a familiar manner, and, our guide said, with great plainness of speech. The Armenian clergy are celebrated for the splendor of their vestments, and I could not but think that this rose-colored bishop, in his shining framework, must seem like a being of another sphere to the boors before him. He almost imposed upon us.

These pilgrims appeared to be of the poorest agricultural class of laborers, and their costume is uncouth beyond description. In a side chapel,

where we saw tiles on the walls that excited our envy, — the quaintest figures and illustrations of sacred subjects, — the clerks were taking the names of pilgrims just arrived, who kneeled before them and paid a Napoleon each for their lodging in the convent, as long as they should choose to stay. In this chapel were the shoes of the pilgrims who had gone into the church, a motley collection of foot-gear, covering half the floor: leather and straw, square shoes as broad as long, round shoes, pointed shoes, old shoes, patched shoes, shoes with the toes gone, a pathetic gathering that told of poverty and weary travel — and big feet. These shoes were things to muse on, for each pair, made may be in a different century, seemed to have a character of its own, as it stood there awaiting the owner. People often make reflections upon a pair of shoes; literature is full of them. Poets have celebrated many a pretty shoe, — a queen's slipper, it may be, or the hobnail brogan of a peasant, or, oftener, the tiny shoes of a child; but it is seldom that one has an opportunity for such comprehensive moralizing as was here given. If we ever regretted the lack of a poet in our party, it was now.

We walked along the Armenian walls, past the lepers' quarter, and outside the walls, through the Gate of Zion, or the Gate of the Prophet David as it is also called, and came upon a continuation of the plateau of the hill of Zion, which is now covered with cemeteries, and is the site of the house of Caiaphas, and of the tomb of David and



those kings of Jerusalem who were considered by the people worthy of sepulture here; for the Jews seem to have brought from Egypt the notion of refusing royal burial to their bad kings, and they had very few respectable ones.

The house of Caiaphas the high-priest had suffered a recent tumble-down, and was in such a state of ruin that we could with difficulty enter it or recognize any likeness of a house. On the premises is an Armenian chapel; in it we were shown the prison in which Christ was confined, also the stone door of the sepulchre, which the Latins say the Armenians stole. But the most remarkable object here is the little marble column (having carved on it a figure of Christ bound to a pillar) upon which the cock stood and crowed when Peter denied his Lord. There are some difficulties in the way of believing this now, but they will lessen as the column gets age.

Outside this gate lie the desolate fields strewn with the brown tombstones of the Greeks and Armenians, a melancholy spectacle. Each sect has its own cemetery, and the dead sleep peaceably enough, but the living who bury them frequently quarrel. I saw one day a funeral procession halted outside the walls; for some reason the Greek priest had refused the dead burial in the grave dug for him in the cemetery; the bier was dumped on the slope beside the road, and half overturned; the friends were sitting on the ground, wrangling. The man had been dead three days, and the coffin had been by the roadside in this

place since the day before. This was in the morning; towards night I saw the same crowd there, but a Turkish official appeared and ordered the Greeks to bury their dead somewhere, and that without delay; to bury it for the sake of the public health, and quarrel about the grave afterwards if they must. A crowd collected, joining with fiery gesticulation and clamor in the dispute, the shrill voices of women being heard above all; but at last, four men roughly shouldered the box, handling it as if it contained merchandise, and trotted off with it.

As we walked over this pathless, barren necropolis, strewn, hap-hazard as it were, with shapeless, broken, and leaning headstones, it was impossible to connect with it any sentiment of affection or piety. It spoke, like everything else about here, of mortality, and seemed only a part of that historical Jerusalem which is dead and buried, in which no living person can have anything more than an archæological interest. It was, then, with something like a shock that we heard Demetrius, our guide, say, pointing to a rude stone, —

“That is the grave of my mother!”

Demetrius was a handsome Greek boy, of a beautiful type which has almost disappeared from Greece itself, and as clever a lad as ever spoke all languages and accepted all religions, without yielding too much to any one. He had been well educated in the English school, and his education had failed to put any faith in place of the superstition it had destroyed. The boy seemed to be numer-

ously if not well connected in the city; he was always exchanging a glance and a smile with some pretty, dark-eyed Greek girl whom we met in the way, and when I said, "Demetrius, who was that?" he always answered, "That is my cousin."

The boy was so intelligent, so vivacious, and full of the spirit of adventure, — begging me a dozen times a day to take him with me anywhere in the world, — and so modern, that he had not till this moment seemed to belong to Jerusalem, nor to have any part in its decay. This chance discovery of his intimate relation to this necropolis gave, if I may say so, a living interest to it, and to all the old burying-grounds about the city, some of which link the present with the remote past by an uninterrupted succession of interments for nearly three thousand years.

Just beyond this expanse, or rather in part of it, is a small plot of ground surrounded by high whitewashed walls, the entrance to which is secured by a heavy door. This is the American cemetery; and the stout door and thick wall are, I suppose, necessary to secure its graves from Moslem insult. It seems not to be visited often, for it was with difficulty that we could turn the huge key in the rusty lock. There are some half-dozen graves within; the graves are grass-grown and flower-sprinkled, and the whole area is a tangle of unrestrained weeds and grass. The high wall cuts off all view, but we did not for the time miss it, rather liking for the moment to be secured from the sight of the awful desolation, and to muse upon

the strange fortune that had drawn to be buried here upon Mount Zion, as a holy resting-place for them, people alien in race, language, and customs to the house of David, and removed from it by such spaces of time and distance; people to whom the worship performed by David, if he could renew it in person on Zion, would be as distasteful as is that of the Jews in yonder synagogue.

Only a short distance from this we came to the mosque which contains the tomb of David and probably of Solomon and other kings of Judah. No historical monument in or about Jerusalem is better authenticated than this. Although now for many centuries the Moslems have had possession of it and forbidden access to it, there is a tolerably connected tradition of its possession. It was twice opened and relieved of the enormous treasure in gold and silver which Solomon deposited in it; once by Hyrcanus Maccabæus, who took what he needed, and again by Herod, who found very little. There are all sorts of stories told about the splendor of this tomb and the state with which the Moslems surround it. But they envelop it in so much mystery that no one can know the truth. It is probable that the few who suppose they have seen it have seen only a sort of cenotaph which is above the real tomb in the rock below. The room which has been seen is embellished with some display of richness in shawls and hangings of gold embroidery, and contains a sarcophagus of rough stone, and lights are always burning there. If the royal tombs are in this place, they are doubtless in the cave below.

Over this spot was built a church by the early Christians; and it is a tradition that in this building was the Coenaculum. This site may very likely be that of the building where the Last Supper was laid, and it may be that St. Stephen suffered martyrdom here, and that the Virgin died here; the building may be as old as the fourth century, but the chances of any building standing so long in this repeatedly destroyed city are not good. There is a little house north of this mosque in which the Virgin spent the last years of her life; if she did, she must have lived to be over a thousand years old.

On the very brow of the hill, and overlooking the lower pool of Gihon, is the English school, with its pretty garden and its cemetery. We saw there some excavations, by which the bed-rock had been laid bare, disclosing some stone steps cut in it. Search is being made here for the Seat of Solomon, but it does not seem to me a vital matter, for I suppose he sat down all over this hill, which was covered with his palaces and harems and other buildings of pleasure, built of stones that "were of great value, such as are dug out of the earth for the ornaments of temples and to make fine prospects in royal palaces, and which make the mines whence they are dug famous." Solomon's palace was constructed entirely of white stone, and cedar-wood, and gold and silver; in it "were very long cloisters, and those situate in an agreeable place in the palace, and among them a most glorious dining-room for feastings and computations;" in-

deed, Josephus finds it difficult to reckon up the variety and the magnitude of the royal apartments, — “how many that were subterraneous and invisible, the curiosity of those that enjoyed the fresh air, and the groves for the most delightful prospect, for avoiding the heat, and covering their bodies.” If this most luxurious of monarchs introduced here all the styles of architecture which would represent the nationality of his wives, as he built temples to suit their different religions, the hill of Zion must have resembled, on a small scale, the Munich of King Ludwig I.

Opposite the English school, across the Valley of Hinnom, is a long block of modern buildings which is one of the most conspicuous objects outside the city. It was built by another rich Jew, Sir Moses Montefiore, of London, and contains tenements for poor Jews. Sir Moses is probably as rich as Solomon was in his own right, and he makes a most charitable use of his money; but I do not suppose that if he had at his command the public wealth that Solomon had, who made silver as plentiful as stones in the streets of Jerusalem, he could materially alleviate the lazy indigence of the Jewish exiles here. The aged philanthropist made a journey hither in the summer of 1875, to ascertain for himself the condition of the Jews. I believe he has a hope of establishing manufactories in which they can support themselves; but the minds of the Jews who are already restored are not set upon any sort of industry. It seems to me that they could be maintained much more

cheaply if they were transported to a less barren land.

We made, one day, an exploration of the Jews' quarter, which enjoys the reputation of being more filthy than the Christian. The approach to it is down a gutter which has the sounding name of the Street of David; it was bad enough, but when we entered the Jews' part of the city we found ourselves in lanes and gutters of incomparable unpleasantness, and almost impassable, with nothing whatever in them interesting or picturesque, except the inhabitants. We had a curiosity to see if there were here any real Jews of the type that inhabited the city in the time of our Lord, and we saw many with fair skin and light hair, with straight nose and regular features. The persons whom we are accustomed to call Jews, and who were found dispersed about Europe at a very early period of modern history, have the Assyrian features, the hook nose, dark hair and eyes, and not at all the faces of the fair-haired race from which our Saviour is supposed to have sprung. The kingdom of Israel, which contained the ten tribes, was gobbled up by the Assyrians about the time Rome was founded, and from that date these tribes do not appear historically. They may have entirely amalgamated with their conquerors, and the modified race subsequently have passed into Europe; for the Jews claim to have been in Europe before the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, in which nearly all the people of the kingdom of Judah perished.

Some scholars, who have investigated the problem offered by the two types above mentioned, think that the Jew as we know him in Europe and America is not the direct descendant of the Jews of Jerusalem of the time of Herod, and that the true offspring of the latter is the person of the light hair and straight nose who is occasionally to be found in Jerusalem to-day. Until this ethnological problem is settled, I shall most certainly withhold my feeble contributions for the "restoration" of the persons at present doing business under the name of Jews among the Western nations.

But we saw another type of Jew, or rather another variety, in this quarter. He called himself of the tribe of Benjamin, and is, I think, the most unpleasant human being I have ever encountered. Every man who supposes himself of this tribe wears a dark, corkscrew, stringy curl hanging down each side of his face, and the appearance of nasty effeminacy which this gives cannot be described. The tribe of Benjamin does not figure well in sacred history, — it was left-handed; it was pretty much exterminated by the other tribes once for an awful crime; it was held from going into the settled idolatry of the kingdom of Israel only by its contiguity to Judah, — but it was better than its descendants, if these are its descendants.

More than half of the eight thousand Jews in Jerusalem speak Spanish as their native tongue, and are the offspring of those expelled from Spain by Ferdinand. Now and then, I do not know whether it was Spanish or Arabic, we saw a good



face, a noble countenance, a fine Oriental and venerable type, and occasionally, looking from a window, a Jewish beauty; but the most whom we met were debased, misbegotten, the remnants of sin, squalor, and bad living.

We went into two of the best synagogues, — one new, with a conspicuous green dome. They are not fine; on the contrary, they are slatternly places and very ill-kept. On the benches near the windows sat squalid men and boys reading, the latter, no doubt, students of the law; all the passages, stairs, and by-rooms were dirty and disorderly, as if it were always Monday morning there, but never washing-day; rags and heaps of ancient garments were strewn about; and occasionally we nearly stumbled over a Jew, indistinguishable from a bundle of old clothes, and asleep on the floor. Even the sanctuary is full of unkempt people, and of the evidences of the squalor of the quarter. If this is a specimen of the restoration of the Jews, they had better not be restored any more.

The thing to do (if the worldliness of the expression will be pardoned) on Friday is to go and see the Jews wail, as in Constantinople it is to see the Sultan go to prayer, and in Cairo to hear the darwishes howl. The performance, being an open-air one, is sometimes prevented by rain or snow, but otherwise it has not failed for many centuries. This ancient practice is probably not what it once was, having in our modern days, by becoming a sort of fashion, lost its spontaneity; it will, however, doubtless be long kept up, as everything of

this sort endures in the East, even if it should become necessary to hire people to wail.

The Friday morning of the day chosen for our visit to the wailing-place was rainy, following a rainy night. The rough-paved open alleys were gutters of mud, the streets under arches (for there are shops in subterranean constructions and old vaulted passages) were damper and darker than usual; the whole city, with its narrow lanes, and thick walls, and no sewers, was clammy and uncomfortable. We loitered for a time in the dark and grave-like gold bazaars, where there is but a poor display of attractions. Pilgrims from all lands were sopping about in the streets; conspicuous among them were Persians wearing high, conical frieze hats, and short-legged, big-calfed Russian peasant women, — animated meal-bags.

We walked across to the Zion Gate, and mounting the city wall there — an uneven and somewhat broken, but sightly promenade — followed it round to its junction with the Temple wall, and to Robinson's Arch. Underneath the wall by Zion Gate dwell, in low stone huts and burrows, a considerable number of lepers, who form a horrid community by themselves. These poor creatures, with toeless feet and fingerless hands, came out of their dens and assailed us with piteous cries for charity. What could be done? It was impossible to give to all. The little we threw them they fought for, and the unsuccessful followed us with whetted eagerness. We could do nothing but flee, and we climbed the wall and ran down it, leaving Deme-

trius behind as a rear guard. I should have had more pity for them if they had not exhibited so much maliciousness. They knew their power, and brought all their loathsomeness after us, thinking that we would be forced to buy their retreat. Two hideous old women followed us a long distance, and when they became convinced that further howling and whining would be fruitless, they suddenly changed tone and cursed us with healthful vigor; having cursed us, they hobbled home to roost.

This part of the wall crosses what was once the Tyrophœan Valley, which is now pretty much filled up; it ran between Mount Moriah, on which the Temple stood, and Mount Zion. It was spanned in ancient times by a bridge some three hundred and fifty feet long, resting on stone arches whose piers must have been from one hundred to two hundred feet in height; this connected the Temple platform with the top of the steep side of Zion. It was on the Temple end of this bridge that Titus stood and held parley with the Jews who refused to surrender Zion after the loss of Moriah.

The exact locality of this interesting bridge was discovered by Dr. Robinson. Just north of the southwest corner of the Harem wall (that is, the Temple or Mount Moriah wall) he noticed three courses of huge projecting stones, which upon careful inspection proved to be the segment of an arch. The spring of the arch is so plainly to be seen now that it is a wonder it remained so long unknown.

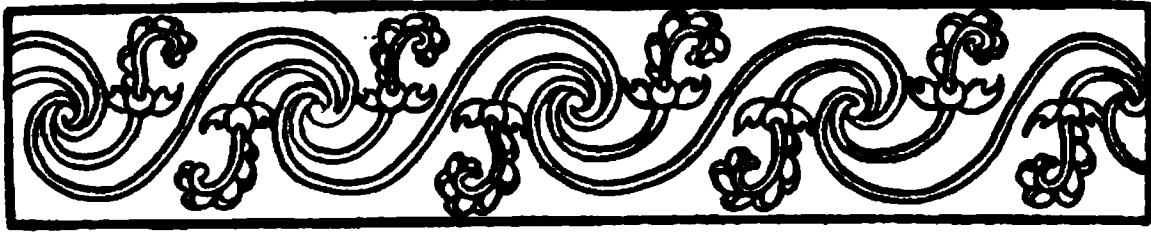
The Wailing-Place of the Jews is on the west side of the Temple inclosure, a little to the north of this arch; it is in a long, narrow court formed by the walls of modern houses and the huge blocks of stone of this part of the original wall. These stones are no doubt as old as Solomon's Temple, and the Jews can here touch the very walls of the platform of that sacred edifice.

Every Friday a remnant of the children of Israel comes here to weep and wail. They bring their Scriptures, and leaning against the honeycombed stone, facing it, read the Lamentations and the Psalms, in a wailing voice, and occasionally cry aloud in a chorus of lamentation, weeping, blowing their long noses with blue cotton handkerchiefs, and kissing the stones. We were told that the smoothness of the stones in spots was owing to centuries of osculation. The men stand together at one part of the wall, and the women at another. There were not more than twenty Jews present as actors in the solemn ceremony the day we visited the spot, and they did not wail much, merely reading the Scriptures in a mumbling voice and swaying their bodies backward and forward. Still they formed picturesque and even pathetic groups: venerable old men with long white beards and hooked noses, clad in rags and shreds and patches in all degrees of decadence; lank creatures of the tribe of Benjamin with the corkscrew curls; and skinny old women shaking with weeping, real or assumed.

Very likely these wailers were as poor and wretched as they appeared to be, and their tears

were the natural outcome of their grief over the ruin of the Temple nearly two thousand years ago. I should be the last one to doubt their enjoyment of this weekly bitter misery. But the demonstration had somewhat the appearance of a set and show performance; while it was going on, a shrewd Israelite went about with a box to collect mites from the spectators. There were many more travelers there to see the wailing than there were Jews to wail. This also lent an unfavorable aspect to the scene. I myself felt that if this were genuine, I had no business to be there with my undisguised curiosity; and if it were not genuine, it was the poorest spectacle that Jerusalem offers to the tourist. Cook's party was there in force, this being one of the things promised in the contract; and I soon found myself more interested in Cook's pilgrims than in the others.

The Scripture read and wailed this day was the fifty-first Psalm of David. If you turn to it (you may have already discovered that the covert purpose of these desultory notes is to compel you to read your Bible), you will see that it expresses David's penitence in the matter of Bathsheba.



### III

#### HOLY PLACES OF THE HOLY CITY



THE sojourner in Jerusalem falls into the habit of dropping in at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre nearly every afternoon. It is the centre of attraction. There the pilgrims all resort; there one sees, in a day, many races, and the costumes of strange and distant peoples; there one sees the various worship of the many Christian sects. There are always processions making the round of the holy places, sect following sect, with swinging censers, each fumigating away the effect of its predecessor.

The central body of the church, answering to the nave, as the rotunda, which contains the Holy Sepulchre, answers to choir and apse, is the Greek chapel, and the most magnificent in the building. The portion of the church set apart to the Latins, opening also out of the rotunda, is merely a small chapel. The Armenians have still more contracted accommodations, and the poor Copts enjoy a mere closet, but it is in a sacred spot, being attached to the west end of the sepulchre itself.

On the western side of the rotunda we passed through the bare and apparently uncared-for chapel

of the Syrians, and entered, through a low door, into a small grotto hewn in the rock. Lighted candles revealed to us some tombs, little pits cut in the rock, two in the side-wall and two in the floor. We had a guide who knew every sacred spot in the city, a man who never failed to satisfy the curiosity of the most credulous tourist.

"Whose tombs are these?" we asked.

"That is the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, and that beside it is the tomb of Nicodemus."

"How do you know?"

"How do I know? You ask me how I know. Have n't I always lived in Jerusalem? I was born here."

"Then perhaps you can tell us, if this tomb belonged to Joseph of Arimathea, and this to Nicodemus, whose is this third one?"

"Oh yes, that other," replied the guide, with only a moment's paralysis of his invention, "that is the tomb of Arimathea himself."

One afternoon at four, service was going on in the Greek chapel, which shone with silver and blazed with tapers, and was crowded with pilgrims, principally Russians of both sexes, many of whom had made a painful pilgrimage of more than two thousand miles on foot merely to prostrate themselves in this revered place. A Russian bishop and a priest, in the resplendent robes of their office, were intoning the service responsively. In the very centre of this chapel is a round hole covered with a grating, and tapers are generally burning about it. All the pilgrims kneeled there, and

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*Church of the Holy Sepulchre*





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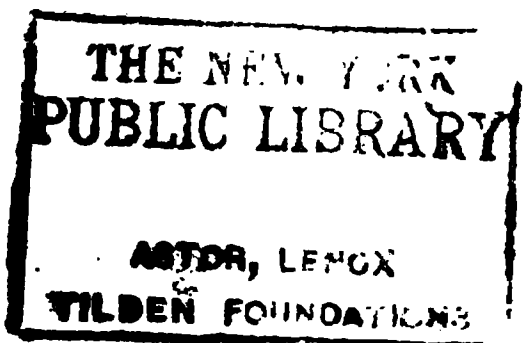
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kissed the grating and adored the hole. I had the curiosity to push my way through the throng in order to see the object of devotion, but I could discover nothing. It is, however, an important spot: it is *the centre of the earth*; though why Christians should worship the centre of the earth I do not know. The Armenians have in their chapel also a spot that they say is the real centre; that makes three that we know of, for everybody understands that there is one in the Kaaba at Mecca.

We sat down upon a stone bench near the entrance of the chapel, where we could observe the passing streams of people, and were greatly diverted by a blithe and comical beggar who had stationed himself on the pavement there to intercept the Greek charity of the worshipers when they passed into the rotunda. He was a diminutive man with distorted limbs; he wore a peaked red cap, and dragged himself over the pavement, or rather skipped and flopped about on it like a devil-fish on land. Never was seen in a beggar such vivacity and imperturbable good-humor, with so much deviltry in his dancing eyes.

As we appeared to him to occupy a neutral position as to him and his victims, he soon took us into his confidence and let us see his mode of operations. He said (to our guide) that he was a Greek from Damascus, — oh yes, a Christian, a pilgrim, who always came down here at this season, which was his harvest-time. He hoped (with a wicked wink) that his devotion would be rewarded.

It was very entertaining to see him watch the people coming out, and select his victims, whom he would indicate to us by a motion of his head as he flopped towards them. He appeared to rely more upon the poor and simple than upon the rich, and he was more successful with the former. But he rarely, such was his insight, made a mistake. Whoever gave him anything he thanked with the utmost *empressement* of manner; then he crossed himself, and turned around and winked at us, his confederates. When an elegantly dressed lady dropped the smallest of copper coins into his cap, he let us know his opinion of her by a significant gesture and a shrug of his shoulders. But no matter from whom he received it, whenever he added a penny to his store the rascal chirped and laughed and caressed himself. He was in the way of being trodden under foot by the crowd; but his agility was extraordinary, and I should not have been surprised at any moment if he had vaulted over the heads of the throng and disappeared. If he failed to attract the attention of an eligible pilgrim, he did not hesitate to give the skirt of his elect a jerk, for which rudeness he would at once apologize with an indescribable grimace and a joke.

When the crowd had passed, he slid himself into a corner, by a motion such as that with which a fish suddenly darts to one side, and set himself to empty his pocket into his cap and count his plunder, tossing the pieces into the air and catching them with a chuckle, crossing himself and hugging himself by turns. He had four francs and a half.

When he had finished counting his money he put it in a bag, and for a moment his face assumed a grave and business-like expression. We thought he would depart without demanding anything of us. But we were mistaken; he had something in view that he no doubt felt would insure him a liberal backsheesh. Wriggling near to us, he set his face into an expression of demure humility, held out his cap, and said, in English, each word falling from his lips as distinctly and unnaturally as if he had been a wooden articulating machine, —

“Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and *I* will give you rest.”

The rascal's impiety lessened the charity which our intimacy with him had intended, but he appeared entirely content, chirped, saluted with gravity, and, with a flop, was gone from our sight.

At the moment, a procession of Franciscan monks swept by, chanting in rich bass voices, and followed, as usual, by Latin pilgrims, making the daily round of the holy places; after they had disappeared we could still hear their voices and catch now and again the glimmer of their tapers in the vast dark spaces.

Opposite the place where we were sitting is the Chapel of the Apparition, a room not much more than twenty feet square; it is the Latin chapel, and besides its contiguity to the sepulchre has some specialties of its own. The chapel is probably eight hundred years old. In the centre of the pavement is the spot upon which our Lord stood when he appeared to the Virgin after the resur-

rection; near it a slab marks the place where the three crosses were laid after they were dug up by Helena, and where the one on which our Lord was crucified was identified by the miracle that it worked in healing a sick man. South of the altar is a niche in the wall, now covered over, but a round hole is left in the covering. I saw pilgrims thrust a long stick into this hole, withdraw it, and kiss the end. The stick had touched a fragment of the porphyry column to which the Saviour was bound when he was scourged.

In the semicircle at the east end of the nave are several interesting places: the prison where Christ was confined before his execution, a chapel dedicated to the centurion who pierced the side of our Lord, and the spot on which the vestments were divided. From thence we descend, by a long flight of steps partly hewn in the rock, to a rude, crypt-like chapel, in the heavy early Byzantine style, a damp, cheerless place, called the Chapel of Helena. At the east end of it another flight of steps leads down into what was formerly a cistern, but is now called the Chapel of the Invention of the Cross. Here the cross was found, and at one side of the steps stands the marble chair in which the mother of Constantine sat while she superintended the digging. Nothing is wanting that the most credulous pilgrim could wish to see; that is, nothing is wanting in *spots* where things were. This chapel belongs to the Latins; that of Helena to the Greeks; the Abyssinian convent is above both of them.

On the south side of the church, near the entrance, is a dark room called the Chapel of Adam, in which there is never more light than a feeble taper can give. I groped my way into it often, in the hope of finding something; perhaps it is purposely involved in an obscurity typical of the origin of mankind. There is a tradition that Adam was buried on Golgotha, but the only tomb in this chapel is that of Melchizedek! The chapel formerly contained that of Godfrey de Bouillon, elected the first king of Jerusalem in 1099, and of Baldwin, his brother. We were shown the two-handed sword of Godfrey, with which he clove a Saracen lengthwise into two equal parts, a genuine relic of a heroic and barbarous age. At the end of this chapel a glimmering light lets us see through a grating a crack in the rock made by the earthquake at the crucifixion.

The gloom of this mysterious chapel, which is haunted by the spectre of that dim shadow of unreality, Melchizedek, prepared us to ascend to Golgotha, above it. The chapels of Golgotha are supported partly upon a rock which rises fifteen feet above the pavement of the church. The first is that of the Elevation of the Cross, and belongs to the Greeks. Under the altar at the east end is a hole in the marble, which is over the hole in the rock in which the cross stood; on either side of it are the holes of the crosses of the two thieves. The altar is rich with silver and gold and jewels. The chamber, when we entered it, was blazing with light, and Latin monks were performing their



adorations, with chanting and swinging of incense, before the altar. A Greek priest stood at one side, watching them, and there was plain contempt in his face. The Greek priests are not wanting in fanaticism, but they never seem to me to possess the faith of the Latin branch of the Catholic Church. When the Latins had gone, the Greek took us behind the altar, and showed us another earthquake-rent in the rock.

Adjoining this chapel is the Latin Chapel of the Crucifixion, marking the spot where Christ was nailed to the cross; from that we looked through a window into an exterior room dedicated to the Sorrowing Virgin, where she stood and beheld the crucifixion. Both these latter rooms do not rest upon the rock, but upon artificial vaults, and of course can mark the spots commemorated by them only *in space*.

Perhaps this sensation of being in the air, and of having no standing-place even for tradition, added something to the strange feeling that took possession of me; a mingled feeling that was no more terror than is the apprehension that one experiences at a theatre from the manufactured thunder behind the scenes. I suppose it arose from cross currents meeting in the mind, the thought of the awful significance of the events here represented and the sight of this theatrical representation. The dreadful name, Golgotha, the gloom of this part of the building, — a sort of mount of darkness, with its rent rock and preternatural shadow, — the blazing contrast of the chapel where

the cross stood with the dark passages about it, the chanting and flashing lights of pilgrims ever coming and going, the neighborhood of the sepulchre itself, were well calculated to awaken an imagination the least sensitive. And, so susceptible is the mind to the influence of that mental electricity — if there is no better name for it — which proceeds from a mass of minds having one thought (and is sometimes called public opinion), be it true or false, that whatever one may believe about the real location of the Holy Sepulchre, he cannot witness, unmoved, the vast throng of pilgrims to these shrines, representing as they do every section of the civilized and of the uncivilized world into which a belief in the cross has penetrated. The undoubted sincerity of the majority of the pilgrims who worship here makes us for the time forget the hundred inventions which so often allure and as often misdirect that worship.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre offers at all times a great spectacle, and one always novel, in the striking ceremonies and the people who assist at them. One of the most extraordinary, that of the Holy Fire, at the Greek Easter, which is three weeks later than the Roman, and which has been so often described, we did not see. I am not sure that we saw even all the thirty-seven holy places and objects in the church. It may not be unprofitable to set down those I can recall. They are, —

The Stone of Unction.

The spot where the Virgin Mary stood when the body of our Lord was anointed.

The Holy Sepulchre.

The stone on which the angel sat.

The tombs of Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus.

The well of Helena.

The stone marking the spot where Christ in the form of a gardener appeared to Mary Magdalene.

The spot where Mary Magdalene stood.

The spot where our Lord appeared to the Virgin after his resurrection.

The place where the true cross, discovered by Helena, was laid, and identified by a miracle.

The fragment of the Column of Flagellation.

The prison of our Lord.

The "Bonds of Christ," a stone with two holes in it.

The place where the *title* on the cross was preserved.

The place of the division of the vestments.

The centre of the earth (Greek).

The centre of the earth (Armenian).

The altar of the centurion who pierced the body of Christ.

The altar of the penitent thief.

The Chapel of Helena.

The chair in which Helena sat when the cross was found.

The spot where the cross was found.

The Chapel of the Mocking, with a fragment of the column upon which Jesus sat when they crowned him with thorns.

The Chapel of the Elevation of the Cross.

The spot where the cross stood.

The spots where the crosses of the thieves stood.

The rent rock near the cross.

The spot where Christ was nailed to the cross.

The spot where the Virgin stood during the crucifixion.

The Chapel of Adam.

The tomb of Melchizedek.

The rent rock in the Chapel of Adam.

The spots where the tombs of Godfrey and Baldwin stood.

No, we did not see them all. Besides, there used to be a piece of the cross in the Latin chapel; but the Armenians are accused of purloining it. All travelers, I suppose, have seen the celebrated Iron Crown of Lombardy, which is kept in the church at Monza, near Milan. It is all of gold except the inner band, which is made of a nail of the cross brought from Jerusalem by Helena. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre has not all the relics it might have, but it is as rich in them as any church of its age.

A place in Jerusalem almost as interesting to Christians as the Holy Sepulchre, and more interesting to antiquarians, is the Harem, or Temple area, with its ancient substructions and its resplendent Saracenic architecture. It is largely an open place, green with grass; it is clean and wholesome, and the sun lies lovingly on it. There is no part of the city where the traveler would so like to wander at will, to sit and muse, to dream away the day on the walls overhanging the valley of the

ground, and upon a broad raised platform, paved with marble, stands the celebrated mosque Kubbet es-Sukhrah, "The Dome of the Rock." It is built over the Sacred Rock.

This rock marks the site of the threshing-floor of Ornan, the Jebusite, which David bought, purchasing at the same time the whole of Mount Moriah. Solomon built the Temple over this rock, and it was probably the "stone of sacrifice." At the time Solomon built the Temple, the level place on Moriah was scarcely large enough for the *naos* of that building, and Solomon extended the ground to the east and south by erecting arches and filling in on top of them, and constructing a heavy retaining-wall outside. On the east side also he built a porch, or magnificent colonnade, which must have produced a fine effect of Oriental grandeur when seen from the deep valley below or from the Mount of Olives opposite.

To this rock the Jews used to come, in the fourth century, and anoint it with oil, and wail over it, as the site of the Temple. On it once stood a statue of Hadrian. When the Moslems captured Jerusalem, it became, what it has ever since been, one of their most venerated places. The Khalif Omar cleared away the rubbish from it, and built over it a mosque. The Khalif Abd-el-Melek began to rebuild it in A. D. 686. During the Crusades it was used as a Christian church. Allowing for decay and repairs, the present mosque is probably substantially that built by Abd-el-Melek.

At the extreme south of the area is the vast Mosque of Aksa, a splendid basilica with seven aisles, which may or may not be the Church of St. Mary built by Justinian in the sixth century; architects differ about it. This question it seems to me very difficult to decide from the architecture of the building, because of the habit that Christians and Moslems both had of appropriating columns and capitals of ancient structures in their buildings; and because the Moslems at that time used both the round and the pointed arch.

This platform is beyond all comparison the most beautiful place in Jerusalem, and its fairy-like buildings, when seen from the hill opposite, give to the city its chief claim to Oriental picturesqueness.

The dome of the mosque Kubbet es-Sukhrah is perhaps the most beautiful in the world; it seems to float in the air like a blown bubble; this effect is produced by a slight drawing in of the base. This contraction of the dome is not sufficient to give the spectator any feeling of insecurity, or to belittle this architectural marvel to the likeness of a big toy; the builder hit the exact mean between massiveness and expanding lightness. The mosque is octagonal in form, and although its just proportions make it appear small, it is a hundred and fifty feet in diameter; outside and in, it is a blaze of color in brilliant marbles, fine mosaics, stained glass, and beautiful Saracenic tiles. The lower part of the exterior wall is covered with colored marbles in intricate patterns; above are pointed

windows with stained glass; and the spaces between the windows are covered by glazed tiles, with arabesque designs and very rich in color. In the interior, which has all the soft warmth and richness of Persian needlework, are two corridors, with rows of columns and pillars; within the inner row is the Sacred Rock.

This rock, which is the most remarkable stone in the world, if half we hear of it be true, and which by a singular fortune is sacred to three religions, is an irregular boulder, standing some five feet above the pavement, and is something like sixty feet long. In places it has been chiseled, steps are cut on one side, and various niches are hewn in it; a round hole pierces it from top to bottom. The rock is limestone, a little colored with iron, and beautiful in spots where it has been polished. One would think that by this time it ought to be worn smooth all over.

If we may believe the Moslems and doubt our own senses, this rock is suspended in the air, having no support on any side. It was to this rock that Mohammed made his midnight journey on El Burâk; it was from here that he ascended into Paradise, an excursion that occupied him altogether only forty minutes. It is, I am inclined to think, the miraculous suspension of this stone that is the basis of the Christian fable of the suspension of Mohammed's coffin, — a miracle unknown to all Moslems of whom I have inquired concerning it.

"Abd-el-Atti," I said, "does this rock rest on nothing?"

"So I have hunderstood; thim say so."

"But do you believe it?"

"When I read him, I believe; when I come and see him, I can't help what I see."

At the south end of the rock we descended a flight of steps and stood under the rock in what is called the Noble Cave, a small room about six feet high, plastered and whitewashed. This is supposed to be the sink into which the blood of the Jewish sacrifices drained. The plaster and white-wash hide the original rock, and give the Moslems the opportunity to assert that there is no rock foundation under the big stone.

"But," we said to Abd-el-Atti, "if this rock hangs in the air, why cannot we see all around it? Why these plaster walls that seem to support it?"

"So him used to be. This done so, I hear, on account of de women. Thim come here, see this rock, thim berry much frightened. Der little shild, what you call it, get born in de world before him wanted. So thim make this wall under it."

There are four altars in this cave, one of them dedicated to David; here the Moslem prophets, Abraham, David, Solomon, and Jesus, used to pray. In the rock is a round indentation made by Mohammed's head when he first attempted to rise to heaven; near it is the hole through which he rose. On the upper southeast corner of the rock is the print of the prophet's foot, and close to it the print of the hand of the angel Michael, who held the rock down from following Moham-med into the skies.



In the mosque above, Abd-el-Atti led us, with much solemnity, to a small stone set in the pavement near the north entrance. It was perforated with holes, in some of which were brass nails.

"How many holes you make 'em there?"

"Thirteen."

"How many got nails?"

"Four."

"Not so many. Only three and a half nails. Used to be thirteen nails. Now only three and a half. When these gone, then the world come to an end. I t'ink it not berry long."

"I should think the Moslems would watch this stone very carefully."

"What difference? You not t'ink it come when de time come?"

We noticed some pieces of money on the stone, and asked why that was.

"Whoever he lay backsheesh on this stone, he certain to go into Paradise, and be took by our prophet in his bosom."

We wandered for some time about the green esplanade, dotted with cypress-trees, and admired the little domes: the Dome of the Spirits, the dome that marks the spot where David sat in judgment, etc.; some of them cover cisterns and reservoirs in the rock as old as the foundations of the Temple.

In the corridor of the Mosque of Aksa are two columns standing close together, and like those at the Mosque of Omar, in Cairo, they are a test of character; it is said that whoever can squeeze

between them is certain of Paradise, and must, of course, be a good Moslem. I suppose that when this test was established the Moslems were all lean. A black stone is set in the wall of the porch; whoever can walk, with closed eyes, across the porch pavement and put his finger on this stone may be sure of entering Paradise. According to this criterion, the writer of this is one of the elect of the Mohammedan Paradise and his dragoman is shut out. We were shown in this mosque the print of Christ's foot in a stone; and it is said that with faith one can feel in it, as he can in that of Mohammed's in the rock, the real flesh. Opening from this mosque is the small Mosque of Omar, on the spot where that zealous khalif prayed.

The massive pillared substructions under Aksa are supposed by Moslems to be of Solomon's time. That wise monarch had dealings with the invisible, and no doubt controlled the genii, who went and came and built and delved at his bidding. Abdel-Atti, with haste and an air of mystery, drew me along under the arches to the window in the south end, and showed me the opening of a passage under the wall, now half choked up with stones. This is the beginning of a subterranean passage made by the prophet Solomon, that extends all the way to Hebron, and has an issue in the mosque over the tomb of Abraham. This fact is known only to Moslems, and to very few of them, and is considered one of the great secrets. Before I was admitted to share it, I am glad that I passed between the two columns, and touched, with my eyes shut, the black stone.

In the southeast corner of the Harem is a little building called the Mosque of Jesus. We passed through it, and descended the stairway into what is called Solomon's Stables, being shown on our way a stone trough which is said to be the cradle of the infant Jesus. These so-called stables are subterranean vaults, built, no doubt, to sustain the south end of the Temple platform. We saw fifteen rows of massive square pillars of unequal sizes and at unequal distances apart (as if intended for supports that would not be seen), and some forty feet high, connected by round arches. We were glad to reascend from this wet and unpleasant cavern to the sunshine and the greensward.

I forgot to mention the Well of the Leaf, near the entrance, in the Mosque of Aksa, and the pretty Moslem legend that gave it a name, which Abd-el-Atti relates, though not in the words of the handbook: —

“This well berry old; call him Well of the Leaf; water same as Pool of Solomon, healthy water; I like him very much. Not so deep as Bir el-Arwâh; that small well, you see it under the rock; they say it goes down into Gehenna.”

“Why is this called the Well of the Leaf?”

“Once, time of Suleiman [it was Omar], a friend of our prophet come here to pray, and when he draw water to wash, he drop the bucket in the bottom of the well. No way to get it up, but he must go down. When he was on the bottom, there he much surprised by a door open in the ground, and him berry cur'ous to see what it is. Nobody there,

so he look in, and then walk through berry fast, and look over him shoulder to the bucket left in the well. The place where he was come was the most beautiful garden ever was, and he walk long time and find no end, always more garden, so cool, and water run in little streams, and sweet smell of roses and jasmin, and little birds that sing, and big trees and dates and oranges and palms, more kind, I t'ink, than you see in the garden of his vice-royal. When the man have been long time in the garden he begin to have fright, and pick a green leaf off a tree, and run back and come up to his friends. He show 'em the green leaf, but nobody have believe what he say. Then they tell him story to the kadi, and the kadi send men to see the garden in the bottom of the well. They not find any, not find any door. Then the kadi he make him a letter to the Sultan — berry wise man — and he say (so I read it in our history), 'Our prophet say, One of my friends shall walk in Paradise while he is alive. If this is come true, you shall see the leaf, if it still keep green.' Then the kadi make examine of the leaf, and find him green. So it is believe the man has been in Paradise."

"And do you believe it?"

"I cannot say edzactly where him been. Where you t'ink he done got that leaf?"

Along the east wall of the Harem there are no remains of the long colonnade called Solomon's Porch, not a column of that resplendent marble pavilion which caught the first rays of the sun over

the mountains of Moab, and which, with the shining temple towering behind it, must have presented a more magnificent appearance than Babylon, and have rivaled the architectural glories of Ba'albek. The only thing in this wall worthy of note now is the Golden Gate, an entrance no longer used. We descended into its archways, and found some fine columns with composite capitals, and other florid stone-work of a rather tasteless and debased Roman style.

We climbed the wall by means of the steps, a series of which are placed at intervals, and sat a long time looking upon a landscape, every foot of which is historical. Merely to look upon it is to recall a great portion of the Jewish history and the momentous events in the brief life of the Saviour, which, brief as it was, sufficed to newly create the earth. There is the Mount of Olives, with its commemorative chapels, heaps of stone, and scattered trees; there is the ancient foot-path up which David fled as a fugitive by night from the conspiracy of Absalom, what time Shimei, the relative of Saul, stoned him and cursed him; and down that Way of Triumph, the old road sweeping round its base, came the procession of the Son of David, in whose path the multitude cast their garments and branches of trees, and cried, "Hosanna in the highest." There on those hills, Mount Scopus and Olivet, were once encamped the Assyrians, and again the Persians; there shone the eagles of Rome, borne by her conquering legions; and there, in turn, Crusaders and Saracens pitched their

tents. How many times has the air been darkened with missiles hurled thence upon this shining prize, and how many armies have closed in about this spot and swarmed to its destruction! There the Valley of Jehoshaphat curves down until it is merged in the Valley of the Brook Kidron. There, at the junction of the roads that run over and around Olivet, is a clump of trees surrounded by a white wall; that is the Garden of Gethsemane. Near it is the tomb of Mary. Farther down you see the tomb of Absalom, the tomb of St. James, the monolith pyramid-tipped tomb of Zacharias (none of them apparently as old as they claim to be), and the remains of a little temple, the model of which came from the banks of the Nile, that Solomon built for his Egyptian wife, the daughter of Pharaoh, wherein they worshiped the gods of her country. It is tradition also that near here were some of the temples he built for others of his strange wives: a temple to Chemosh, the Moabite god, and the image of Moloch, the devourer of children. Solomon was wiser than all men, wiser than Heman, and Chalcol, and Darda, the sons of Mahol; his friend Hiram of Tyre used to send riddles to him which no one in the world but Solomon could guess; but his wisdom failed him with the other sex, and there probably never was another Oriental court so completely ruled and ruined by women as his.

This valley below us is perhaps the most melancholy on earth: nowhere else is death so visibly master of the scene; nature is worn out, man tired

out; a gray despair has settled down upon the landscape. Down there is the village of Siloam, a village of huts and holes in the rocks, opposite the cave of that name. If it were the abode of wolves it would have a better character than it has now. There is the grim cast of sin and exhaustion upon the scene. I do not know exactly how much of this is owing to the Jewish burying-ground, which occupies so much of the opposite hill. The slope is thickly shingled with gray stones, that lie in a sort of regularity which suggests their purpose. You fall to computing how many Jews there may be in that hill, layer upon layer; for the most part they are dissolved away into the earth, but you think that if they were to put on their mortal bodies and come forth, the valley itself would be filled with them almost to the height of the wall. Out of these gates, giving upon this valley of death, six hundred thousand bodies of those who had starved were thrown during the siege, and long before Titus stormed the city. I do not wonder that the Moslems think of this frightful vale as Gehenna itself.

From an orifice in the battlemented wall where we sat projects a round column, mounted there like a cannon and perhaps intended to deceive an enemy into the belief that the wall is fortified. It is astride this column, overhanging this dreadful valley, that Mohammed will sit at the last, the judgment day. A line finer than a hair and sharper than a razor will reach from it to the tower on the Mount of Olives, stretching over the valley

of the dead. This is the line Es-Serat. Mohammed will superintend the passage over it. For in that day all who ever lived, risen to judgment, must walk this razor-line; the good will cross in safety; the bad will fall into hell, that is, into Gehenna, this blasted gulf and side-hill below, thickly sown with departed Jews. It is in view of this perilous passage that the Moslem every day, during the ablution of his feet, prays: "Oh, make my feet not to slip on Es-Serat, on that day when feet shall slip."





## IV

### NEIGHBORHOODS OF JERUSALEM



**W**HEREVER we come upon traces of the Knights of St. John, there a door opens for us into romance; the very name suggests valor and courtesy and charity. Every town in the East that is so fortunate as to have any memorials of them, whatever its other historic associations, obtains an additional and special fame from its connection with this heroic order. The city of Acre recalls the memory of their useless prowess in the last struggle of the Christians to retain a foothold in Palestine; the name of the Knights of Rhodes brings before every traveler, who has seen it, the picturesque city in which the armorial insignia of this order have for him a more living interest than any antiquities of the Grecian Rose; the island fortress at the gate of the Levant owes all the interest we feel in it to the Knights of Malta; and even the city of David and of the Messiah has an added lustre as the birthplace of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

From the eleventh century to the fifteenth, they are the chief figures who in that whirlwind of war

contested the possession of the Levant with the Saracens and the Turks. In the forefront of every battle was seen their burnished mail, in the gloomy rear of every retreat were heard their voices of constancy and of courage; wherever there were crowns to be cracked, or wounds to be bound up, or broken hearts to be ministered to, there were the Knights of St. John, soldiers, priests, servants, laying aside the gown for the coat of mail if need be, or exchanging the cuirass for the white cross on the breast. Originally a charitable order, dwelling in the Hospital of St. John to minister to the pilgrims to Jerusalem, and composed of young soldiers of Godfrey, who took the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, they resumed their arms upon the pressure of infidel hostility, and subsequently divided the order into three classes: soldiers, priests, and servants. They speedily acquired great power and wealth; their palaces, their fortifications, their churches, are even in their ruins the admiration and wonder of our age. The purity of the order was in time somewhat sullied by luxury, but their valor never suffered the slightest eclipse; whether the field they contested was lost or won, their bravery always got new honor from it.

Nearly opposite the court of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is the green field of Muristan, the site of the palace, church, and hospital of the Knights of St. John. The field was, on an average, twenty-five feet above the surrounding streets, and a portion of it was known to rest upon vaults.

This plot of ground was given to the Prussian government, and its agents have been making excavations there; these were going on at the time of our visit. The disclosures are of great architectural and historical interest. The entrance through a peculiar Gothic gateway leads into a court. Here the first excavations were made several years ago, and disclosed some splendid remains: the apse of the costly church, cloisters, fine windows and arches of the best Gothic style. Beyond, the diggings have brought to light some of the features of the palace and hospital: an excavation of twenty-five feet reaches down to the arches of the substructure, which rest upon pillars from forty to fifty feet high. This gives us some notion of the magnificent group of buildings that once occupied this square, and also of the industry of nature as an entomber, since some four centuries have sufficed her to bury these ruins so far beneath the soil, that peasants ploughed over the palaces of the knights without a suspicion of what lay beneath.

In one corner of this field stands a slender minaret, marking the spot where the great Omar once said his prayers; four centuries after this, Saladin is said to have made his military headquarters in the then deserted palace of the Knights of St. John. There is no spot in Jerusalem where one touches more springs of romance than in this field of Muristan.

Perhaps the most interesting and doleful walk one can take near Jerusalem is that into the Valley of Kidron and through Aceldama, round to the

Jaffa Gate, traversing "the whole valley of the dead bodies, and of the ashes," in the cheerful words of Jeremiah.

We picked our way through the filthy streets and on the slippery cobble-stones, — over which it seems dangerous to ride and is nearly impossible to walk, — out through St. Stephen's Gate. Near the gate, inside, we turned into an alley and climbed a heap of rubbish to see a pool, which the guide insisted upon calling Bethesda, although it is Birket Israil. Having seen many of these pools, I did not expect much, but I was still disappointed. We saw merely a hole in the ground, which is void of all appearance of ever having been even damp. The fact is, we have come to Jerusalem too late; we ought to have been here about two thousand years ago.

The slope of the hill outside the gate is covered with the turbaned tombs of Moslems; we passed under the walls and through this cemetery into the deep valley below, crossing the bed of the brook near the tombs of Absalom, Jehoshaphat, St. James, and Zacharias. These all seem to be of Roman construction; but that called Absalom's is so firmly believed to be his that for centuries every Jew who has passed it has cast a stone at it, and these pebbles of hate partially cover it. We also added to the heap, but I do not know why, for it is nearly impossible to hate any one who has been dead so long.

The most interesting phenomenon in the valley is the Fountain of the Virgin, or the Fountain of

Accused Women, as it used to be called. The Moslem tradition is that it was a test of the unfaithfulness of women; those who drank of it and were guilty, died; those who were innocent received no harm. The Virgin Mary herself, being accused, accepted this test, drank of the water, and proved her chastity. Since then the fountain has borne her name. The fountain, or well, is in the side-hill, under the rocks of Ophel, and the water springs up in an artificial cave. We descended some sixteen steps to a long chamber, arched with ancient masonry; we passed through that and descended fourteen steps more into a grotto, where we saw the water flowing in and escaping by a subterranean passage. About this fountain were lounging groups of Moslem idlers, mostly women and children. Not far off a Moslem was saying his prayers, prostrating himself before a prayer-niche. We had difficulty in making our way down the steps, so encumbered were they with women. Several of them sat upon the lowest steps in the damp cavern, gossiping, filling their water-skins, or paddling about with naked feet.

The well, like many others in Syria, is intermittent and irregular in its rising and falling; sometimes it is dry, and then suddenly it bubbles up and is full again. Some scholars think this is the Pool Bethesda of the New Testament, others think that Bethesda was Siloam, which is below this well and fed by it, and would exhibit the same irregular rising and falling. This intermittent character St. John attributed to an angel who came down

and troubled the water; the Moslems, with the same superstition, say that it is caused by a dragon who sleeps therein and checks the stream when he wakes.

On our way to the Pool of Siloam, we passed the village of Siloam, which is inhabited by about a thousand Moslems, — a nest of stone huts and caves clinging to the side-hill, and exactly the gray color of its stones. The occupation of the inhabitants appears to be begging, and hunting for old copper coins, mites, and other pieces of Jewish money. These relics they pressed upon us with the utmost urgency. It was easier to satisfy the beggars than the traders, who sallied out upon us like hungry wolves from their caves. There is a great choice of disagreeable places in the East, but I cannot now think of any that I should not prefer as a residence to Siloam.

The Pool of Siloam, magnified in my infant mind as "Siloam's shady rill," is an unattractive sink-hole of dirty water, surrounded by modern masonry. The valley here is very stony. Just below we came to Solomon's Garden, an arid spot, with patches of stone-walls, struggling to be a vegetable-garden, and somewhat green with lettuce and Jerusalem artichokes. I have no doubt it was quite another thing when Solomon and some of his wives used to walk here in the cool of the day, and even when Shallum, the son of Col-hozeh, set up "the wall of the Pool of Siloah by the king's garden."

We continued on, down to Joab's Well, passing

on the way Isaiah's Tree, a decrepit sycamore propped up by a stone pillar, where that prophet was sawn asunder. There is no end to the cheerful associations of the valley. The Well of Joab, a hundred and twenty-five feet deep, and walled and arched with fine masonry, has a great appearance of antiquity. We plucked maiden-hair from its crevices, and read the Old Testament references. Near it is a square pool fed by its water. Some little distance below this the waters of all these wells, pools, drains, sinks, or whatever they are, reappear, bursting up through a basin of sand and pebbles, as clear as crystal, and run brawling off down the valley under a grove of large olive-trees, — a scene rural and inviting.

I suppose it would be possible to trace the whole system of underground water ways and cisterns, from Solomon's Pool, which sends its water into town by an aqueduct near the Jaffa Gate, to Hezekiah's Pool, to the cisterns under the Harem, and so out to the Virgin's Well, the Pool of Siloam, and the final gush of sweet water below. This valley drains, probably artificially as well as naturally, the whole city, for no sewers exist in the latter.

We turned back from this sparkling brook, which speedily sinks into the ground again, absorbed by the thirsty part of the valley called Tophet, and went up the Valley of Hinnom, passing under the dark and frowning ledges of Acladama, honeycombed with tombs. In this "field of blood" a grim stone structure forms the front of a

natural cave, which is the charnel-house where the dead were cast pell-mell, in the belief that the salts in the earth would speedily consume them. The path we travel is rugged, steep, and incredibly stony. The whole of this region is inexpressibly desolate, worn-out, pale, uncanny. The height above this rocky terrace, stuffed with the dead, is the Hill of Evil Counsel, where the Jews took counsel against Jesus; and to add the last touch of an harmonious picture, just above this Potter's Field stands the accursed tree upon which Judas hanged himself, raising its gaunt branches against the twilight sky, a very gallows-tree to the imagination. It has borne no fruit since Iscariot. Towards dusk, sometimes, as you stand on the wall by Zion Gate, you almost fancy you can see *him* dangling there. It is of no use to tell me that the seed that raised this tree could not have sprouted till a thousand years after Judas was crumbled into dust; one must have faith in something.

This savage gorge, for the Valley of Hinnom is little more than that in its narrowest part, has few associations that are not horrible. Here Solomon set up the images ("the groves," or the graven images), and the temples for the lascivious rites of Ashtaroath or the human sacrifices to Moloch. Here the Jews, the kings and successors of Solomon, with a few exceptions, and save an occasional spasmodic sacrifice to Jehovah when calamity made them fear him, practiced all the abominations of idolatry in use in that age. The Jews had always been more or less addicted to the worship of the



god of Ammon, but Solomon first formally established it in Hinnom. Jeremiah writes of it historically, "They have built the high places of Tophet, which is in the valley of the son of Hinnom, to burn their sons and their daughters in the fire." This Moloch was as ingenious a piece of cruelty as ever tried the faith of heretics in later times, and, since it was purely a means of human sacrifice, and not a means of grace (as Inquisitorial tortures were supposed to be), its use is conclusive proof of the savage barbarity of the people who delighted in it. Moloch was the monstrous brass image of a man with the head of an ox. It was hollow, and the interior contained a furnace by which the statue was made red-hot. Children — the offerings to the god — were then placed in its glowing arms, and drums were beaten to drown their cries. It is painful to recall these things, but the traveler should always endeavor to obtain the historical flavor of the place he visits.

Continuing our walks among the antiquities of Jerusalem, we went out of the Damascus Gate, a noble battlemented structure, through which runs the great northern highway to Samaria and Damascus. The road, however, is a mere path over ledges and through loose stones, fit only for donkeys. If Rehoboam went this way in his chariot to visit Jeroboam in Samaria, there must have existed then a better road, or else the king endured hard pounding for the sake of the dignity of his conveyance. As soon as we left the gate we encountered hills of stones and paths of the roughest

*Damascus Gate*





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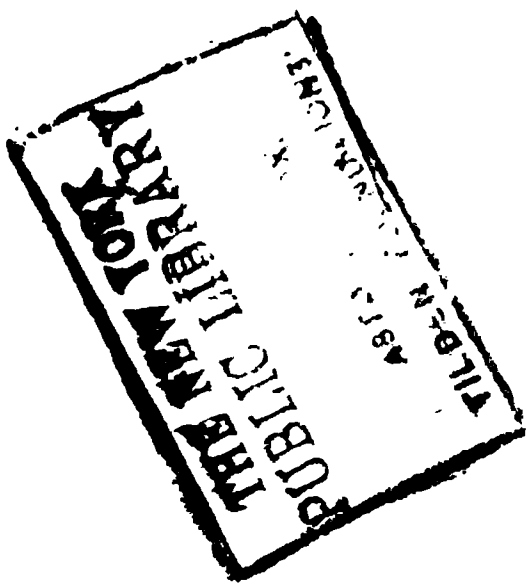
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description. There are several rock tombs on this side of the city, but we entered only one, that called by some the Tombs of the Kings, and by others, with more reason, the Tomb of Helena, a heathen convert to Judaism, who built this sepulchre for herself early in the first century. The tomb, excavated entirely in the solid rock, is a spacious affair, having a large court and ornamented vestibule and many chambers, extending far into the rock, and a singular network of narrow passages and recesses for the deposit of the dead. It had one device that is worthy of the ancient Egyptians. The entrance was closed by a heavy square stone, so hung that it would yield to pressure from without, but would swing to its place by its own weight, and fitted so closely that it could not be moved from the inside. If any thief entered the tomb and left this slab unsecured, he would be instantly caught in the trap and become a permanent occupant. Large as the tomb is, its execution is mean compared with the rock tombs of Egypt; but the exterior stone of the court, from its exposure in this damp and variable climate, appears older than Egyptian work which has been uncovered three times as long.

At the tomb we encountered a dozen students from the Latin convent, fine-looking fellows in long blue-black gowns, red caps, and red sashes. They sat upon the grass, on the brink of the excavation, stringing rosaries and singing student songs, with evident enjoyment of the hour's freedom from the school; they not only made a pic-

turesque appearance, but they impressed us also as a Jerusalem group which was neither sinful nor dirty. Beyond this tomb we noticed a handsome modern dwelling-house; you see others on various eminences outside the city, and we noted them as the most encouraging sign of prosperity about Jerusalem.

We returned over the hill and by the city wall, passing the Cave of Jeremiah and the door in the wall that opens into the stone quarries of Solomon. These quarries underlie a considerable portion of the city, and furnished the stone for its ancient buildings. I will not impose upon you a description of them; for it would be unfair to send you into disagreeable places that I did not explore myself.

The so-called Grotto of Jeremiah is a natural cavern in the rocky hill, vast in extent, I think thirty feet high and a hundred feet long by seventy broad, — as big as a church. The tradition is that Jeremiah lived and lamented here. In front of the cave are cut stones and pieces of polished columns built into walls and seats; these fragments seem to indicate the former existence here of a Roman temple. The cave is occupied by an old dervish, who has a house in a rock near by, and uses the cavern as a cool retreat and a stable for his donkey. His rocky home is shared by his wife and family. He said that it was better to live alone, apart from the world and its snares. He, however, finds the reputation of Jeremiah profitable, selling admission to the cave at a franc

a head, and, judging by the women and children about him, he seemed to have family enough not to be lonely.

The sojourner in Jerusalem who does not care for antiquities can always entertain himself by a study of the pilgrims who throng the city at this season. We hear more of the pilgrimage to Mecca than of that to Jerusalem; but I think the latter is the more remarkable phenomenon of our modern life; I believe it equals the former, which is usually overrated, in numbers, and it certainly equals it in zeal and surpasses it in the variety of nationalities represented. The pilgrims of the cross increase yearly; to supply their wants, to minister to their credulity, to traffic on their faith, is the great business of the Holy City. Few, I imagine, who are not in Palestine in the spring, have any idea of the extent of this vast yearly movement of Christian people upon the Holy Land, or of the simple zeal which characterizes it. If it were in any way obstructed or hindered, we should have a repetition of the Crusades, on a vaster scale and gathered from a broader area than the wildest pilgrimage of the holy war. The dribblets of travel from America and from western Europe are as nothing in the crowds thronging to Jerusalem from Ethiopia to Siberia, from the Baltic to the Ural Mountains. Already for a year before the Easter season have they been on foot, slowly pushing their way across great steppes, through snows and over rivers, crossing deserts and traversing unfriendly countries; the old, the infirm, women as well as



men, their faces set towards Jerusalem. No common curiosity moves this mass, from Ethiopia, from Egypt, from Russia, from European Turkey, from Asia Minor, from the banks of the Tagus and the Araxes; it is a true pilgrimage of faith, the one event in a life of dull monotony and sordid cares, the one ecstasy of poetry in an existence of poverty and ignorance.

We spent a morning in the Russian Hospice, which occupies the hill to the northwest of the city. It is a fine pile of buildings, the most conspicuous of which, on account of its dome, is the church, a large edifice with a showy exterior, but of no great merit or interest. We were shown some holy pictures which are set in frames incrustated with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and other precious gems, the offerings of rich devotees, and displaying their wealth rather than their taste.

The establishment has one building for the accommodation of rich pilgrims, and a larger one set apart for peasants. The hospice lodges, free of charge, all the Russian pilgrims. The exterior court was full of them. They were sunning themselves, but not inclined to lay aside their hot furs and heavy woollens. We passed into the interior, entering room after room occupied by the pilgrims, who regarded our intrusion with good-natured indifference, or frankly returned our curiosity. Some of the rooms were large, furnished with broad divans about the sides, which served for beds and lounging-places, and were occupied by both sexes. The women, rosy-cheeked, light-

haired, broad, honest-looking creatures, were mending their clothes; the men were snoozing on the divans, flat on their backs, presenting to the spectator the bottoms of their monstrous shoes, which had soles eight inches broad; a side of leather would be needed for a pair. In these not very savory rooms they cook, eat, and sleep. Here stood their stoves; here hung their pilgrim knapsacks; here were their kits of shoemaker's tools, for mending their foot-gear, which they had tugged thousands of miles; here were household effects that made their march appear more like an emigration than a pilgrimage; here were the staring pictures of St. George and the Dragon, and of other saints, the beads and the other relics, which they had bought in Jerusalem.

Although all these pilgrims owed allegiance to the Czar, they represented a considerable variety of races. They came from Archangel, from Tobolsk, from the banks of the Ural, from Kurland; they had found their way along the Danube, the Dnieper, the Don. I spoke with a group of men and women who had walked over two thousand miles before they reached Odessa and took ship for Jaffa. There were among them Cossacks, wild and untidy, light-haired barbarians from the Caucasus, dark-skinned men and women from Moscow, representatives from the remotest provinces of great Russia; for the most part simple, rude, clumsy, honest boors. In an interior court we found men and women seated on the sunny flagging, busily occupied in arranging and packing the

souvenirs of their visit. There was rosemary spread out to dry; there were little round cakes of blessed bread stamped with the image of the Saviour; there were branches of palm, crowns of thorns, and stalks of cane cut at the Jordan; there were tin cases of Jordan water; there were long strips of cotton cloth stamped in black with various insignia of death, to serve at home for coffin covers; there were skull-caps in red, yellow, and white, also stamped with holy images, to be put on the heads of the dead. I could not but in mind follow these people to their distant homes, and think of the pride with which they would show these trophies of their pilgrimage; how the rude neighbors would handle with awe a stick cut on the banks of the Jordan, or eat with faith a bit of the holy bread. How sacred, in those homes of frost and snow, will not these mementos of a land of sun, of a land so sacred, become! I can see the wooden chest in the cabin where the rosemary will be treasured, keeping sweet, against the day of need, the caps and the shrouds.

These people will need to make a good many more pilgrimages, and perhaps to quit their morose land altogether, before they can fairly rank among the civilized of the earth. They were thick-set, padded-legged, short-bodied, unintelligent. The faces of many of them were worn, as if storm-beaten, and some kept their eyes half closed, as if they were long used to face the sleet and blasts of winter; and I noticed that it gave their faces a very different expression from that

produced by the habit the Egyptians have of drawing the eyelids close together on account of the glare of the sun.

We took donkeys one lovely morning, and rode from the Jaffa Gate around the walls on our way to the Mount of Olives. The Jerusalem donkey is a good enough donkey, but he won't go. He is ridden with a halter, and never so elegantly caparisoned as his more genteel brother in Cairo. In order to get him along at all, it needs one man to pull the halter and another to follow behind with a stick; the donkey then moves by inches — if he is in the humor. The animal that I rode stopped at once, when he perceived that his driver was absent. No persuasions of mine, such as kicks and whacks of a heavy stick, could move him on; he would turn out of the road, put his head against the wall, and pretend to go to sleep. You would not suppose it possible for a beast to exhibit so much contempt for a man.

On the high ground outside the wall were pitched the tents of travelers, making a very pretty effect amid the olive-trees and the gray rocks. Now and then an Arab horseman came charging down the road, or a Turkish official cantered by; women, veiled, clad in white balloon robes that covered them from head to foot, flitted along in the sunshine, mere white appearances of women, to whom it was impossible to attribute any such errand as going to market; they seemed always to be going to or returning from the cemetery.

Our way lay down the rough path and the winding road to the bottom of the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Leaving the Garden of Gethsemane on our right, we climbed up the rugged, stony, steep path to the summit of the hill. There are a few olive-trees on the way, enough to hinder the view where the stone-walls would permit us to see anything; importunate begging Moslems beset us; all along the route we encountered shabbiness and squalor. The *rural* sweetness and peace that we associate with this dear mount appear to have been worn away centuries ago. We did not expect too much, but we were not prepared for such a shabby show-place. If we could sweep away all the filthy habitations and hideous buildings on the hill, and leave it to nature, or indeed convert the surface into a well ordered garden, the spot would be one of the most attractive in the world.

We hoped that when we reached the summit we should come into an open, green and shady place, free from the disagreeable presence of human greed and all the artificiality that interposed itself between us and the sentiment of the place. But the traveler need not expect *that* in Palestine. Everything is staked out and made a show of. Arrived at the summit, we could see little or nothing; it is crowned with the dilapidated Chapel of the Ascension. We entered a dirty court, where the custodian and his family and his animals live, and from thence were admitted to the church. In the pavement is shown the footprint of our ascending Lord, although the Ascension was made at

Bethany. We paid the custodian for permission to see this manufactured scene of the Ascension. The best point of view to be had here is the old tower of the deserted convent, or the narrow passage to it on the wall, or the top of the minaret near the church. There is no place on wall or tower where one can sit; there is no place anywhere here to sit down, and in peace and quiet enjoy the magnificent prospect, and meditate on the most momentous event in human history. We snatched the view in the midst of annoyances. The most minute features of it are known to every one who reads. The portion of it I did not seem to have been long familiar with is that to the east, comprising the Jordan valley, the mountains of Moab, and the Dead Sea.

Although this mount is consecrated by the frequent presence of Christ, who so often crossed it in going to and from Bethany, and retired here to meditate and to commune with his loved followers, everything that the traveler at present encounters on its summit is out of sympathy with his memory. We escaped from the beggars and the showmen, climbed some stone-walls, and in a rough field near the brow of the hill, in a position neither comfortable nor private, but the best that we found, read the chief events in the life of Christ connected with this mount, the triumphal entry, and the last scenes transacted on yonder hill. And we endeavored to make the divine man live again, who so often and so sorrowfully regarded the then shining city of Zion from this height.

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To the south of the church and a little down the hill is the so-called site of the giving of the Lord's Prayer. I do not know on what authority it is thus named. A chapel is built to mark the spot, and a considerable space is inclosed before it, in which are other objects of interest, and these were shown to us by a pleasant-spoken lady, who is connected with the convent, and has faith equal to the demands of her position. We first entered a subterranean vaulted room, with twelve rough half-pillars on each side, called the room where the Apostles composed the creed. We then passed into the chapel. Upon the four walls of its arcade is written, in great characters, the Lord's Prayer in *thirty-two* languages; among them the "Canadian."

In a little side chapel is the tomb of Aurelia de Bossa, Princesse de la Tour d'Auvergne, Duchesse de Bouillon, the lady whose munificence established this chapel and executed the prayer in so many tongues. Upon the side of the tomb this fact of her benevolence is announced, and the expectation is also expressed, in French, that "God will overwhelm her with blessing for ever and ever for her good deed." Stretched upon the sarcophagus is a beautiful marble effigy of the princess; the figure is lovely, the face is sweet and seraphic, and it is a perfect likeness of her ladyship.

I do not speak at random. I happen to know that it is a perfect likeness, for a few minutes after I saw it, I met her in the corridor, in a semi-nun-like costume, with a heavy cross hanging by a long

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gold chain at her side. About her forehead was bound a barbarous frontlet composed of some two hundred gold coins and ornaments, not unlike those worn by the ladies of the ancient Egyptians. This incongruity of costume made me hesitate whether to recognize in this dazzling vision of womanhood a priestess of Astarte or of Christ. At the farther door, Aurelia de Bossa, Princesse de la Tour d'Auvergne, Duchesse de Bouillon, stopped and blew shrilly a silver whistle which hung at her girdle, to call her straying poodle, or to summon a servant. In the rear of the chapel this lady lives in a very pretty house, and near it she was building a convent for Carmelite nuns. I cannot but regard her as the most fortunate of her sex. She enjoys not only this life, but, at the same time, all the posthumous reputation that a lovely tomb and a record of her munificence engraved thereon can give. We sometimes hear of, but we seldom see, a person, in these degenerate days, living in this world as if already in the other.

We went on over the hill to Bethany; we had climbed up by the path on which David fled from Absalom, and we were to return by the road of the Triumphal Entry. All along the ridge we enjoyed a magnificent panorama: a blue piece of the Dead Sea, the Jordan plain extending far up towards Hermon with the green ribbon of the river winding through it, and the long, even range of the Moab hills, blue in the distance. The prospect was almost Swiss in its character, but it is a mass of bare hills, with scarcely a tree except in the im-



mediate foreground, and so naked and desolate as to make the heart ache; it would be entirely desolate but for the deep blue of the sky and an atmosphere that bathes all the great sweep of peaks and plains in color.

Bethany is a squalid hamlet clinging to the rocky hillside, with only one redeeming feature about it, — the prospect. A few wretched one-story huts of stone, and a miserable handful of Moslems, occupy this favorite home and resting-place of our Lord. Close at hand, by the roadside, cut in the rock and reached by a steep descent of twenty-six steps, is the damp and doubtful tomb of Lazarus, down into which any one may go for half a franc paid to the Moslem guardian. The house of Mary and Martha is exhibited among the big rocks and fragments of walls; upon older foundations loose walls are laid, rudely and recently patched up with cut stones in fragments, and pieces of Roman columns. The house of Simon the leper, overlooking the whole, is a mere heap of ruins. It does not matter, however, that all these dwellings are modern; this is Bethany, and when we get away from its present wretchedness we remember only that we have seen the very place that Christ loved.

We returned along the highway of the Entry slowly, pausing to identify the points of that memorable progress, up to the crest where Jerusalem broke upon the sight of the Lord, and whence the procession, coming round the curve of the hill, would have the full view of the city. He who rides

that way to-day has a grand prospect. One finds Jerusalem most poetic when seen from Olivet, and Olivet most lovely when seen from the distance of the city walls.

At the foot of the descent we turned and entered the inclosure of the Garden of Gethsemane. Three stone-wall inclosures here claim to be the real garden; one is owned by the Greeks, another by the Armenians, the third by the Latins. We chose the last, as it is the largest and pleasantest; perhaps the garden, which was certainly in this vicinity, once included them all. After some delay we were admitted by a small door in the wall, and taken charge of by a Latin monk, whose young and sweet face was not out of sympathy with the place. The garden contains a few aged olive-trees, and some small plots of earth, fenced about and secured by locked gates, in which flowers grow. The guardian gave us some falling roses, and did what he could to relieve the scene of its artificial appearance; around the wall, inside, are the twelve stations of the Passion, in the usual tawdry style.

But the birds sang sweetly in the garden, the flowers of spring were blooming, and, hemmed in by the high wall, we had some moments of solemn peace, broken only by the sound of a Moslem darabooka drum throbbing near at hand. Desecrated as this spot is, and made cheap by the petty creations of superstition, one cannot but feel the awful significance of the place, and the weight of history crowding upon him, where battles raged for a thousand years, and where the greatest victory of

all was won when Christ commanded Peter to put up his sword. Near here Titus formed his columns which stormed the walls and captured the heroic city, after its houses, and all this valley itself, were filled with Jewish dead; but all this is as nothing to the event of that awful night when the servants of the high-priest led away the unresisting Lord.

It is this event, and not any other, that puts an immeasurable gulf between this and all other cities, and perhaps this difference is more felt the farther one is from Jerusalem. The visitor expects too much; he is unreasonably impatient of the contrast between the mean appearance of the theatre and the great events that have been enacted on it; perhaps he is not prepared for the ignorance, the cupidity, the credulity, the audacious impostures under Christian names, on the spot where Christianity was born.

When one has exhausted the stock sights of Jerusalem, it is probably the dullest, least entertaining city of the Orient; I mean, in itself, for its pilgrims and its religious fêtes, in the spring of the year, offer always some novelties to the sight-seer; and, besides, there is a certain melancholy pleasure to be derived from roaming about outside the walls, enveloped in a historic illusion that colors and clothes the nakedness of the landscape.

The chief business of the city and the region seems to be the manufacture of religious playthings for the large children who come here. If there is any factory of relics here, I did not see it. Nor

*Olive-Tree in the Garden of Gethsemane*



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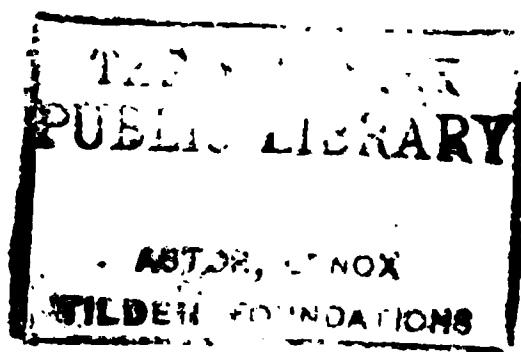
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do I know whether the true cross has still the power of growing, which it had in the fourth century, to renew itself under the constant demand for pieces of it. I did not go to see the place where the tree grew of which it was made; the exact spot is shown in a Greek convent about a mile and a half west of the city. The tree is said to have been planted by Abraham and Noah. This is evidently an error; it may have been planted by Adam and watered by Noah.

There is not much trade in antiquities in the city; the shops offer little to tempt the curiosity-hunter. Copper coins of the Roman period abound, and are constantly turned up in the fields outside the city, most of them battered and defaced beyond recognition. Jewish mites are plenty enough, but the silver shekel would be rare if the ingenious Jews did not keep counterfeits on hand. The tourist is waited on at his hotel by a few patient and sleek sharks with cases of cheap jewelry and doubtful antiques, and if he seeks the shops of the gold and silver bazaars he will find little more. I will not say that he will not now and then pick up a piece of old pottery that has made the journey from Central Asia, or chance upon a singular stone with a talismanic inscription. The hope that he may do so carries the traveler through a great many Eastern slums. The chief shops, however, are those of trinkets manufactured for the pilgrims, of olive-wood, ivory, bone, camels' teeth, and all manner of nuts and seeds. There are more than fifty sorts of beads, strung for profane use or arranged for



rosaries, and some of them have pathetic names, like "Job's tears." Jerusalem is entitled to be called the City of Beads.

There is considerable activity in Jewish objects that are old and rather unclean; and I think I discovered something like an attempt to make a "corner" in phylacteries, that is, in old ones, for the new are made in excess of the demand. If a person desires to carry home a phylactery to exhibit to his Sunday-school, in illustration of the religion of the Jews, he wants one that has been a long time in use. I do not suppose it possible that the education of any other person is as deficient as mine was in the matter of these ornamental aids in worship. But if there is one, this description is for him: the phylactery, common size, is a leathern box about an inch and a half square, with two narrow straps of leather, about three feet long, sewed to the bottom corners. The box contains a parchment roll of sacred writing. When the worshiper performs his devotions in the synagogue, he binds one of the phylacteries about his left arm and the other about his head, so that the little box has something of the appearance of a leathern horn sprouting out of his forehead. Phylacteries are worn only in the synagogue, and in this respect differ from the greasy leathern talismans of the Nubians, which contain scraps from the Koran, and are never taken off. Whatever significance the phylactery once had to the Jew it seems now to have lost, since he is willing to make it an article of merchandise. Perhaps it is poverty that

compels him also to sell his ancient scriptures; parchment rolls of favorite books, such as Esther, that are some centuries old, are occasionally to be bought, and new rolls, deceitfully doctored into an appearance of antiquity, are offered freely.

A few years ago the antiquarian world was put into a ferment by what was called the "Shœpira collection," a large quantity of clay pottery, — gods, votive offerings, images, jars, and other vessels, — with inscriptions in unknown characters, which was said to have been dug up in the land of Moab, beyond the Jordan, and was expected to throw great light upon certain passages of Jewish history, and especially upon the religion of the heathen who occupied Palestine at the time of the conquest. The collection was sent to Berlin; some eminent German *savans* pronounced it genuine; nearly all the English scholars branded it as an impudent imposture. Two collections of the articles have been sent to Berlin, where they are stored out of sight of the public generally, and Mr. Shœpira has made a third collection, which he still retains.

Mr. Shœpira is a Hebrew antiquarian and bookseller, of somewhat eccentric manners, but an enthusiast. He makes the impression of a man who believes in his discoveries, and it is generally thought in Jerusalem that if his collection is a forgery, he himself is imposed on. The account which he gives of the places where the images and utensils were found is anything but clear or definite. We are required to believe that they have

been dug up in caves at night and by stealth, and at the peril of the lives of the discoverers, and that it is not safe to visit these caves in the daytime on account of the Bedaween. The fresh-baked appearance of some of the articles is admitted, and it is said that it was necessary to roast them to prevent their crumbling when exposed to the air. Our theory in regard to these singular objects is that a few of those first shown were actually discovered, and that all the remainder have been made in imitation of them. Of the characters (or alphabet) of the inscriptions, Mr. Shoepira says he has determined twenty-three; sixteen of these are Phœnician, and the others, his critics say, are meaningless. All the objects are exceedingly rude and devoid of the slightest art; the images are many of them indecent; the jars are clumsy in shape, but the inscriptions are put on with some skill. The figures are supposed to have been votive offerings, and the jars either memorial or sepulchral urns.

The hideous collection appeared to me *sui generis*, although some of the images resemble the rudest of those called Phœnician which General di Cesnola unearthed in Cyprus. Without merit, they seem to belong to a rude age rather than to be the inartistic product of this age. That is, supposing them to be forgeries, I cannot see how these figures could be conceived by a modern man, who was capable of inventing a fraud of this sort. He would have devised something better, at least something less simple, something that would have somewhere betrayed a little modern knowledge and feeling.

All the objects have the same barbarous tone, a kind of character that is distinct from their rudeness, and the same images and designs are repeated over and over again. This gives color to the theory that a few genuine pieces of Moabite pottery were found, which gave the idea for a large manufacture of them. And yet, there are people who see these things, and visit all the holy places, and then go away and lament that there are no manufactories in Jerusalem.

Jerusalem attracts while it repels; and both it and all Palestine exercise a spell out of all proportion to the consideration they had in the ancient world. The student of the mere facts of history, especially if his studies were made in Jerusalem itself, would be at a loss to account for the place that the Holy City occupies in the thought of the modern world, and the importance attached to the history of the handful of people who made themselves a home in this rocky country. The Hebrew nation itself, during the little time it was a nation, did not play a part in Oriental affairs at all commensurate with its posthumous reputation. It was not one of the great kingdoms of antiquity, and in that theatre of war and conquest which spread from Ethiopia to the Caspian Sea, it was scarcely an appreciable force in the great drama.

The country the Hebrews occupied was small; they never conquered or occupied the whole of the Promised Land, which extended from the Mediterranean Sea to the Arabian plain, from Hamath to Sinai. Their territory in actual possession

reached only from Dan to Beersheba. The coast they never subdued; the Philistines, who came from Crete and grew to be a great people in the plain, held the lower portion of Palestine on the sea, and the Phœnicians the upper. Except during a brief period in their history, the Jews were confined to the hill-country. Only during the latter part of the reign of David and two thirds of that of Solomon did the Jewish kingdom take on the proportions of a great state. David extended the Israelitish power from the Gulf of Akaba to the Euphrates; Damascus paid him tribute; he occupied the cities of his old enemies, the Philistines, but the kingdom of Tyre, still in possession of Hiram, marked the limit of Jewish sway in that direction. This period of territorial consequence was indeed brief. Before Solomon was in his grave, the conquests bequeathed to him by his father began to slip from his hand. The life of the Israelites as a united nation, as anything but discordant and warring tribes, after the death of Joshua, is all included in the reigns of David and Solomon, — perhaps sixty or seventy years.

The Israelites were essentially highlanders. Some one has noticed their resemblance to the Scotch Highlanders in modes of warfare. In fighting they aimed to occupy the heights. They descended into the plain reluctantly; they made occasional forays into the lowlands, but their hills were their strength, as the Psalmist said; and they found security among their crags and secluded glens from the agitations which shook the

great empires of the Eastern world. Invasions, retreats, pursuits, the advance of devouring hosts or the flight of panic-stricken masses, for a long time passed by their ridge of country on either side, along the Mediterranean or through the land of Moab. They were out of the track of Oriental commerce as well as of war. So removed were they from participation in the stirring affairs of their era that they seem even to have escaped the omnivorous Egyptian conquerors. For a long period conquest passed them by, and it was not till their accumulation of wealth tempted the avarice of the great Asiatic powers that they were involved in the conflicts which finally destroyed them. The small kingdom of Judah, long after that of Israel had been utterly swept away, owed its continuance of life to its very defensible position. Solomon left Jerusalem a strong city, well supplied with water, and capable of sustaining a long siege, while the rugged country around it offered little comfort to a besieging army.

For a short time David made the name of Israel a power in the world, and Solomon, inheriting his reputation, added the triumphs of commerce to those of conquest. By a judicious heathen alliance with Hiram of Tyre he was able to build vessels on the Red Sea and man them with Phoenician sailors, for voyages to India and Ceylon; and he was admitted by Hiram to a partnership in his trading adventures to the Pillars of Hercules. But these are only episodes in the Jewish career; the nation's part in Oriental history is comparatively insignifi-

cant until the days of their great calamities. How much attention its heroism and suffering attracted at that time we do not know.

Though the Israelites during their occupation of the hill-country of Palestine were not concerned in the great dynastic struggles of the Orient, they were not, however, at peace. Either the tribes were fighting among themselves, or they were involved in sanguinary fights with the petty heathen chiefs about them. We get a lively picture of the habits of the time in a sentence in the second book of Samuel: "And it came to pass, after the year was expired, at the time when kings go forth to battle, that David sent Joab and his servants with him, and all Israel; and they destroyed the children of Ammon, and besieged Rabbah." It was a pretty custom. In that season when birds pair and build their nests, when the sap mounts in the trees and travelers long to go into far countries, kings felt a noble impulse in their veins to go out and fight other kings. But this primitive simplicity was mingled with shocking barbarity; David once put his captives under the saw, and there is nothing to show that the Israelites were more moved by sentiments of pity and compassion than their heathen neighbors. There was occasionally, however, a grim humor in their cruelty. When Judah captured King Adoni-bezek, in Bezek, he cut off his great toes and his thumbs. Adoni-bezek, who could appreciate a good thing, accepted the mutilation in the spirit in which it was offered, and said that he had himself served seventy kings

in that fashion; "threescore and ten kings, having their thumbs and great toes cut off, gathered their meat under my table."

From the death of Joshua to the fall of Samaria, the history of the Jews is largely a history of civil war. From about seven hundred years before Christ, Palestine was essentially a satrapy of the Assyrian kings, as it was later to become one of the small provinces of the Roman empire. At the time when Sennacherib was waiting before Jerusalem for Hezekiah to purchase his withdrawal by stripping the gold from the doors of the Temple, the foundations of a city were laid on the banks of the Tiber, which was to extend its sway over the known world, to whose dominion the utmost power of Jerusalem was only a petty sovereignty, and which was destined to rival Jerusalem itself as the spiritual capital of the earth.

If we do not find in the military power or territorial consequence of the Jews an explanation of their influence in the modern world, still less do we find it in any faithfulness to a spiritual religion, the knowledge of which was their chief distinction among the tribes about them. Their lapses from the worship of Jehovah were so frequent, and of such long duration, that their returns to the worship of the true God seem little more than breaks in their practice of idolatry. And these spasmodic returns were due to calamities, and fears of worse judgments. Solomon sanctioned by national authority gross idolatries which had been long practiced. At his death, ten of the tribes seceded



from the dominion of Judah and set up a kingdom in which idolatry was made and remained the state religion, until the ten tribes vanished from the theatre of history. The kingdom of Israel, in order to emphasize its separation from that of Judah, set up the worship of Jehovah in the image of a golden calf. Against this state religion of image-worship the prophets seem to have thought it in vain to protest; they contented themselves with battling against the more gross and licentious idolatries of Baal and Ashtaroth; and Israel always continued the idol-worship established by Jeroboam. The worship of Jehovah was the state religion of the little kingdom of Judah, but during the period of its existence, before the Captivity, I think that only four of its kings were not idolaters. The people were constantly falling away into the heathenish practices of their neighbors.

If neither territorial consequence nor religious steadfastness gave the Jews rank among the great nations of antiquity, they would equally fail of the consideration they now enjoy but for one thing, and that is, after all, the chief and enduring product of any nationality; we mean, of course, its literature. It is by that, that the little kingdoms of Judah and Israel hold their sway over the world. It is that which invests ancient Jerusalem with its charm and dignity. Not what the Jews did, but the songs of their poets, the warnings and lamentations of their prophets, the touching tales of their story-tellers, draw us to Jerusalem by the most powerful influences that affect the human mind.

And most of this unequaled literature is the product of seasons of turbulence, passion, and insecurity. Except the Proverbs and Song of Solomon, and such pieces as the poem of Job and the story of Ruth, which seem to be the outcome of literary leisure, the Hebrew writings were all the offspring of exciting periods. David composed his Psalms — the most marvelous interpreters of every human aspiration, exaltation, want, and passion — with his sword in his hand; and the prophets always appear to ride upon a whirlwind. The power of Jerusalem over the world is as truly a literary one as that of Athens is one of art. That literature was unknown to the ancients, or unappreciated: otherwise contemporary history would have considered its creators of more consequence than it did.

We speak, we have been speaking, of the Jerusalem before our era, and of the interest it has independent of the great event which is, after all, its chief claim to immortal estimation. It becomes sacred ground to us because there, in Bethlehem, Christ was born; because here — not in these streets, but upon this soil — he walked and talked and taught and ministered; because upon Olivet, yonder, he often sat with his disciples, and here, somewhere, — it matters not where, — he suffered death and conquered death.

This is the scene of these transcendent events. We say it to ourselves while we stand here. We can clearly conceive it when we are at a distance. But with the actual Jerusalem of to-day before our

eyes, its naked desolation, its superstition, its squalor, its vivid contrast to what we conceive should be the City of our King, we find it easier to feel that Christ was born in New England than in Judæa.



## V

### GOING DOWN TO JERICHO

**I**T is on a lovely spring morning that we set out through the land of Benjamin to go down among the thieves of Jericho, and to the Jordan and the Dead Sea. For protection against the thieves we take some of them with us, since you cannot in these days rely upon finding any good Samaritans there.

For some days Abd-el-Atti has been in mysterious diplomatic relations with the robbers of the wilderness, who live in Jerusalem, and farm out their territory. "Thim is great rascals," says the dragoman; and it is solely on that account that we seek their friendship: the real Bedawee is never known to go back on his word to the traveler who trusts him, so long as it is more profitable to keep it than to break it. We are under the escort of the second sheykh, who shares with the first sheykh the rule of all the Bedaween who patrol the extensive territory from Hebron to the fords of the Jordan, including Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Mar Saba, and the shores of the Dead Sea; these rulers would have been called kings in the old time, and the second sheykh bears the same relation to the first

that the Cæsar did to the Augustus in the Roman Empire.

Our train is assembled in the little market-place opposite the hotel, or rather it is assembling, for horses and donkeys are slow to arrive, saddles are wanting, the bridles are broken, and the unpunctuality and shiftlessness of the East manifest themselves. Abd-el-Atti is in fierce altercation with a Koorland nobleman about a horse, which you would not say would be likely to be a bone of contention with anybody. They are both endeavoring to mount at once. Friends are backing each combatant, and the air is thick with curses in guttural German and maledictions in shrill Arabic. Unfortunately I am appealed to.

“What for this Dutchman, he take my horse?”

“Perhaps he hired it first?”

“P’aps not. I make bargain for him with the owner day before yesterday.”

“I have become dis *pferd* for four days,” cries the Baron.

There seems to be no reason to doubt the Baron’s word; he has ridden the horse to Bethlehem, and become accustomed to his jolts, and no doubt has the prior lien on the animal. The owner has let him to both parties, a thing that often happens when the second comer offers a piastre more. Another horse is sent for, and we mount and begin to disentangle ourselves from the crowd. It is no easy matter, especially for the ladies. Our own baggage-mules head in every direction. Donkeys laden with mountains of brushwood push through

the throng, scraping right and left; camels shamble against us, their contemptuous noses in the air, stretching their long necks over our heads; market-women from Bethlehem scream at us; and greasy pilgrims block our way and curse our horses' hoofs.

One by one we emerge and get into a straggling line, and begin to comprehend the size of our expedition. Our dragoman has made as extensive preparations as if we were to be the first to occupy Gilgal and Jericho, and that portion of the Promised Land. We are equipped equally well for fighting and for famine. A party of Syrians, who desire to make the pilgrimage to the Jordan, have asked permission to join us, in order to share the protection of our sheykh, and they add both picturesqueness and strength to the grand cavalcade which clatters out of Jaffa Gate and sweeps round the city wall. Heaven keep us from undue pride in our noble appearance!

Perhaps our train would impress a spectator as somewhat mixed, and he would be unable to determine the order of its march. It is true that the horses and the donkeys and the mules all have different rates of speed, and that the Syrian horse has only two gaits, — a run and a slow walk. As soon as we gain the freedom of the open country, these differences develop. The ambitious dragomen and the warlike sheykh put their horses into a run and scour over the hills, and then come charging back upon us, like Don Quixote upon the flock of sheep. The Syrians imitate this madness. The other horses begin to agitate their stiff legs; the

donkeys stand still and protest by braying; the pack-mules get temporarily crazy, charge into us with the protruding luggage, and suddenly wheel into the ditch and stop. This playfulness is repeated in various ways, and adds to the excitement without improving the dignity of our march.

We are of many nationalities. There are four Americans, two of them ladies. The Doctor, who is accustomed to ride the mustangs of New Mexico and the wild horses of the Western deserts, endeavors to excite a spirit of emulation in his stiff-kneed animal, but with little success. Our dragoman is Egyptian, a decidedly heavy weight, and sits his steed like a pyramid.

The sheykh is a young man, with the treacherous eye of an eagle; a handsome fellow, who rides a lean white horse, anything but a beauty, and yet of the famous Nedjed breed from Mecca. This desert warrior wears red boots, white trousers and skirt, blue jacket, a yellow kufia, confined about the head by a black cord and falling upon his shoulders, has a long rifle slung at his back, an immense Damascus sword at his side, and huge pistols, with carved and inlaid stocks, in his belt. He is a riding arsenal and a visible fraud, this Bedawee sheykh. We should no doubt be quite as safe without him, and perhaps less liable to various extortions. But on the road, and from the moment we set out, we meet Bedaween, single and in squads, savage-looking vagabonds, every one armed with a gun, a long knife, and pistols with blunderbuss barrels, flaring in such a manner as to

scatter shot over an acre of ground. These scarecrows are apparently paraded on the highway to make travelers think it is insecure. But I am persuaded that none of them would dare molest any pilgrim to the Jordan.

Our allies, the Syrians, please us better. There is a Frenchified Syrian, with his wife, from Mansura, in the Delta of Egypt. The wife is a very pretty woman (would that her example were more generally followed in the East), with olive complexion, black eyes, and a low forehead; a native of Sidon. She wears a dark green dress, and a yellow kufia on her head, and is mounted upon a mule, man-fashion, but upon a saddle as broad as a feather-bed. Her husband, in semi-Syrian costume, with top-boots, carries a gun at his back and a frightful knife in his belt. Her brother, who is from Sidon, bears also a gun, and wears an enormous sword. Very pleasant people these, who have armed themselves in the spirit of the hunter rather than of the warrior, and are as completely equipped for the chase as any Parisian who ventures in pursuit of game into any of the dangerous thickets outside of Paris.

The Sidon wife is accompanied by two servants, slaves from Soudan, a boy and a girl, each about ten years old, — two grinning, comical monkeys, who could not by any possibility be of the slightest service to anybody, unless it is a relief to their pretty mistress to vent her ill-humor upon their irresponsible persons. You could n't call them handsome, though their skins are of dazzling black,



and their noses so flat that you cannot see them in profile. The girl wears a silk gown, which reaches to her feet and gives her the quaint appearance of an old woman, and a yellow vest; the boy is clad in motley European clothes, bought second-hand with reference to his growing up to them, — upon which event the trousers-legs and cuffs of his coat could be turned down, — and a red fez contrasting finely with his black face. They are both mounted on a decrepit old horse, whose legs are like sled-stakes, and they sit astride on top of a pile of baggage, beds, and furniture, with bottles and camp-kettles jingling about them. The girl sits behind the boy and clings fast to his waist with one hand, while with the other she holds over their heads a rent white parasol, to prevent any injury to their jet complexions. When the old baggage-horse starts occasionally into a hard trot, they both bob up and down, and strike first one side and then the other, but never together; when one goes up the other goes down, as if they were moved by different springs; but both show their ivory and seem to enjoy themselves. Heaven knows why they should make a pilgrimage to the Jordan.

Our Abyssinian servant, Abdallah, is mounted also on a pack-horse, and sits high in the air amid bags and bundles; he guides his brute only by a halter, and when the animal takes a fancy to break into a gallop, there is a rattling of dishes and kettles that sets the whole train into commotion; the boy's fez falls farther than ever back on his head, his teeth shine, and his eyes dance as he jolts into

the midst of the mules and excites a panic, which starts everything into friskiness, waking up even the Soudan party, which begins to bob about and grin. There are half a dozen mules loaded with tents and bed furniture; the cook, and the cook's assistants, and the servants of the kitchen and the camp are mounted on something, and the train is attended besides by drivers and ostlers, of what nations it pleases Heaven. But this is not all. We carry with us two hunting dogs, the property of the Syrian. The dogs are not for use; they are a piece of ostentation, like the other portion of the hunting outfit, and contribute, as do the Soudan babies, to our appearance of Oriental luxury.

We straggle down through the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and around the Mount of Olives to Bethany; and from that sightly slope our route is spread before us as if we were looking upon a map. It lies through the "wilderness of Judæa." We are obliged to revise our Western notions of a wilderness as a region of gross vegetation. The Jews knew a wilderness when they saw it, and how to name it. You would be interested to know what a person who lived at Jerusalem, or anywhere along the backbone of Palestine, would call a wilderness. Nothing but the absolute nakedness of desolation could seem to him dreary. But this region must have satisfied even a person accustomed to deserts and pastures of rocks. It is a jumble of savage hills and jagged ravines, a land of limestone rocks and ledges, whitish gray in color, glaring in the sun, even the stones wasted by age,

relieved nowhere by a tree, or rejoiced by a single blade of grass. Wild beasts would starve in it, the most industrious bird could n't collect in its length and breadth enough soft material to make a nest of; it is what a Jew of Hebron or Jerusalem or Ramah would call a "wilderness"! This exhausts the language of description. How vividly in this desolation stands out the figure of the prophet of God, clothed with camel's hair and with a girdle of skin about his loins, "the voice of one crying in the wilderness."

The road is thronged with Jordan pilgrims. We overtake them, they pass us, we meet them in an almost continuous train. Most of them are peasants from Armenia, from the borders of the Black Sea, from the Caucasus, from Abyssinia. The great mass are on foot, trudging wearily along with their bedding and provisions, the thick-legged women carrying the heaviest loads; occasionally you see a pilgrim asleep by the roadside, his pillow a stone. But the travelers are by no means all poor or unable to hire means of conveyance, — you would say that Judæa had been exhausted of its beasts of burden of all descriptions for this pilgrimage, and that even the skeletons had been exhumed to assist in it. The pilgrims are mounted on sorry donkeys, on wrecks of horses, on mules, sometimes an entire family on one animal. Now and then we encounter a "swell" outfit, a wealthy Russian well mounted on a richly caparisoned horse and attended by his servants; some ride in palanquins, some in chairs. We overtake an Eng-

lish party, the central figure of which is an elderly lady, who rides in a sort of high cupboard slung on poles, and borne by a mule before and a mule behind; the awkward vehicle sways and tilts backwards and forwards, and the good woman looks out of the window of her coop as if she were seasick of the world. Some ladies, who are unaccustomed to horses, have arm-chairs strapped upon the horses' backs, in which they sit. Now and then two chairs are strapped upon one horse, and the riders sit back to back. Sometimes huge panniers slung on the sides of the horse are used instead of chairs, the passengers riding securely in them without any danger of falling out. It is rather a pretty sight when each basket happens to be full of children. There is, indeed, no end to the strange outfits and the odd costumes. Nearly all the women who are mounted at all are perched upon the top of all their household goods and furniture, astride of a bed on the summit. There approaches a horse which seems to have a sofa on its back, upon which four persons are seated in a row, as much at ease as if at home; it is not, however, a sofa; four baskets have been ingeniously fastened into a frame, so that four persons can ride in them abreast. This is an admirable contrivance for the riders, much better than riding in a row lengthwise on the horse, when the one in front hides the view from those behind.

Diverted by this changing spectacle, we descend from Bethany. At first there are wild-flowers by the wayside and in the fields, and there is a flush

of verdure on the hills, all of which disappears later. The sky is deep blue and cloudless, the air is exhilarating; it is a day for enjoyment, and everything and everybody we encounter are in a joyous mood, and on good terms with the world. The only unamiable exception is the horse with which I have been favored. He is a stocky little stallion, of good shape, but ignoble breed, and the devil — which is, I suppose, in the horse what the old Adam is in man — has never been cast out of him. At first I am in love with his pleasant gait and mincing ways, but I soon find that he has eccentricities that require the closest attention on my part, and leave me not a moment for the scenery or for biblical reflections. The beast is neither content to go in front of the caravan nor in the rear; he wants society, but the instant he gets into the crowd he lets his heels fly right and left. After a few performances of this sort, and when he has nearly broken the leg of the Syrian, my company is not desired any more by any one. No one is willing to ride within speaking distance of me. This sort of horse may please the giddy and thoughtless, but he is not the animal for me. By the time we reach the fountain 'Ain el-Huad, I have quite enough of him, and exchange steeds with the dragoman, much against the latter's fancy; he keeps the brute the remainder of the day cantering over stones and waste places along the road, and confesses at night that his bridle-hand is so swollen as to be useless.

We descend a steep hill to this fountain, which

flows from a broken Saracenic arch, and waters a valley that is altogether stony and unfertile except in some patches of green. It is a general halting-place for travelers, and presents a most animated appearance when we arrive. Horses, mules, and men are struggling together about the fountain to slake their thirst; but there is no trough nor any pool, and the only mode to get the water is to catch it in the mouth as it drizzles from the hole in the arch. It is difficult for a horse to do this, and the poor things are beside themselves with thirst. Near by are some stone ruins in which a man and woman have set up a damp coffee-shop, sherbet-shop, and smoking station. From them I borrow a shallow dish, and succeed in getting water for my horse, an experiment which seems to surprise all nations. The shop is an open stone shed with a dirt floor, offering only stools to the customers; yet when the motley crowd are seated in and around it, sipping coffee and smoking the narghilehs (water-pipes) with an air of leisure as if to-day would last forever, you have a scene of Oriental luxury.

Our way lies down a winding ravine. The country is exceedingly rough, like the Wyoming hills, but without trees or verdure. The bed of the stream is a mass of rock in shelving ledges; all the rock in sight is a calcareous limestone. After an hour of this sort of secluded travel we ascend again and reach the Red Khan, and a scene still more desolate because more extensive. The khan takes its name from the color of the rocks; perched

upon a high ledge are the ruins of this ancient caravansary, little more now than naked walls. We take shelter for lunch in a natural rock grotto opposite, exactly the shadow of a rock longed for in a weary land. Here we spread our gay rugs, the servants unpack the provision hampers, and we sit and enjoy the wide view of barrenness and the picturesque groups of pilgrims. The spot is famous for its excellent well of water. It is, besides, the locality usually chosen for the scene of the adventure of the man who went down to Jericho and fell among thieves, this being the khan at which he was entertained for twopence. We take our siesta here, reflecting upon the great advance in hotel prices, and endeavoring to re-create something of that past when this was the highway between great Jerusalem and the teeming plain of the Jordan. The Syro-Phœnician woman smoked a narghileh, and, looking neither into the past nor the future, seemed to enjoy the present.

From this elevation we see again the brown Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea. Our road is downward more precipitously than it has been before. The rocks are tossed about tumultuously, and the hills are rent, but there is no evidence of any volcanic action. Some of the rock stratas are bent, as you see the granite in the White Mountains, but this peculiarity disappears as we approach nearer to the Jordan. The translator of M. François Lenormant's "Ancient History of the East" says that "the miracles which accompanied the entrance of the Israelites into Palestine

seem such as might have been produced by volcanic agency." No doubt they might have been; but this whole region is absolutely without any appearance of volcanic disturbance.

As we go on, we have on our left the most remarkable ravine in Palestine; it is in fact a cañon in the rocks, some five hundred feet deep, the sides of which are nearly perpendicular. At the bottom of it flows the brook Cherith, finding its way out into the Jordan plain. We ride to the brink and look over into the abyss. It was about two thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine years ago, and probably about this time of the year (for the brook went dry shortly after), that Elijah, having incurred the hostility of Ahab, who held his luxurious court at Samaria, by prophesying against him, came over from Gilead and hid himself in this ravine.

"Down there," explains Abd-el-Atti, "the prophet Elijah fed him the ravens forty days. Not have that kind of ravens now."

Unattractive as this abyss is for any but a temporary summer residence, the example of Elijah recommended it to a great number of people in a succeeding age. In the wall of the precipice are cut grottos, some of them so high above the bed of the stream that they are apparently inaccessible, and not unlike the tombs in the high cliffs along the Nile. In the fourth and fifth centuries monks swarmed in all the desert places of Egypt and Syria like rabbits; these holes, near the scene of Elijah's miraculous support, were the abodes of



Christian hermits, most of whom starved themselves down to mere skin and bones waiting for the advent of the crows. On the ledge above are the ruins of ancient chapels, which would seem to show that this was a place of some resort, and that the hermits had spectators of their self-denial. You might as well be a woodchuck and sit in a hole as a monk, unless somebody comes and looks at you.

As we advance, the Jordan valley opens more broadly upon our sight. At this point, which is the historical point, the scene of the passage of the Jordan and the first appearance of the Israelitish clans in the Promised Land, the valley is ten miles broad. It is by no means a level plain; from the west range of mountains it slopes to the river, and the surface is broken by hillocks, ravines, and water-courses. The breadth is equal to that between the Connecticut River at Hartford and the Talcott range of hills. To the north we have in view the valley almost to the Sea of Galilee, and can see the white and round summit of Hermon beyond; on the east and on the west the barren mountains stretch in level lines; and on the south the blue waters of the Dead Sea continue the valley between ranges of purple and poetic rocky cliffs.

The view is magnificent in extent, and plain and hills glow with color in this afternoon light. Yonder, near the foot of the eastern hills, we trace the winding course of the Jordan by a green belt of trees and bushes. The river we cannot see, for the "bottom" of the river, to use a Western

phrase, from six hundred to fifteen hundred feet in breadth, is sunk below the valley a hundred feet and more. This bottom is periodically overflowed. The general aspect of the plain is that of a brown desert, the wild vegetation of which is crisped by the scorching sun. There are, however, threads of verdure in it, where the brook Cherith and the waters from the fountain 'Ain es-Sultân wander through the neglected plain, and these strips of green widen into the thickets about the little village of Rîha, the site of ancient Gilgal. This valley is naturally fertile; it may very likely have been a Paradise of fruit-trees and grass and sparkling water when the Jews looked down upon it from the mountains of Moab; it certainly bloomed in the Roman occupation; and the ruins of sugar-mills still existing show that the crusading Christians made the cultivation of the sugarcane successful here; it needs now only the waters of the Jordan and the streams from the western foot-hills directed by irrigating ditches over its surface, moistening its ashy and nitrous soil, to become again a fair and smiling land.

Descending down the stony and precipitous road, we turn north, still on the slope of the valley. The scant grass is already crisped by the heat, the bushes are dry skeletons. A ride of a few minutes brings us to some artificial mounds and ruins of buildings upon the bank of the brook Cherith. The brickwork is the fine reticulated masonry such as you see in the remains of Roman villas at Tusculum. This is the site of Herod's Jericho, the

Jericho of the New Testament. But the Jericho which Joshua destroyed and the site of which he cursed, the Jericho which Hiel rebuilt in the days of the wicked Ahab, and where Elisha abode after the translation of Elijah, was a half mile to the north of this modern town.

We have some difficulty in fording the brook Cherith, for the banks are precipitous and the stream is deep and swift; those who are mounted upon donkeys change them for horses, the Arab attendants wade in, guiding the stumbling animals which the ladies ride, the lumbering beast with the Soudan babies comes splashing in at the wrong moment, to the peril of those already in the torrent, and is nearly swept away; the sheykh and the servants who have crossed block the narrow landing; but with infinite noise and floundering about we all come safely over, and gallop along a sort of plateau, interspersed with thorny *nubk* and scraggy bushes. Going on for a quarter of an hour, and encountering cultivated spots, we find our tents already pitched on the bushy bank of a little stream that issues from the fountain of 'Ain es-Sultân a few rods above. Near the camp is a high mound of rubbish. This is the site of our favorite Jericho, a name of no majesty like that of Rome, and endeared to us by no associations like Jerusalem, but almost as widely known as either; probably even its wickedness would not have preserved its reputation, but for the singular incident that attended its first destruction. Jericho must have been a city of some consequence at the time of the arrival

of the Israelites; we gain an idea of the civilization of its inhabitants from the nature of the plunder that Joshua secured; there were vessels of silver and of gold, and of brass and iron; and this was over fourteen hundred years before Christ.

Before we descend to our encampment, we pause for a survey of this historic region. There, towards Jordan, among the trees, is the site of Gilgal (another name that shares the half-whimsical reputation of Jericho), where the Jews made their first camp. The king of Jericho, like his royal cousins round about, had "no more spirit in him" when he saw the Israelitish host pass the Jordan. He shut himself up in his insufficient walls, and seems to have made no attempt at a defense. Over this upland the Jews swarmed, and all the armed host with seven priests and seven rams' horns marched seven days round and round the doomed city, and on the seventh day the people shouted the walls down. Every living thing in the city was destroyed except Rahab and her family, the town was burned, and for five hundred years thereafter no man dared to build upon its accursed foundations. Why poor Jericho was specially marked out for malediction we are not told.

When it was rebuilt in Ahab's time, the sons of the prophets found it an agreeable place of residence; large numbers of them were gathered here while Elijah lived, and they conversed with that prophet when he was on his last journey through this valley, which he had so often traversed, compelled by the Spirit of the Lord. No incident in

the biblical story so strongly appeals to the imagination, nor is there anything in the poetical conception of any age so sublime as the last passage of Elijah across this plain and his departure into heaven beyond Jordan. When he came from Bethel to Jericho, he begged Elisha, his attendant, to tarry here; but the latter would not yield either to his entreaty or to that of the sons of the prophets. We can see the way the two prophets went hence to Jordan. Fifty men of the sons of the prophets went and stood to view them afar off, and they saw the two stand by Jordan. Already it was known that Elijah was to disappear, and the two figures, lessening in the distance, were followed with a fearful curiosity. Did they pass on swiftly, and was there some premonition, in the wind that blew their flowing mantles, of the heavenly gale? Elijah smites the waters with his mantle, the two pass over dry-shod, and "as they still went on and talked, behold there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven. And Elisha saw it, and he cried, My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof. And he saw him no more."

Elisha returned to Jericho and abode there while the sons of the prophets sought for Elijah beyond Jordan three days, but did not find him. And the men of the city said to Elisha, "Behold, I pray thee, the situation of this city is pleasant, as my lord seeth, but the water is naught and the ground barren." Then Elisha took salt and healed the

spring of water; and ever since, to this day, the fountain, now called 'Ain es-Sultân, has sent forth sweet water.

Turning towards the northwest, we see the passage through the mountain, by the fountain 'Ain Dûk, to Bethel. It was out of some woods there, where the mountain is now bare, that Elisha called the two she-bears which administered that dreadful lesson to the children who derided his baldness. All the region, indeed, recalls the miracles of Elisha. It was probably here that Naaman the Syrian came to be healed; there at Gilgal Elisha took the death out of the great pot in which the sons of the prophets were seething their pottage; and it was there in the Jordan that he made the iron axe to swim.

Of all this celebrated and ill-fated Jericho, nothing now remains but a hillock and Elisha's spring. The wild beasts of the desert prowl about it, and the night-bird hoots over its fall, — a sort of echo of the shouts that brought down its walls. Our tents are pitched near the hillock, and the animals are picketed on the open ground before them by the stream. The Syrian tourist in these days travels luxuriously. Our own party has four tents, — the kitchen tent, the dining tent, and two for lodging. They are furnished with tables, chairs, all the conveniences of the toilet, and carpeted with bright rugs. The cook is an artist, and our table is one that would have astonished the sons of the prophets. The Syrian party have their own tents; a family from Kentucky has camped

near by; and we give to Jericho a settled appearance. The elder sheykh accompanies the other party of Americans, so that we have now all the protection possible.

The dragoman of the Kentuckians we have already encountered in Egypt and on the journey, and been impressed by his respectable gravity. It would perhaps be difficult for him to tell his nationality or birthplace; he wears the European dress, and his gold spectacles and big stomach would pass him anywhere for a German professor. He seems out of place as a dragoman, but if any one desired a *savant* as a companion in the East, he would be the man. Indeed, his employers soon discover that his *forte* is information, and not work. While the other servants are busy about the camps Antonio comes over to our tent, and opens up the richness of his mind, and illustrates his capacity as a Syrian guide.

"You know that mountain, there, with the chapel on top?" he asks.

"No."

"Well, that is Mt. Nebo, and that one next to it is Pisgah, the mountain of the prophet Moses."

Both these mountains are of course on the other side of the Jordan in the Moab range, but they are not identified, — except by Antonio. The sharp mountain behind us is Quarantania, the Mount of Christ's Temptation. Its whole side to the summit is honeycombed with the cells of hermits who once dwelt there, and it is still the resort of many pilgrims.

The evening is charming, warm but not depressing; the atmosphere is even exhilarating, and this surprises us, since we are so far below the sea level. The Doctor says that it is exactly like Colorado on a July night. We have never been so low before, not even in a coal-mine. We are not only about thirty-seven hundred feet below Jerusalem, we are over twelve hundred below the level of the sea. Sitting outside the tent under the starlight, we enjoy the novelty and the mysteriousness of the scene. Tents, horses picketed among the bushes, the firelight, the groups of servants and drivers taking their supper, the figure of an Arab from Gilgal coming forward occasionally out of the darkness, the singing, the occasional violent outbreak of kicking and squealing among the ill-assorted horses and mules, the running of loose-robed attendants to the rescue of some poor beast, the strong impression of the locality upon us, and I know not what Old Testament flavor about it all, conspire to make the night memorable.

"This place very dangerous," says Antonio, who is standing round, bursting with information. "Him berry wise," is Abd-el-Atti's opinion of him. "Know a great deal; I t'ink him not live long."

"What is the danger?" we ask.

"Wild beasts, wild boars, hyenas, — all these bush full of them. It was three years now I was camped here with Baron Kronkheit. 'Bout twelve o'clock I heard a noise and came out. Right there, not twenty feet from here, stood a



hyena as big as a donkey, his two eyes like fire. I did not shoot him for fear to wake up the Baron."

"Did he kill any of your party?"

"Not any man. In the morning I find he has carried off our only mutton."

Notwithstanding these dangers, the night passes without alarm, except the barking of jackals about the kitchen tent. In the morning I ask Antonio if he heard the hyenas howling in the night. "Yes, indeed, plenty of them; they came very near my tent."

We are astir at sunrise, breakfast, and start for the Jordan. It is the opinion of the dragoman and the sheykh that we should go first to the Dead Sea. It is the custom. Every tourist goes to the Dead Sea first, bathes, and then washes off the salt in the Jordan. No one ever thought of going to the Jordan first. It is impossible. We must visit the Dead Sea, and then lunch at the Jordan. We wished, on the contrary, to lunch at the Dead Sea, at which we should otherwise have only a very brief time. We insisted upon our own programme, to the great disgust of all our camp attendants, who predicted disaster.

The Jordan is an hour and a half from Jericho; that is the distance to the bathing-place of the Greek pilgrims. We descend all the way. Wild vegetation is never wanting; wild-flowers abound; we pass through thickets of thorns, bearing the yellow "apples of the Dead Sea," which grow all over this plain. At Gilgal (now called Rîha) we

find what is probably the nastiest village in the world, and its miserable inhabitants are credited with all the vices of Sodom. The wretched huts are surrounded by a thicket of *nubk* as a protection against the plundering Bedaween. The houses are rudely built of stone, with a covering of cane or brush, and each one is inclosed in a hedge of thorns. These thorns, which grow rankly on the plain, are those of which the "crown of thorns" was plaited, and all devout pilgrims carry away some of them. The habitations within these thorny inclosures are filthy beyond description, and poverty-stricken. And this is in a watered plain which would bloom with all manner of fruits with the least care. Indeed, there are a few tangled gardens of the rankest vegetation; in them we see the orange, the fig, the deceptive pomegranate with its pink blossoms, and the olive. As this is the time of pilgrimage, a company of Turkish soldiers from Jerusalem is encamped at the village, and the broken country about it is covered with tents, booths, shops, kitchens, and presents the appearance of a fair and a camp-meeting combined. There are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of pilgrims, who go every morning, as long as they remain here, to dip in the Jordan. Near the village rises the square tower of an old convent, probably, which is dignified with the name of the "house of Zacchæus." This plain was once famed for its fertility; it was covered with gardens and palm-groves; the precious balsam, honey, and henna were produced here; the balsam gardens

were the royal gift of Antony to Cleopatra, who transferred the balsam-trees to Heliopolis in Egypt.

As we ride away from Gilgal and come upon a more open and desert plain, I encounter an eagle sitting on the top of a thorn-tree, not the noblest of his species, but, for Palestine, a very fair eagle. Here is a chance for the Syrian hunter; he is armed with gun and pistols; he has his dogs; now, if ever, is the time for him to hunt, and I fall back and point out his opportunity. He does not embrace it. It is an easy shot; perhaps he is looking for wild boars; perhaps he is a tender-minded hunter. At any rate, he makes no effort to take the eagle, and when I ride forward the bird gracefully rises in the air, sweeping upward in magnificent circles, now veering towards the Mount of Temptation, and now towards Nebo, but always as serene as the air in which he floats.

And now occurs one of those incidents which are not rare to travelers in Syria, but which are rare and scarcely believed elsewhere. As the eagle hangs for a second motionless in the empyrean far before me, he drops a feather. I see the gray plume glance in the sun and swirl slowly down in the lucid air. In Judæa every object is as distinct as in a photograph. You can see things at a distance you can make no one believe at home. The eagle plume, detached from the noble bird, begins its leisurely descent.

I see in a moment my opportunity. I might never have another. All travelers in Syria whose

books I have ever read have one or more startling adventures. Usually it is with a horse. I do not remember any with a horse and an eagle. I determine at once to have one. Glancing a moment at the company behind me, and then fixing my eye on the falling feather, I speak a word to my steed, and dart forward.

A word was enough. The noble animal seemed to comprehend the situation. He was of the purest Arab breed; four legs, four white ankles, small ears, slender pasterns, nostrils thin as tissue paper, and dilating upon the fall of a leaf; an eye terrible in rage, but melting in affection; a round barrel; gentle as a kitten, but spirited as a gamecock. His mother was a Nedjed mare from Medina, who had been exchanged by a Bedawee chief for nine beautiful Circassians, but only as a compromise after a war by the Pasha of Egypt for her possession. Her father was one of the most respectable horses in Yemen. Neither father, mother, nor colt had ever eaten anything but selected dates.

At the word, Abdallah springs forward, bounding over the sand, skimming over the thorn bushes, scattering the Jordan pilgrims right and left. He does not seem to be so much a horse as a creation of the imagination, — a Pegasus. At every leap we gain upon the feather, but it is still far ahead of us, and swirling down, down, as the air takes the plume or the weight of gravity acts upon the quill. Abdallah does not yet know the object of our fearful pace, but his docility is such that every

time I speak to him he seems to shoot out of himself in sudden bursts of enthusiasm. The terrible strain continues longer than I had supposed it would, for I had undercalculated both the height at which the feather was cast and my distance to the spot upon which it must fall. None but a horse fed on dates could keep up the awful gait. We fly and the feather falls; and it falls with increasing momentum. It is going, going to the ground, and we are not there. At this instant, when I am in despair, the feather twirls, and Abdallah suddenly casts his eye up and catches the glint of it. The glance suffices to put him completely in possession of the situation. He gives a low neigh of joy; I plunge both spurs into his flanks about six or seven inches; he leaps into the air, and sails like a bird, — of course only for a moment; but it is enough; I stretch out my hand and catch the eagle's plume before it touches the ground. We light on the other side of a clump of thorns, and Abdallah walks on as quietly as if nothing had happened; he was not blown; not a hair of his glossy coat was turned. I have the feather to show.

Pilgrims are plenty, returning from the river in a continuous procession, in numbers rivaling the children of Israel when they first camped at Gilgal. We descend into the river-bottom, wind through the clumps of tangled bushes, and at length reach an open place where the river for a few rods is visible. The ground is trampled like a watering-spot for cattle; the bushes are not large

enough to give shade; there are no trees of size except one or two at the water's edge; the banks are slimy, there seems to be no comfortable place to sit except on your horse — on Jordan's stormy banks I *stand* and cast a wistful eye; the wistful eye encounters nothing agreeable.

The Jordan here resembles the Arkansas above Little Rock, says the Doctor; I think it is about the size of the Concord where it flows through the classic town of that name in Massachusetts; but it is much swifter. Indeed, it is a rapid current, which would sweep away the strongest swimmer. The opposite bank is steep, and composed of sandy loam or marl. The hither bank is low, but slippery, and it is difficult to dip up water from it. Close to the shore the water is shallow, and a rope is stretched out for the protection of the bathers. This is the Greek bathing-place, but we are too late to see the pilgrims enter the stream; crowds of them are still here, cutting canes to carry away, and filling their tin cans with the holy water. We taste the water, which is very muddy, and find it warm but not unpleasant. We are glad that we have decided to lunch at the Dead Sea, for a more uninviting place than this could not be found; above and below this spot are thickets and boggy ground. It is beneath the historical and religious dignity of the occasion to speak of lunch, but all tourists know what importance it assumes on such an excursion, and that their high reflections seldom come to them on the historical spot. Indeed, one must be removed some distance from the vulgar

Jordan before he can glow at the thought of it. In swiftness and volume it exceeds our expectations, but its beauty is entirely a creation of the imagination.

We had the opportunity of seeing only a solitary pilgrim bathe. This was a shock-headed Greek young man, who reluctantly ventured into the dirty water up to his knees and stood there shivering, and whimpering over the orders of the priest on the bank, who insisted upon his dipping. Perhaps the boy lacked faith; perhaps it was his first experiment with water; at any rate, he stood there until his spiritual father waded in and ducked the blubbering and sputtering neophyte under. This was not a baptism, but a meritorious bath. Some seedy fellahs from Gilgal sat on the bank fishing. When I asked them if they had anything, they produced from the corners of their gowns some Roman copper coins, picked up at Jericho, and which they swore were dropped there by the Jews when they assaulted the city with the rams' horns. These idle fishermen caught now and then a rather soft, light-colored perch, with large scales, — a sickly-looking fish, which the Greeks, however, pronounced "tayeb."

We leave the river and ride for an hour and a half across a nearly level plain, the earth of which shows salts here and there, dotted with a low, fat-leaved plant, something like the American sagebush. Wild-flowers enliven the way, and although the country is not exactly cheerful, it has no appearance of desolation except such as comes from lack of water.

The Dead Sea is the least dead of any sheet of water I know. When we first arrived the waters were a lovely blue, which changed to green in the shifting light, but they were always animated and sparkling. It has a sloping sandy beach, strewn with pebbles, up which the waves come with a pleasant murmur. The plain is hot; here we find a cool breeze. The lovely plain of water stretches away to the south between blue and purple ranges of mountains, which thrust occasionally bold promontories into it, and add a charm to the perspective.

The sea is not inimical to either vegetable or animal life on its borders. Before we reach it I hear bird-notes high in the air like the song of a lark; birds are flitting about the shore and singing, and gulls are wheeling over the water; a rabbit runs into his hole close by the beach. Growing close to the shore is a high woody stonewort, with abundance of fleshy leaves and thousands of blossoms, delicate protruding stamens hanging over the waters of the sea itself. The plant with the small yellow fruit, which we take to be that of the apples of Sodom, also grows here. It is the *Solanum spinosa*, closely allied to the potato, egg-plant, and tomato; it has a woody stem with sharp recurved thorns, sometimes grows ten feet high, and is now covered with round orange berries.

It is not the scene of desolation that we expected, although some branches and trunks of trees, gnarled and bleached, the drift-wood of the Jordan, strewn along the beach, impart a dead aspect



to the shore. These dry branches are, however, useful; we build them up into a wigwam, over which we spread our blankets; under this we sit, sheltered from the sun, enjoying the delightful breeze and the cheering prospect of the sparkling sea. The improvident Arabs, now that it is impossible to get fresh water, begin to want it; they have exhausted their own jugs and ours, having neglected to bring anything like an adequate supply. To see water and not be able to drink it is too much for their philosophy.

The party separates along the shore, seeking for places where bushes grow out upon tongues of land and offer shelter from observation for the bather. The first impression we have of the water is its perfect clearness. It is the most innocent water in appearance, and you would not suspect its saltiness and extreme bitterness. No fish live in it; the water is too salt for anything but codfish. Its buoyancy has not been exaggerated by travelers, but I did not expect to find bathing in it so agreeable as it is. The water is of a happy temperature, soft, not exactly oily, but exceedingly agreeable to the skin, and it left a delicious sensation after the bath; but it is necessary to be careful not to get any of it into the eyes. For myself, I found swimming in it delightful, and I wish the Atlantic Ocean were like it; nobody then would ever be drowned. Floating is no effort; on the contrary, sinking is impossible. The only annoyance in swimming is the tendency of the feet to strike out of water, and of the swimmer to go over on his

head. When I stood upright in the water it came about to my shoulders; but it was difficult to stand, from the constant desire of the feet to go to the surface. I suppose that the different accounts of travelers in regard to the buoyancy of the water are due to the different specific gravity of the writers. We cannot all be doctors of divinity. I found that the best way to float was to make a bow of the body and rest with feet and head out of water, which was something like being in a cushioned chair. Even then it requires some care not to turn over. The bather seems to himself to be a cork, and has little control of his body.

About two hundred yards from the shore is an artificial island of stone, upon which are remains of regular masonry. Probably some crusader had a castle there. We notice upon looking down into the clear depths, some distance out, in the sunlight, that the lake seems, as it flows, to have translucent streaks, which are like a thick solution of sugar, showing how completely saturated it is with salts. It is, in fact, twelve hundred and ninety-two feet below the Mediterranean, nothing but a deep, half-dried-up sea; the chloride of magnesia, which gives it its extraordinarily bitter taste, does not crystallize and precipitate itself so readily as the chloride of sodium.

We look in vain for any evidence of volcanic disturbance or action of fire. Whatever there may be at the other end of the lake, there is none here. We find no bitumen or any fire-stones, although the black stones along the beach may have been

supposed to be bituminous. All the pebbles and all the stones of the beach are of chalk flint, and tell no story of fire or volcanic fury.

Indeed, the lake has no apparent hostility to life. An enterprising company could draw off the Jordan thirty miles above here and make all this valley a garden, producing fruits and sugar-cane and cotton, and this lake one of the most lovely watering-places in the world. I have no doubt maladies could be discovered which its waters are exactly calculated to cure. I confidently expect to hear some day that great hotels are built upon this shore, which are crowded with the pious, the fashionable, and the diseased. I seem to see this blue and sunny lake covered with a gay multitude of bathers, floating about the livelong day on its surface; parties of them making a pleasure excursion to the foot of Pisgah; groups of them chatting, singing, amusing themselves as they would under the shade of trees on land, having umbrellas and floating awnings, and perhaps servants to bear their parasols; couples floating here and there at will in the sweet dream of a love that seems to be suspended between the heaven and the earth. No one will be at any expense for boats, for every one will be his own boat, and launch himself without sail or oars whenever he pleases. How dainty will be the little feminine barks that the tossing mariner will hail on that peaceful sea! No more wailing of wives over husbands drowned in the waves, no more rescuing of limp girls by courageous lovers. People may be shipwrecked if there comes a

squall from Moab, but they cannot be drowned. I confess that this picture is the most fascinating that I have been able to conjure up in Syria.

We take our lunch under the wigwam, fanned by a pleasant breeze. The persons who partake it present a pleasing variety of nations and colors, and the "spread" itself, though simple, was gathered from many lands. Some one took the trouble to note the variety: raisins from Damascus, bread, chicken, and mutton from Jerusalem, white wine from Bethlehem, figs from Smyrna, cheese from America, dates from Nubia, walnuts from Germany, water from Elisha's well, eggs from Hen.

We should like to linger till night in this enchanting place, but for an hour the sheykh and dragoman have been urging our departure; men and beasts are represented as suffering for water, — all because we have reversed the usual order of travel. As soon as we leave the lake we lose its breeze, the heat becomes severe; the sandy plain is rolling and a little broken, but it has no shade, no water, and is indeed a weary way. The horses feel the want of water sadly. The Arabs, whom we had supposed patient in deprivation, are almost crazy with thirst. After we have ridden for over an hour the sheykh's horse suddenly wheels off and runs over the plain; my nag follows him, apparently without reason, and in spite of my efforts I am run away with. The horses dash along, and soon the whole cavalcade is racing after us. The object is soon visible, — a fringe of trees, which denotes a brook; the horses press on, dash down

the steep bank, and plunge their heads into the water up to the eyes. The Arabs follow suit. The sheykh declares that in fifteen minutes more both men and horses would have been dead. Never before did anybody lunch at the Dead Sea.

When the train comes up, the patient donkey that Madame rides is pushed through the brook and not permitted to wet his muzzle. I am indignant at such cruelty, and spring off my horse, push the two donkey-boys aside, and lead the eager donkey to the stream. At once there is a cry of protest from dragomans, sheykh, and the whole crowd, "No drink donkey, no drink donkey, no let donkey, bad for donkey." There could not have been a greater outcry among the Jews when the ark of the covenant was likely to touch the water. I desist from my charitable efforts. Why the poor beast, whose whole body craved water as much as that of the horse, was denied it, I know not. It is said that if you give a donkey water on the road he won't go thereafter. Certainly the donkey is never permitted to drink when traveling. I think the patient and chastened creature will get more in the next world than his cruel masters.

Nearly all the way over the plain we have the long snowy range of Mt. Hermon in sight, a noble object, closing the long northern vista, and a refreshment to the eyes wearied by the parched vegetation of the valley and dazzled by the aerial shimmer. If we turn from the north to the south, we have the entirely different but equally poetical prospect of the blue sea inclosed in the receding

hills, which fall away into the violet shade of the horizon. The Jordan Valley is unique; by a geologic fault it is dropped over a thousand feet below the sea-level; it is guarded by mountain-ranges which are from a thousand to two thousand feet high; at one end is a mountain ten thousand feet high, from which the snow never disappears; at the other end is a lake forty miles long, of the saltiest and bitterest water in the world. All these contrasts the eye embraces at one point.

We dismount at the camp of the Russian pilgrims by Rîha, and walk among the tents and booths. The sharpers of Syria attend the strangers, tempt them with various holy wares, and entice them into their dirty coffee-shops. It is a scene of mingled credulity and knavery, of devotion and traffic. There are great booths for the sale of vegetables, nuts, and dried fruit. The whole may be sufficiently described as a camp-meeting without any prayer-tent.

At sunset I have a quiet hour by the fountain of Elisha. It is a remarkable pool. Under the ledge of limestone rocks the water gushes out with considerable force, and in such volume as to form a large brook which flows out of the basin and murmurs over a stony bed. You cannot recover your surprise to see a river in this dry country burst suddenly out of the ground. A group of native women have come to the pool with jars, and they stay to gossip, sitting about the edge upon the stones with their feet in the water. One of them wears a red gown, and her cheeks are as red as her

dress; indeed, I have met several women to-day who had the complexion of a ripe Flemish Beauty pear. As it seems to be the fashion, I also sit on the bank of the stream with my feet in the warm swift water, and enjoy the sunset and the strange concourse of pilgrims who are gathering about the well. They are worthy Greeks, very decent people, men and women, who salute me pleasantly as they arrive, and seem to take my participation in the bath as an act of friendship.

Just below the large pool, by a smaller one, a Greek boy, having bathed, is about to dress, and I am interested to watch the process. The first article to go on is a white shirt; over this he puts on two blue woolen shirts; he then draws on a pair of large, loose trousers; into these the shirts are tucked, and the trousers are tied at the waist, — he is bothered with neither pins nor buttons. Then comes the turban, which is a soft gray and yellow material; a red belt is next wound twice about the waist; the vest is yellow and open in front; and the costume is completed by a jaunty jacket of yellow, prettily embroidered. The heap of clothes on the bank did not promise much, but the result is a very handsome boy, dressed, I am sure, most comfortably for this climate. While I sit here the son of the sheykh rides his horse to the pool. He is not more than ten years old, is very smartly dressed in gay colors, and exceedingly handsome, although he has somewhat the supercilious manner of a lad born in the purple. The little prince speaks French, and ostentatiously dis-

plays in his belt a big revolver. I am glad of the opportunity of seeing one of the desert robbers in embryo.

When it is dusk we have an invasion from the neighboring Bedaween, an imposition to which all tourists are subjected, it being taken for granted that we desire to see a native dance. This is one of the ways these honest people have of levying tribute; by the connivance of our protectors, the head sheykhs, the entertainment is forced upon us, and the performers will not depart without a liberal backsheesh. We are already somewhat familiar with the fascinating dances of the Orient, and have only a languid curiosity about those of the Jordan; but before we are aware there is a crowd before our tents, and the evening is disturbed by doleful howling and drum-thumping. The scene in the flickering firelight is sufficiently fantastic.

The men dance first. Some twenty or thirty of them form in a half circle, standing close together; their gowns are in rags, their black hair is tossed in tangled disorder, and their eyes shine with animal wildness. The only dancing they perform consists in a violent swaying of the body from side to side in concert, faster and faster as the excitement rises, with an occasional stamping of the feet, and a continual howling like darwishes. Two vagabonds step into the focus of the half circle and hop about in the most stiff-legged manner, swinging enormous swords over their heads, and giving from time to time a war-whoop, — it seems to be precisely the dance of the North American Indians.



We are told, however, that the howling is a song, and that the song relates to meeting the enemy and demolishing him. The longer the performance goes on the less we like it, for the uncouthness is not varied by a single graceful motion, and the monotony becomes unendurable. We long for the women to begin.

When the women begin, we wish we had the men back again. Creatures uglier and dirtier than these hags could not be found. Their dance is much the same as that of the men, a semicircle, with a couple of women to jump about and whirl swords. But the women display more fierceness and more passion as they warm to their work, and their shrill cries, disheveled hair, loose robes, and frantic gestures give us new ideas of the capacity of the gentle sex; you think that they would not only slay their enemies, but drink their blood and dance upon their fragments. Indeed, one of their songs is altogether belligerent; it taunts the men with cowardice, it scoffs them for not daring to fight, it declares that the women like the sword and know how to use it, — and thus, and thus, and thus, lunging their swords into the air, would they pierce the imaginary enemy. But these sweet creatures do not sing altogether of war; they sing of love in the same strident voices and fierce manner: "My lover will meet me by the stream, he will take me over the water."

When the performance is over they all clamor for backsheesh; it is given in a lump to their sheykh, and they retire into the bushes and

wrangle over its distribution. The women return to us and say, "Why you give our backsheesh to sheykh? We no get any. Men get all." It seems that women are animated nowadays by the same spirit the world over; and make the same just complaints of the injustice of men.

When we turn in, there is a light gleaming from a cell high up on Mt. Temptation, where some modern pilgrim is playing hermit for the night.

We are up early in the morning, and prepare for the journey to Jerusalem. Near our camp some Abyssinian pilgrims, Christians so called, have encamped in the bushes, a priest and three or four laymen, the cleverest and most decent Abyssinians we have met with. They are from Gondar, and have been a year and a half on their pilgrimage from their country to the Jordan. The priest is severely ill with a fever, and his condition excites the compassion of Abd-el-Atti, who procures for him a donkey to ride back to the city. About the only luggage of the party consists of sacred books, written on parchment and preserved with great care, among them the Gospel of St. John, the Psalms, the Pentateuch, and volumes of prayers to the Virgin. They are willing to exchange some of these manuscripts for silver, and we make up besides a little purse for the sick man. These Abyssinian Christians when at home live under the old dispensation, rather than the new, holding rather to the law of Moses than of Christ, and practice generally all the vices of all ages; the colony of them at Jerusalem is a disreputable

lot of lewd beggars; so that we are glad to find some of the race who have gentle manners and are outwardly respectable. To be sure, we had come a greater distance than they to the Jordan, but they had been much longer on the way.

The day is very hot; the intense sun beats upon the white limestone rocks and is reflected into the valleys. Our view in returning is better than it was in coming; the plain and the foot of the pass are covered with a bloom of lilac-colored flowers. We meet and pass more pilgrims than before. We overtake them resting or asleep by the roadside, in the shade of the rocks. They all carry bundles of sticks and canes cut on the banks of the Jordan, and most of them Jordan water in cans, bottles, and pitchers. There are motley loads of baggage, kitchen utensils, beds, children. We see again two, three, and four on one horse or mule, and now and then a row, as if on a bench, across the horse's back, taking up the whole road.

We overtake one old woman, a Russian, who cannot be less than seventy, with a round body, and legs as short as ducks' and as big as the "limbs" of a piano. Her big feet are incased in straw shoes, the shape of a long vegetable-dish. She wears a short calico gown, an old cotton handkerchief inwraps her gray head, she carries on her back a big bundle of clothing, an extra pair of straw shoes, a coffee-pot, and a saucepan, and she staggers under a great bundle of canes on her shoulder. Poor old pilgrim! I should like to

give the old mother my horse and ease her way to the heavenly city; but I reflect that this would detract from the merit of her pilgrimage. There are men also as old hobbling along, but usually not so heavily laden. One ancient couple are riding in the deep flaps of a pannier, hanging each side of a mule; they can just see each other across the mule's back, but the swaying, sickening motion of the pannier evidently lessens their interest in life and in each other.

Our Syrian allies are as brave as usual. The Soudan babies did not go to the Jordan or the Dead Sea, and are consequently fresh and full of antics. The Syrian armament has not thus far been used; eagles, rabbits, small game of all sorts, have been disregarded; neither of the men has unslung his gun or drawn his revolvers. The hunting dogs have not once been called on to hunt anything, and now they are so exhausted by the heat that their master is obliged to carry them all the way to Jerusalem; one of the hounds he has in his arms and the other is slung in a pannier under the saddle, his master's foot resting in the other side to balance the dog. The poor creature looks out piteously from his swinging cradle. It is the most inglorious hunting-expedition I have ever been attached to.

Our sheykh becomes more and more friendly. He rides up to me occasionally, and, nobly striking his breast, exclaims, "Me! sheykh, Jordan, Jerusalem, Mar Saba, Hebron, all round; me, big." Sometimes he ends the interview with a

demand for tobacco, and again with a hint of the backsheesh he expects in Jerusalem. I want to tell him that he is exactly like our stately red man at home, with his "Me! Big Injun. Chaw-tobac?"

We are very glad to get out of the heat at noon and take shelter in the rock grotto at the Red Khan. We sit here as if in a box at the theatre, and survey the passing show. The Syro-Phœnician woman smokes her narghileh again, the dogs crouching at her feet, and the Soudan babies are pretending to wait on her, and tumbling over each other and spilling everything they attempt to carry. The woman says they are great plagues to her, and cost thirty napoleons each in Soudan. As we sit here after lunch, an endless procession passes before us, — donkeys, horses, camels in long strings tied together, and pilgrims of all grades; and as they come up the hill one after the other, showing their heads suddenly, it is just as if they appeared on the stage; and they all — Bedaween, Negroes, Russians, Copts, Circassians, Greeks, Soudan slaves, and Arab masters — seem struck with a "glad surprise" upon seeing us, and tarry long enough for us to examine them.

Suddenly presents himself a tall, gayly dressed, slim fellow from Soudan (the slave of the sheykh), showing his white teeth, and his face beaming with good-nature. He is so peculiarly black that we ask him to step forward for closer inspection. Abd-el-Atti, who expresses great admiration for him, gets a coal from the fire, and holds it up by

his cheek; the skin has the advantage of the coal, not only in lustre but in depth of blackness. He says that he is a Galgam, a tribe whose virtues Abd-el-Atti indorses: "Thim very sincere, trusty, thim good breed."

When we have made the acquaintance of the Galgam in this thorough manner, he asks for backsheesh. The Doctor offers him a copper coin. This, without any offense in his manner, and with the utmost courtesy, he refuses, bows very low, says "Thanks," with a little irony, and turns away. In a few moments he comes back, opens his wallet, takes out two silver franc pieces, hands them to the Doctor, says with a proud politeness, "Baksheesh, Bedawee!" bows, runs across the hill, catches his horse, and rides gallantly away. It is beautifully done. Once or twice during the ride to Jerusalem we see him careering over the hills, and he approaches within hail at Bethany, but he does not lower his dignity by joining us again.

The heat is intense until we reach the well within a mile of Bethany, where we find a great concourse of exhausted pilgrims. On the way, wherever there is an open field that admits of it, we have some display of Bedawee horsemanship. The white Arab mare which the sheykh rides is of pure blood and cost him £200, although I should select her as a broken-down stage-horse. These people ride "all abroad," so to say, arms, legs, accoutrements flying; but they stick on, which is the principal thing; and the horses over the rough ground, soft fields,

and loose stones, run, stop short, wheel in a flash, and exhibit wonderful training and bottom.

The high opinion we had formed of the proud spirit and generosity of the Bedawee, by the incident at the Red Khan, was not to be maintained after our return to Jerusalem. Another of our Oriental illusions was to be destroyed forever. The cool acceptance by the Doctor of the two francs so loftily tendered, as a specimen of Bedawee backsheesh, was probably unexpected, and perhaps unprovided for by adequate financial arrangements on the part of the Galgam. At any rate, that evening he was hovering about the hotel, endeavoring to attract the attention of the Doctor, and evidently unwilling to believe that there could exist in the heart of the howadji the mean intention of retaining those francs. The next morning he sent a friend to the Doctor to ask him for the money. The Doctor replied that he should never think of returning a gift, especially one made with so much courtesy; that, indeed, the amount of the money was naught, but that he should keep it as a souvenir of the noble generosity of his Bedawee friend. This sort of sentiment seemed inexplicable to the Oriental mind. The son of the desert was as much astonished that the Frank should retain his gift, as the Spanish gentleman who presents his horse to his guest would be if the guest should take it. The offer of a present in the East is a flowery expression of a sentiment that does not exist, and its acceptance necessarily implies a return of something of greater value. After another

day of anxiety the proud and handsome slave came in person and begged for the francs until he received them. He was no better than his master, the noble sheykh, who waylaid us during the remainder of our stay for additional sixpences in backsheesh. O superb Bedawee, we did not begrudge the money, but our lost ideal!





## VI

### BETHLEHEM AND MAR SABA

**B**ETHLEHEM lies about seven miles south of Jerusalem. It is also a hill village, reposing upon a stony promontory that is thrust out eastward from the central mountain-range; the abrupt slopes below three sides of it are terraced; on the north is a valley which lies in a direct line between it and Jerusalem; on the east are the yawning ravines and the "wilderness" leading to the Dead Sea; on the south is the wild country towards Hebron, and the sharp summit of the Frank mountain in the distance. The village lies on the ridge; and on the point at the east end of it, overlooking a vast extent of seamed and rocky and jagged country, is the gloomy pile of convents, chapels, and churches that mark the spot of the Nativity.

From its earliest mention till now the home of shepherds and of hardy cultivators of its rocky hillsides, it has been noted for the free spirit and turbulence of its inhabitants. The primal character of a place seems to have the power of perpetuating itself in all changes. Bethlehem never seems to have been afflicted with servility. During the

period of David's hiding in the Cave Adullam the warlike Philistines occupied it, but David was a fit representative of the pluck and steadfastness of its people. Since the Christian era it has been a Christian town, as it is to-day, and the few Moslems who have settled there, from time to time, have found it more prudent to withdraw than to brave its hostility. Its women incline to be handsome, and have rather European than Oriental features, and they enjoy the reputation of unusual virtue; the men are industrious, and seem to have more self-respect than the Syrians generally.

Bethlehem is to all the world one of the sweetest of words. A tender and romantic interest is thrown about it as the burial-place of Rachel, as the scene of Ruth's primitive story, and of David's boyhood and kingly consecration; so that no other place in Judæa, by its associations, was so fit to be the gate through which the Divine Child should come into the world. And the traveler to-day can visit it with, perhaps, less shock to his feelings of reverence, certainly with a purer and simpler enjoyment, than any other place in Holy Land. He finds its ruggedness and desolateness picturesque, in the light of old song and story, and even the puerile inventions of monkish credulity do not affect him as elsewhere.

From Jerusalem we reach Bethlehem by following a curving ridge, — a lovely upland ride, on account of the extensive prospect and the breeze, and because it is always a relief to get out of the city. The country is, however, as stony as the

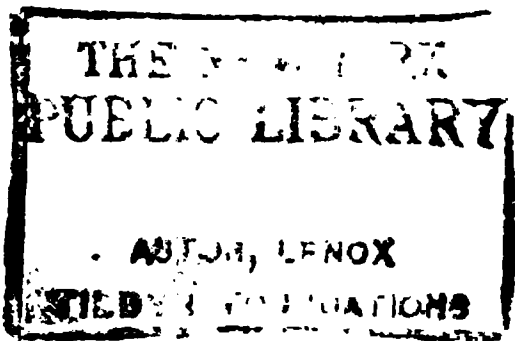
worst portions of New England, — the mountain sheep-pastures; thick, double stone-walls inclosing small fields do not begin to exhaust the stones. On both sides of the ridge are bare, unproductive hills, but the sides of the valleys are terraced, and covered with a good growth of olive-trees. These hollows were no doubt once very fruitful by assiduous cultivation, in spite of the stones. Bethlehem, as we saw it across a deep ravine, was like a castle on a hill; there is nowhere level ground enough for a table to stand, off the ridges, and we looked in vain for the “plains of Bethlehem” about which we had tried, trustfully, to sing in youth.

Within a mile of Bethlehem gate we came to the tomb of Rachel, standing close by the highway. “And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Beth-lehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave: that is the pillar of Rachel’s grave unto this day.” This is the testimony of the author of Genesis, who had not seen the pillar which remained to his day, but repeated the tradition of the sons of Jacob. What remained of this pillar, after the absence of the Israelites for some five centuries from Bethlehem, is uncertain; but it may be supposed that some spot near Bethlehem was identified as the tomb of Rachel upon their return, and that the present site is the one then selected. It is possible, of course, that the tradition of the pagan Canaanites may have preserved the recollection of the precise spot. At any rate, Christians seem to agree that this is one of the few ancient sites in Judæa which are authentic,

*Bethlehem*







and the Moslems pay it equal veneration. The square, unpretentious building erected over it is of modern construction, and the pilgrim has to content himself with looking at a sort of Moslem tomb inside, and reflecting, if he can, upon the pathetic story of the death of the mother of Joseph.

There is, alas! everywhere in Judæa something to drive away sentiment as well as pious feeling. The tomb of Rachel is now surrounded by a Moslem cemetery, and as we happened to be there on Thursday we found ourselves in the midst of a great gathering of women, who had come there, according to their weekly custom, to weep and to wail.

You would not see in farthest Nubia a more barbarous assemblage, and not so fierce an one. In the presence of these wild mourners the term "gentler sex" has a ludicrous sound. Yet we ought not to forget that we were intruders upon their periodic grief, attracted to their religious demonstration merely by curiosity, and fairly entitled to nothing but scowls and signs of aversion. I am sure that we should give bold Moslem intruders upon our hours of sorrow at home no better reception. The women were in the usual Syrian costume; their loose gowns gaped open at the bosom, and they were without veils, and made no pretense of drawing a shawl before their faces; all wore necklaces of coins, and many of them had circlets of coins on the head, with strips depending from them, also stiff with silver pieces. A woman's worth was thus easily to be reckoned, for her entire



fortune was on her head. A pretty face was here and there to be seen, but most of them were flaringly ugly, and — to liken them to what they most resembled — physically and mentally the type of the North American squaws. They were accompanied by all their children, and the little brats were tumbling about the tombs, and learning the language of woe.

Among the hundreds of women present, the expression of grief took two forms, — one active, the other more resigned. A group seated itself about a tomb, and the members swayed their bodies to and fro, howled at the top of their voices, and pretended to weep. I had the infidel curiosity to go from group to group in search of a tear, but I did not see one. Occasionally some interruption, like the arrival of a new mourner, would cause the swaying and howling to cease for a moment, or it would now and then be temporarily left to the woman at the head of the grave, but presently all would fall to again and abandon themselves to the luxury of agony. It was perhaps unreasonable to expect tears from creatures so withered as most of these were; but they worked themselves into a frenzy of excitement, they rolled up their blue checked cotton handkerchiefs, drew them across their eyes, and then wrung them out with gestures of despair. It was the driest grief I ever saw.

The more active mourners formed a ring in a clear spot. Some thirty women standing with their faces toward the centre, their hands on each other's shoulders, circled round with unrhythmic steps,

crying and singing, and occasionally jumping up and down with all their energy, like the dancers of Horace, "striking the ground with equal feet," coming down upon the earth with a heavy thud, at the same time slapping their faces with their hands; then circling around again with faster steps, and shriller cries, and more prolonged ululations, and anon pausing to jump and beat the ground with a violence sufficient to shatter their frames. The loose flowing robes, the clinking of the silver ornaments, the wild gleam of their eyes, the Bacchantic madness of their saltations, the shrill shrieking and wailing, conspired to give their demonstration an indescribable barbarity. This scene has recurred every Thursday for, I suppose, hundreds of years, within a mile of the birthplace of Jesus.

Bethlehem at a little distance presents an appearance that its interior does not maintain; but it is so much better than most Syrian villages of its size (it has a population of about three thousand), and is so much cleaner than Jerusalem, that we are content with its ancient though commonplace aspect. But the atmosphere of the town is thoroughly commercial, or perhaps I should say industrial; you do not find in it that rural and reposeful air which you associate with the birthplace of our Lord. The people are sharp, to a woman, and have a keen eye for the purse of the stranger. Every other house is a shop for the manufacture or sale of some of the Bethlehem specialties, — carvings in olive-wood and ivory and mother-of-pearl, crosses and crucifixes, and models of the

Holy Sepulchre, and every sort of sacred trinket, and beads in endless variety; a little is done also in silver-work, especially in rings. One may chance upon a Mecca ring there; but the ring peculiar to Bethlehem is a silver wedding-ring; it is a broad and cingular band of silver with pendants, and is worn upon the thumb. As soon as we come into the town, we are beset with sellers of various wares, and we never escape them except when we are in the convent.

The Latin convent opens its doors to tourists; it is a hospitable house, and the monks are very civil; they let us sit in a *salle-à-manger*, while waiting for dinner, that was as damp and chill as a dungeon, and they gave us a well-intended but uneatable meal, and the most peculiar wine, all at a good price. The wine, white and red, was made by the monks, they said with some pride; we tried both kinds, and I can recommend it to the American Temperance Union: if it can be introduced to the public, the public will embrace total abstinence with enthusiasm.

While we were waiting for the proper hour to visit the crypt of the Nativity, we went out upon the esplanade before the convent, and looked down into the terraced ravines which are endeared to us by so many associations. Somewhere down there is the patch of ground that the mighty man of wealth, Boaz, owned, in which sweet Ruth went gleaning in the barley-harvest. What a picture of a primitive time it is, — the noonday meal of Boaz and his handmaidens, Ruth invited to join

them, and dip her morsel in the vinegar with the rest, and the hospitable Boaz handing her parched corn. We can understand why Ruth had good gleanings over this stony ground, after the rakes of the handmaidens. We know that her dress did not differ from that worn by Oriental women now; for her "veil," which Boaz filled with six measures of barley, was the head-shawl still almost universally worn, — though not by the Bethlehemite women. Their head-dress is peculiar; there seems to be on top of the head a square frame, and over this is thrown and folded a piece of white cloth. The women are thus in a manner crowned, and the dress is as becoming as the somewhat similar head-covering of the Roman peasants. We learn also in the story of Ruth that the mother-in-law in her day was as wise in the ways of men as she is now. "Sit still, my daughter," she counseled her after she returned with the veil full of barley, "until thou know how the matter will fall, for the man will not be in rest until he have finished the thing this day."

Down there, somewhere in that wilderness of ravines, David, the great-grandson of Ruth, kept his father's sheep before he went to the combat with Goliath. It was there — the grotto is shown a little more than a mile from this convent — that the shepherds watched their flocks by night when the angel appeared and announced the birth of the Messiah, the Son of David. We have here within the grasp of the eye almost the beginning and the end of the old dispensation, from the bur-

ial of Rachel to the birth of our Lord, from the passing of the wandering sheykh, Jacob, with his family, to the end put to the exclusive pretensions of his descendants by the coming of a Saviour to all the world.

The cave called the Grotto of the Nativity has great antiquity. The hand-book says it had this repute as early as the second century. In the year 327 the mother of Constantine built a church over it, and this basilica still stands, and is the oldest specimen of Christian architecture in existence, except perhaps the lower church of St. Clement at Rome. It is the oldest basilica above ground retaining its perfect ancient form. The main part of the church consists of a nave and four aisles, separated by four rows of Corinthian marble columns, tradition says, taken from the temple of Solomon. The walls were once adorned with mosaics, but only fragments of them remain; the roof is decayed and leaky, the pavement is broken. This part of the church is wholly neglected, because it belongs to the several sects in common, and is merely the arena for an occasional fight. The choir is separated from the nave by a wall, and is divided into two chapels, one of the Greeks, the other of the Armenians. The Grotto of the Nativity is underneath these chapels, and each sect has a separate staircase of descent to it. The Latin chapel is on the north side of this choir, and it also has a stairway to the subterranean apartments.

Making an effort to believe that the stable of the inn in which Christ was born was a small sub-

terranean cave cut in the solid rock, we descended a winding flight of stairs from the Latin chapel, with a monk for our guide, and entered a labyrinth from which we did not emerge until we reached the place of the nativity, and ascended into the Greek chapel above it. We walked between glistening walls of rock, illuminated by oil-lamps here and there, and in our exploration of the gloomy passages and chambers, encountered shrines, pictures, and tombs of the sainted. We saw, or were told that we saw, the spot to which St. Joseph retired at the moment of the nativity, and also the place where the twenty thousand children who were murdered by the order of Herod — a ghastly subject so well improved by the painters of the Renaissance — are buried. But there was one chamber, or rather vault, that we entered with genuine emotion. This was the cell of Jerome, hermit and scholar, whose writings have gained him the title of Father of the Church.

At the close of the fourth century Bethlehem was chiefly famous as the retreat of this holy student, and the fame of his learning and sanctity drew to it from distant lands many faithful women, who renounced the world and its pleasures, and were content to sit at his feet and learn the way of life. Among those who resigned, and, for his sake and the cross, despised, the allurements and honors of the Roman world, was the devout Paula, a Roman matron who traced her origin from Agamemnon, and numbered the Scipios and Gracchi among her ancestors, while her

husband, Joxotius, deduced a no less royal lineage from Æneas. Her wealth was sufficient to support the dignity of such a descent; among her possessions, an item in her rent-roll, was the city of Nicopolis, which Augustus built as a monument of the victory of Actium. By the advice and in the company of Jerome, her spiritual guide, she abandoned Rome and all her vast estates, and even her infant son, and retired to the holy village of Bethlehem. The great Jerome, who wrote her biography, and transmitted the story of her virtues to the most distant ages, bestowed upon her the singular title of the Mother-in-law of God! She was buried here, and we look upon her tomb with scarcely less interest than that of Jerome himself, who also rests in this thrice holy ground. At the beginning of the fifth century, when the Goths sacked Rome, a crowd of the noble and the rich, escaping with nothing saved from the wreck but life and honor, attracted also by the reputation of Jerome, appeared as beggars in the streets of this humble village. No doubt they thronged to the cell of the venerable father.

There is, I suppose, no doubt that this is the study in which he composed many of his more important treatises. It is a vaulted chamber, about twenty feet square by nine feet high. There is in Venice a picture of the study of Jerome, painted by Carpaccio, which represents a delightful apartment; the saint is seen in his study, in a rich *négligé* robe; at the side of his desk are musical instruments, music-stands, and sheets of music, as if

he were accustomed to give *soirées*; on the chimney-piece are Greek vases and other objects of vertu, and in the middle of the room is a poodle-dog of the most worldly and useless of the canine breed. The artist should have seen the real study of the hermit, — a grim, unornamented vault, in which he passed his days in mortifications of the body, hearing always ringing in his ears, in his disordered mental and physical condition, the last trump of judgment.

We passed, groping our way along in this religious cellar, through a winding, narrow passage in the rock, some twenty-five feet long, and came into the place of places, the very Chapel of the Nativity. In this low vault, thirty-eight feet long and eleven feet wide, hewn in the rock, is an altar at one end. Before this altar — and we can see everything with distinctness, for sixteen silver lamps are burning about it — there is a marble slab in the pavement into which is let a silver star, with this sentence round it: *Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est*. The guardian of this sacred spot was a Turkish soldier, who stood there with his gun and fixed bayonet, an attitude which experience has taught him is necessary to keep the peace among the Christians who meet here. The altar is without furniture, and is draped by each sect which uses it in turn. Near by is the chapel of the “manger,” but the manger in which Christ was laid is in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome.

There is in Bethlehem another ancient cave



which is almost as famous as that of the Nativity; it is called the Milk Grotto, and during all ages of the Church a most marvelous virtue has attached to it; fragments of the stone have been, and still continue to be, broken off and sent into all Christian countries; women also make pilgrimages to it in faith. The grotto is on the edge of the town overlooking the eastern ravines, and is arranged as a show-place. In our walk thither a stately Bedawee, as by accident, fell into our company, and acted as our cicerone. He was desirous that we should know that he also was a man of the world and of travel, and rated at its proper value this little corner of the earth. He had served in the French army and taken part in many battles, and had been in Paris and seen the tomb of the great emperor, — ah, there was a man! As to this grotto, they say that the Virgin used to send to it for milk, — many think so. As for him, he was a soldier, and did not much give his mind to such things.

This grotto is an excavation in the chalky rock, and might be a very good place to store milk, but for the popular prejudice in cities against chalk and water. We entered it through the court of a private house, and the damsel who admitted us also assured us that the Virgin procured milk from it. The tradition is that the Virgin and Child were concealed here for a time before the flight into Egypt; and ever since then its stone has the miraculous power of increasing the flow of the maternal breast. The early fathers encouraged this and

the like superstitions in the docile minds of their fair converts, and themselves testified to the efficacy of this remarkable stone. These superstitions belong rather to the Orient than to any form of religion. There is a famous spring at Assiout in Egypt which was for centuries much resorted to by ladies who desired offspring; and the Arabs on the Upper Nile to-day, who wish for an heir male, resort to a plant which grows in the remote desert, rare and difficult to find, the leaves of which are "good for boys." This grotto scarcely repays the visit, except for the view one obtains of the wild country below it. When we bade good-by to the courtly Arab, we had too much delicacy to offer money to such a gentleman and a soldier of the empire; a delicacy not shared by him, however, for he let no false modesty hinder a request for a little backsheesh for tobacco.

On our return, and at some distance from the gate, we diverged into a lane, and sought, in a rocky field, the traditional well whose waters David longed for when he was in the Cave of Adullam, — "O that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate!" Howbeit, when the three mighty men had broken through the Philistine guards and procured him the water, David would not drink that which was brought at such a sacrifice. Two very comely Bethlehem girls hastened at our approach to draw water from the well and gave us to drink, with all the freedom of Oriental hospitality, in which there is always an expectation of backsheesh. The

water is at any rate very good, and there is no reason why these pretty girls should not turn an honest penny upon the strength of David's thirst, whether this be the well whose water he desired or not. We were only too thankful that no miraculous property is attributed to its waters. As we returned, we had the evening light upon the gray walls and towers of the city, and were able to invest it with something of its historical dignity.

The next excursion that we made from Jerusalem was so different from the one to Bethlehem, that by way of contrast I put them together. It was to the convent of Mar Saba, which lies in the wilderness towards the Dead Sea, about two hours and a half from the city.

In those good old days, when piety was measured by frugality in the use of the bath, when the holy fathers praised most those hermits who washed least, when it might perhaps be the boast of more than one virgin, devoted to the ascetic life, that she had lived fifty-eight years during which water had touched neither her hands, her face, her feet, nor any part of her body, Palestine was, after Egypt, the favorite resort of the fanatical, the unfortunate, and the lazy, who, gathered into communities or dwelling in solitary caves, offered to the barbarian world a spectacle of superstition and abasement under the name of Christianity. But of the swarm of hermits and monks who begged in the cities and burrowed in the caves of the Holy Land in the fifth century, no one may perhaps be spoken of with more respect than St.

Sabas, who, besides a reputation for sanctity, has left that of manliness and a virile ability, which his self-mortifications did not extirpate. And of all the monasteries of that period, that of Mar Saba is the only one in Judæa which has preserved almost unbroken the type of that time. St. Sabas was a Cappadocian who came to Palestine in search of a permanent retreat, savage enough to satisfy his austere soul. He found it in a cave in one of the wildest gorges in this most desolate of lands, a ravine which opens into the mountains from the brook Kidron. The fame of his zeal and piety attracted thousands to his neighborhood, so that at one time there were almost as many hermits roosting about in the rocks near him as there are inhabitants in the city of Jerusalem now. He was once enabled to lead an army of monks to that city and chastise the Monophysite heretics. His cave in the steep side of a rocky precipice became the nucleus of his convent, which grew around it and attached itself to the face of the rock as best it could. For the convent of Mar Saba is not a building, nor a collection of buildings, so much as it is a group of nests attached to the side of a precipice.

It was a bright Saturday afternoon that a young divinity student and I, taking the volatile Demetrius with us for interpreter, rode out of St. Stephen's gate, into Jehoshaphat, past the gray field of Jewish graves, down through Tophet and the wild ravine of the Kidron.

It is unpleasant to interrupt the prosperous start of a pilgrimage by a trifling incident, but at our

first descent and the slightest tension on the bridles-reins of my horse, they parted from the bit. This accident, which might be serious in other lands, is of the sort that is anticipated here, and I may say assured, by the forethought of the owners of saddle-horses. Upon dismounting with as much haste as dignity, I discovered that the reins had been fastened to the bit by a single rotten string of cotton. Luckily the horse I rode was not an animal to take advantage of the weakness of his toggery. He was a Syrian horse, a light sorrel, and had no one of the good points of a horse except the name and general shape. His walk was slow and reluctant, his trot a high and non-progressive jolt, his gallop a large up-and-down agitation. To his bridle of strings and shreds no martingale was attached; no horse in Syria is subject to that restraint. When I pull the bit he sticks up his nose; when I switch him he kicks. When I hold him in, he won't go; when I let him loose, he goes on his nose. I dismount and look at him with curiosity; I wonder all the journey what his *forte* is, but I never discover. I conclude that he is like the emperor Honorius, whom Gibbon stigmatizes as "without passions, and consequently without talents."

Yet he was not so bad as the roads, and perhaps no horse would do much better on these stony and broken foot-paths. This horse is not a model (for anything but a clothes-horse), but from my observation I think that great injustice has been done to Syrian horses by travelers, who have only them-

selves to blame for accidents which bring the horses into disrepute. Travelers are thrown from these steeds; it is a daily occurrence; we heard continually that somebody had a fall from his horse on his way to the Jordan, or to Mar Saba, or to Nablous, and was laid up, and it was always in consequence of a vicious brute. The fact is that excellent ministers of the gospel and doctors of divinity and students of the same, who have never in their lives been on the back of a horse in any other land, seem to think when they come here that the holy air of Palestine will transform them into accomplished horsemen; or perhaps they are emulous of Elisha, that they may go to heaven by means of a fiery steed.

For a while we had the company of the singing brook Kidron, flowing clear over the stones; then we left the ravine and wound over rocky steeps, which afforded us fine views of broken hills and interlacing ridges, and when we again reached the valley the brook had disappeared in the thirsty ground. The road is strewn, not paved, with stones, and in many places hardly practicable for horses. Occasionally we encountered flocks of goats and of long-wooled sheep feeding on the scant grass of the hills, and tended by boys in the coarse brown and striped garments of the country, which give a state-prison aspect to most of the inhabitants, — but there was no other life, and no trees offer relief to the hard landscape. But the way was now and then bright with flowers, thickly carpeted with scarlet anemones, the Star of Beth-

lehem, and tiny dandelions. Two hours from the city we passed several camps of Bedaween, their brown low camel's-hair tents pitched among the rocks and scarcely distinguishable in the sombre landscape. About the tents were grouped camels and donkeys, and from them issued and pursued us begging boys and girls. A lazy Bedawee appeared here and there with a long gun, and we could imagine that this gloomy region might be unsafe after nightfall; but no danger ever seems possible in such bright sunshine and under a sky so blue and friendly.

When a half hour from the convent, we turned to the right from the road to the Dead Sea, and ascending a steep hill found ourselves riding along the edge of a deep winding gorge; a brook flows at the bottom, and its sides are sheer precipices of rock, generally parallel, but occasionally widening into amphitheatres of the most fantastic rocky formation. It is on one side of this narrow ravine that the convent is built, partly excavated in the rock, partly resting on jutting ledges, and partly hung out in the form of balconies, — buildings clinging to the steep side like a comb of wild bees or wasps to a rock.

Our first note of approach to it was the sight of a square tower and of the roofs of buildings below us. Descending from the road by several short turns, and finally by two steep paved inclines, we came to a lofty wall in which is a small iron door. As we could go no farther without aid from within, Demetrius shouted, and soon we had a response

from a slit in the wall fifty feet above us to the left. We could see no one, but the voice demanded who we were, and whether we had a pass. Above the slit from which the angelic voice proceeded a stone projected, and in this was an opening for letting down or drawing up articles. This habit of caution in regard to who or what shall come into the convent is of course a relic of the gone ages of tumult, but it is still necessary as a safeguard against the wandering Bedaween, who would no doubt find means to plunder the convent of its great wealth of gold, silver, and jewels if they were not at all times rigorously excluded. The convent with its walls and towers is still a fortress strong enough to resist any irregular attempts of the wandering tribes. It is also necessary to strictly guard the convent against women, who in these days of speculation, if not scientific curiosity, often knock impatiently and angrily at its gates, and who, if admitted, would in one gay and chatty hour destroy the spell of holy seclusion which has been unbroken for one thousand three hundred and ninety-two years. I know that sometimes it seems an unjust ordination of Providence that a woman cannot be a man, but I cannot join those who upbraid the monks of Mar Saba for inhospitality because they refuse to admit women under any circumstances into the precincts of the convent; if I do not sympathize with the brothers, I can understand their adhesion to the last shred of man's independence, which is only to be maintained by absolute exclusion of the other sex. It is not neces-



sary to revive the defamation of the early Christian ages, that the devil appeared oftener to the hermit in the form of a beautiful woman than in any other; but we may not regret that there is still one spot on the face of the earth, if it is no bigger than the sod upon which Noah's pioneer dove alighted, in which weak men may be safe from the temptation, the criticism, and the curiosity of the superior being. There is an airy tower on the rocks outside the walls which women may occupy if they cannot restrain their desire to lodge in this neighborhood, or if night overtakes them here on their way from the Dead Sea; there Madame Pfeiffer, Miss Martineau, and other famous travelers of their sex have found refuge, and I am sorry to say abused their proximity to this retreat of shuddering man by estimating the piety of its inmates according to their hospitality to women. So far as I can learn, this convent of Mar Saba is now the only retreat left on this broad earth for MAN; and it seems to me only reasonable that it should be respected by his generous and gentle, though inquisitive foe.

After further parley with Demetrius and a considerable interval, we heard a bell ring, and in a few moments the iron door opened, and we entered, stepping our horses carefully over the stone threshold, and showing our pass from the Jerusalem Patriarch to an attendant, and came into a sort of stable hewn in the rock. Here we abandoned our horses, and were taken in charge by a monk whom the bell had summoned from below.

*Convent of Mar Saba*

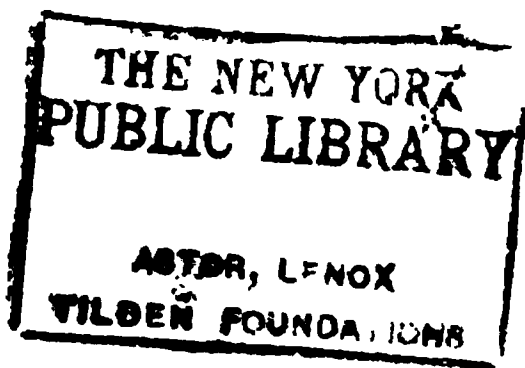


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He conducted us down several long flights of zigzag stairs in the rock, amid hanging buildings and cells, until we came to what appears to be a broad ledge in the precipice, and found ourselves in the central part of this singular hive, that is, in a small court, with cells and rocks on one side and the convent church, which overhangs the precipice, on the other. Beside the church and also at another side of the court are buildings in which pilgrims are lodged, and in the centre of the court is the tomb of St. Sabas himself. Here our passports were examined, and we were assigned a cheerful and airy room looking upon the court and tomb.

One of the brothers soon brought us coffee, and the promptness of this hospitality augured well for the remainder of our fare; relying upon the reputation of the convent for good cheer, we had brought nothing with us, not so much as a biscuit. Judge of our disgust, then, at hearing the following dialogue between Demetrius and the Greek monk.

“What time can the gentlemen dine?”

“Any time they like.”

“What have you for dinner?”

“Nothing.”

“You can give us no dinner?”

“To be sure not. It is fast.”

“But we have n’t a morsel, we shall starve.”

“Perhaps I can find a little bread.”

“Nothing else?”

“We have very good raisins.”

“Well,” we interposed, “kill us a chicken, give

us a few oysters, stewed or broiled, we are not particular." This levity, which was born of desperation, for the jolting ride from Jerusalem had indisposed us to keep a fast, especially a fast established by a church the orthodoxy of whose creed we had strong reasons to doubt, did not affect the monk. He replied, "Chicken! it is impossible." We shrunk our requisition to eggs.

"If I can find an egg, I will see." And the brother departed, with *carte blanche* from us to squeeze his entire establishment.

Alas, fasting is not in Mar Saba what it is in New England, where an appointed fast-day is hailed as an opportunity to forego lunch in order to have an extraordinary appetite for a better dinner than usual!

The tomb of St. Sabas, the central worship of this hive, is a little plastered hut in the middle of the court; the interior is decorated with pictures in the Byzantine style, and a lamp is always burning there. As we stood at the tomb we heard voices chanting, and, turning towards the rock, we saw a door from which the sound came. Pushing it open, we were admitted into a large chapel, excavated in the rock. The service of vespers was in progress, and a band of Russian pilgrims were chanting in rich bass voices, producing more melody than I had ever heard in a Greek church. The excavation extends some distance into the hill; we were shown the cells of St. John of Damascus and other hermits, and at the end a charnel-house piled full of the bones of men. In the dim light

their skulls grinned at us in a horrid familiarity; in that ghastly jocularity which a skull always puts on, with a kind of mocking commentary upon the strong chant of the pilgrims, which reverberated in all the recesses of the gloomy cave, — fresh, hearty voices, such as these skulls have heard (if they can hear) for many centuries. The pilgrims come, and chant, and depart, generation after generation; the bones and skulls of the fourteen thousand martyrs in this charnel-bin enjoy a sort of repulsive immortality. The monk, who was our guide, appeared to care no more for the remains of the martyrs than for the presence of the pilgrims. In visiting such storehouses one cannot but be struck by the light familiarity with the relics and insignia of death which the monks have acquired.

This St. John of Damascus, whose remains repose here, was a fiery character in his day, and favored by a special miracle before he became a saint. He so distinguished himself by his invectives against Leo and Constantine and other iconoclast emperors at Constantinople who, in the eighth century, attempted to extirpate image-worship from the Catholic Church, that he was sentenced to lose his right hand. The story is that it was instantly restored by the Virgin Mary. It is worthy of note that the superstitious Orient more readily gave up idolatry or image-worship under the Moslems than under the Christians.

As the sun was setting we left the pilgrims chanting to the martyrs, and hastened to explore the premises a little, before the light should fade.



We followed our guide up stairs and down stairs, sometimes cut in the stone, sometimes wooden stairways, along hanging galleries, through corridors hewn in the rock, amid cells and little chapels, — a most intricate labyrinth, in which the uninitiated would soon lose his way. Here and there we came suddenly upon a little garden spot as big as a bed-blanket, a ledge upon which soil had been deposited. We walked also under grape-trellises, we saw orange-trees, and the single palm-tree that the convent boasts, said to have been planted by St. Sabas himself. The plan of this establishment gradually developed itself to us. It differs from an ordinary convent chiefly in this, — the latter is spread out flat on the earth, Mar Saba is set up edgewise. Put Mar Saba on a plain, and these little garden spots and graperies would be courts and squares amid buildings, these galleries would be bridges, these cells or horizontal caves would be perpendicular tombs and reservoirs.

When we arrived, we supposed that we were almost the only guests. But we found that the place was full of Greek and Russian pilgrims; we encountered them on the terraces, on the flat roofs, in the caves, and in all out-of-the-way nooks. Yet these were not the most pleasing nor the most animated tenants of the place; wherever we went the old rookery was made cheerful by the twittering notes of black birds with yellow wings, a species of grackle, which the monks have domesticated, and which breed in great numbers. Steeled as these

good brothers are against the other sex, we were glad to discover this streak of softness in their nature. High up on the precipice there is a bell-tower attached to a little chapel, and in it hang twenty small bells, which are rung to call the inmates to prayer. Even at this height, and indeed wherever we penetrated, we were followed by the monotonous chant which issued from the charnel-house.

We passed by a long row of cells occupied by the monks, but were not permitted to look into them; nor were we allowed to see the library, which is said to be rich in illuminated manuscripts. The convent belongs to the Greek Church; its monks take the usual vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and fortify themselves in their holiness by opposing walls of adamant to all woman-kind. There are about fifty monks here at present, and uncommonly fine-looking fellows, — not at all the gross and greasy sort of monk that is sometimes met. Their outward dress is very neat, consisting of a simple black gown and a round, high, flat-topped black cap.

Our dinner, when it was brought into our apartment, answered very well one's idea of a dessert, but it was a very good Oriental dinner. The chief articles were a piece of hard black bread, and two boiled eggs, cold, and probably brought by some pilgrim from Jerusalem; but besides, there were raisins, cheese, figs, oranges, a bottle of golden wine, and tea. The wine was worthy to be celebrated in classic verse; none so good is, I am sure,

made elsewhere in Syria; it was liquid sunshine; and as it was manufactured by the monks, it gave us a new respect for their fastidious taste.

The vaulted chamber which we occupied was furnished on three sides with a low divan, which answered the double purpose of chairs and couch. On one side, however, and elevated in the wall, was a long niche, exactly like the recessed tombs in cathedrals, upon which, toes turned up, lie the bronze or wooden figures of the occupants. This was the bed of honor. It was furnished with a mattress and a thick counterpane having one sheet sewed to it. With reluctance I accepted the distinction of climbing into it, and there I slept, laid out, for all the world, like my own effigy. From the ceiling hung a dim oil-lamp, which cast a gloom rather than a light upon our sepulchral place of repose. Our windows looked out towards the west, upon the court, upon the stairs, upon the terraces, roofs, holes, caves, grottos, wooden balconies, bird-cages, steps entering the rock and leading to cells; and, towards the south, along the jagged precipice. The convent occupies the precipice from the top nearly to the bottom of the ravine; the precipice opposite is nearly perpendicular, close at hand, and permits no view in that direction. Heaven is the only object in sight from this retreat.

Before the twilight fell the chanting was still going on in the cavern, monks and pilgrims were gliding about the court, and numbers of the latter were clustered in the vestibule of the church, in

which they were settling down to lodge for the night; and high above us I saw three gaudily attired Bedaween, who had accompanied some travelers from the Dead Sea, leaning over the balustrade of the stairs, and regarding the scene with Moslem complacency. The hive settled slowly to rest.

But the place was by no means still at night. There was in the court an old pilgrim who had brought a cough from the heart of Russia, who seemed to be trying to cough himself inside out. There were other noises that could not be explained. There was a good deal of clattering about in wooden shoes. Every sound was multiplied and reduplicated from the echoing rocks. The strangeness of the situation did not conduce to sleep, not even to an effigy-like repose; but after looking from the window upon the march of the quiet stars, after watching the new moon disappear between the roofs, and after seeing that the door of St. Sabas's tomb was closed, although his light was still burning, I turned in; and after a time, during which I was conscious that not even vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience are respected by fleas, I fell into a light sleep.

From this I was aroused by a noise that seemed like the call to judgment, by the most clamorous jangle of discordant bells, — all the twenty were ringing at once, and each in a different key. It was not simply a din, it was an earthquake of sound. The peals were echoed from the opposite ledges, and reverberated among the rocks and caves and sharp angles of the convent, until the

and leggins, swarthy bandits and midnight pirates in appearance. But it tends to make anybody look like a pirate to wake him up at twelve o'clock at night, and haul him into the light with no time to comb his hair. I dare say that I may have appeared to these honest people like a Western land-pirate. And yet I should rather meet some of those Greeks in a lighted church than outside the walls at midnight.

Each pilgrim knelt and bowed himself, then lighted his taper and placed it on one of the tripods before the screen. In time the church was very fairly illuminated, and nearly filled with standing worshipers, bowing, crossing themselves, and responding to the reading and chanting in low murmurs. The chanting was a very nasal intoning, usually slow, but now and then breaking into a lively gallop. The assemblage, quiet and respectful, but clad in all the vagaries of Oriental colors and rags, contained some faces that appeared very wild in the half light. When the service had gone on half an hour, a priest came out with a tinkling censer and incensed carefully every nook and corner and person (even the vestibule, where some of the pilgrims slept, which needed it), until the church was filled with smoke and perfume. The performance went on for an hour or more, but I crept back to bed long before it was over, and fell to sleep on the drone of the intoning.

We were up before sunrise on Sunday morning. The pilgrims were already leaving for Jerusalem. There was no trace of the last night's revelry;

everything was commonplace in the bright daylight. We were served with coffee, and then finished our exploration of the premises.

That which we had postponed as the most interesting sight was the cell of St. Sabas. It is a natural grotto in the rock, somewhat enlarged either by the saint or by his successors. When St. Sabas first came to this spot, he found a lion in possession. It was not the worst kind of a lion, but a sort of Judæan lion, one of those meek beasts over whom the ancient hermits had so much control. St. Sabas looked at the cave and at the lion, but the cave suited him better than the lion. The lion looked at the saint, and evidently knew what was passing in his mind. For the lions in those days were nearly as intelligent as anybody else. And then St. Sabas told the lion to go away, that he wanted that lodging for himself. And the lion, without a growl, put his tail down, and immediately went away. There is a picture of this interview still preserved at the convent, and any one can see that it is probable that such a lion as the artist has represented would move on when requested to do so.

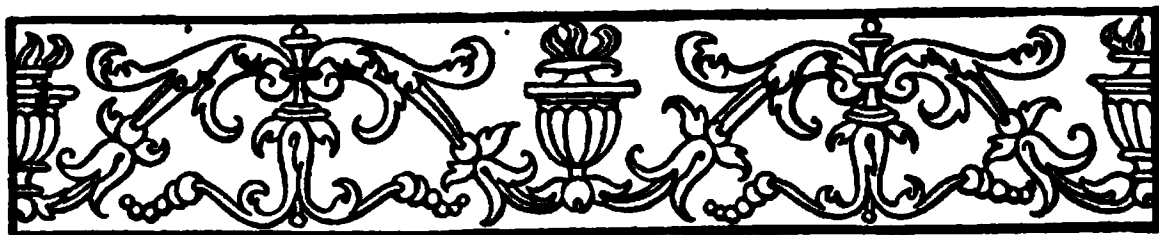
In the cave is a little recess, the entrance to which is a small hole, a recess just large enough to accommodate a person in a sitting posture. In this place St. Sabas sat for seven years, without once coming out. That was before the present walls were built in front of the grotto, and he had some light, — he sat seven years on that hard stone, as long as the present French Assembly in-

tends to sit. It was with him also a provisional sitting, in fact, a Septennate.

In the court-yard, as we were departing, were displayed articles to sell to the pious pilgrims: canes from the Jordan; crosses painted, and inlaid with cedar or olive wood, or some sort of Jordan timber; rude paintings of the sign-board order done by the monks, St. George and the Dragon being the favorite subject; hyperbolical pictures of the convent and the saint, stamped in black upon cotton cloth; and holy olive-oil in tin cans.

Perhaps the most taking article of merchandise offered was dates from the palm-tree that St. Sabas planted. These dates have no seeds. There was something appropriate about this; childless monks, seedless dates. One could understand that. But these dates were bought by the pilgrims to carry to their wives who desire but have not sons. By what reasoning the monks have convinced them that fruitless dates will be a cause of fruitfulness, I do not know.

We paid our tribute, climbed up the stairways and out the grim gate into the highway, and had a glorious ride in the fresh morning air, the way enlivened by wild-flowers, blue sky, Bedaween, and troops of returning pilgrims, and finally ennobled by the sight of Jerusalem itself, conspicuous on its hill.



## VII

### THE FAIR OF MOSES ; THE ARMENIAN PATRIARCH



HE Moslems believe that their religion superseded Judaism and Christianity, — Mohammed closing the culminating series of six great prophets, Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, Mohammed, — and that they have a right to administer on the effects of both. They appropriate our sacred history and embellish it without the least scruple, assume exclusive right to our sacred places, and enroll in their own calendar all our notable heroes and saints.

On the 16th of April was inaugurated in Jerusalem the *fête* and fair of the Prophet Moses. The fair is held yearly at Neby Mûsa, a Moslem wely, in the wilderness of Judæa, some three or four hours from Jerusalem on a direct line to the Dead Sea. There Moses, according to the Moslem tradition, was buried, and thither the faithful resort in great crowds at this anniversary, and hold a four days' fair.

At midnight the air was humming with preparations; the whole city buzzed like a hive about to



swarm. For many days pilgrims had been gathering for this festival, coming in on all the mountain roads, from Gath and Askalon, from Hebron, from Nablous and Jaffa, — pilgrims as zealous and as ragged as those that gather to the Holy Sepulchre and on the banks of the Jordan. In the early morning we heard the pounding of drums, the clash of cymbals, the squeaking of fifes, and an occasional gun, let off as it were by accident, — very much like the dawn of a Fourth of July at home. Processions were straggling about the streets, apparently lost, like ward-delegations in search of the beginning of St. Patrick's Day; a disorderly scramble of rags and color, a rabble hustling along without step or order, preceded usually by half a dozen enormous flags, green, red, yellow, and blue, embroidered with various devices and texts from the Koran, which hung lifeless on their staves, but grouped in mass made as lively a study of color as a bevy of sails of the Chioggia fishing-boats flocking into the port of Venice at sunrise. Before the banners walked the musicians, filling the narrow streets with a fearful uproar of rude drums and cymbals. These people seem to have inherited the musical talent of the ancient Jews, and to have the same passion for noise and discord.

As the procession would not move to the Tomb of Moses until afternoon, we devoted the morning to a visit to the Armenian Patriarch. Isaac, archbishop, and by the grace of God Patriarch of the Armenians of Jerusalem, occupant of the holy apostolic seat of St. James (the Armenian convent

stands upon the traditional site of the martyrdom of St. James), claims to be the spiritual head of five millions of Armenians, in Turkey, Syria, Palestine, India, and Persia. By firman from the Sultan, the Copts and the Syrian and the Abyssinian Christians are in some sort under his jurisdiction, but the authority is merely nominal.

The reception-room of the convent is a handsome hall (for Jerusalem), extending over an archway of the street below and looking upon a garden. The walls are hung with engravings and lithographs, most of them portraits of contemporary sovereigns and princes of Europe, in whose august company the Patriarch seems to like to sun himself. We had not to wait long before he appeared and gave us a courteous and simple welcome. As soon as he learned that we were Americans, he said that he had something that he thought would interest us, and going to his table took out of the drawer an old number of an American periodical containing a portrait of an American publisher, which he set great store by. We congratulated him upon his possession of this treasure, and expressed our passionate fondness for this sort of thing, for we soon discovered the delight the Patriarch took in pictures and especially in portraits, and not least in photographs of himself in the full regalia of his sacred office. And with reason, for he is probably the handsomest potentate in the world. He is a tall, finely proportioned man of fifty years, and his deportment exhibits that happy courtesy which is born of the love of approbation and a kindly

opinion of self. He was clad in the black cloak with the pointed hood of the convent, which made a fine contrast to his long, full beard, turning white; his complexion is fair, white and red, and his eyes are remarkably pleasant and benignant.

The languages at the command of the Patriarch are two, the Armenian and the Turkish, and we were obliged to communicate with him through the medium of the latter, Abd-el-Atti acting as interpreter. How much Turkish our dragoman knew, and how familiar his holiness is with it, we could not tell, but the conversation went on briskly, as it always does when Abd-el-Atti has control of it. When we had exhausted what the Patriarch knew about America and what we knew about Armenia, which did not take long (it was astonishing how few things in all this world of things we knew in common), we directed the conversation upon what we supposed would be congenial and common ground, the dogma of the Trinity and the point of difference between the Armenian and the Latin Church. I cannot say that we acquired much light on the subject, though probably we did better than disputants usually do on this topic. We had some signal advantages. The questions and answers, strained through the Turkish language, were robbed of all salient and noxious points, and solved themselves without difficulty. Thus, the "*Filioque* clause" offered no subtle distinctions to the Moslem mind of Abd-el-Atti, and he presented it to the Patriarch, I have no doubt, with perfect clarity. At any rate, the reply was satisfactory: —

“His excellency, he much oblige, and him say he t’ink so.”

The elucidation of this point was rendered the easier, probably, by the fact that neither Abd-el-Atti nor the Patriarch nor ourselves knew much about it. When I told his highness (if, through Abd-el-Atti, I did tell him) that the great Armenian convent at Venice, which holds with the Pope, accepts the Latin construction of the clause, he seemed never to have heard of the great Armenian convent at Venice. At this point of the conversation we thought it wise to finish the subject by the trite remark that we believed a man’s life was after all more important than his creed.

“So am I,” responded the dragoman, and the Patriarch seemed to be of like mind.

A new turn was given to our interview by the arrival of refreshments, a succession of sweetmeats, cordials, candies, and coffee. The sweetmeats first served were a delicate preserve of plums. This was handed around in a jar, from which each guest dipped a spoonful, and swallowed it, drinking from a glass of water immediately, — exactly as we used to take medicine in childhood. The preserve was taken away when each person had tasted it, and shortly a delicious orange cordial was brought, and handed around with candy. Coffee followed. The Patriarch then led the way about his palace, and with some pride showed us the gold and silver insignia of his office and his rich vestments. On the wall of his study hung a curious map of the world, printed at Amsterdam in 1692, in Arme-

nian characters. He was so kind also as to give us his photograph, enriched with his unreadable autograph, and a book printed at the convent, entitled *Deux Ans de Séjour en Abyssinie*; and we had the pleasure of seeing also the heroes and the author of the book, — two Armenian monks, who undertook, on an English suggestion, a mission to King Theodore, to intercede for the release of the English prisoners held by the tyrant of that land. They were detained by its treacherous and barbarous chiefs, robbed by people and priests alike, never reached the headquarters of the king, and were released only after two years of miserable captivity and suffering. This book is a faithful record of their journey, and contains a complete description of the religion and customs of the Abyssinians, set down with the candor and verbal nakedness of Herodotus. Whatever Christianity the Abyssinians may once have had, their religion now is an odd mixture of Judaism, fetichism, and Christian dogmas, and their morals a perfect reproduction of those in vogue just before the flood; there is no vice or disease of barbarism or of civilization that is not with them of universal acceptance. And the priest Timotheus, the writer of this narrative, gave the Abyssinians abiding in Jerusalem a character no better than that of their countrymen at home.

The Patriarch, with many expressions of civility, gave us into the charge of a monk, who showed us all the parts of the convent we had not seen on a previous visit. The convent is not only a wealthy

and clean, but also an enlightened establishment. Within its precincts are nuns as well as monks, and good schools are maintained for children of both sexes. The school-house, with its commodious apartments, was not unlike one of our buildings for graded schools; in the rooms we saw many cases of antiquities and curiosities from various countries, and specimens of minerals. A map which hung on the wall, and was only one hundred years old, showed the Red Sea flowing into the Dead Sea, and the river Jordan emptying into the Mediterranean. Perhaps the scholars learn ancient geography only.

At twelve the Moslems said prayers in the Mosque of Omar, and at one o'clock the procession was ready to move out of St. Stephen's Gate. We rode around to that entrance. The spectacle spread before us was marvelous. All the gray and ragged slopes and ravines were gay with color and lively with movement. The city walls on the side overlooking the Valley of Jehoshaphat were covered with masses of people, clinging to them like bees; so the defenses may have appeared to Titus when he ordered the assault from the opposite hill. The sunken road leading from St. Stephen's Gate, down which the procession was to pass, was lined with spectators, seated in ranks on ranks on the stony slopes. These were mostly women, — this being one of the few days upon which the Moslem women may freely come abroad, — clad in pure white, and with white veils drawn about their heads. These clouds of white robes were relieved

here and there by flaming spots of color, for the children and slaves accompanied the women, and their dress added blue and red and yellow to the picture. Men also mingled in the throng, displaying turbans of blue and black and green and white. One could not say that any color or nationality was wanting in the spectacle. Sprinkled in groups all over the hillside, in the Moslem cemetery and beneath it, were like groups of color, and streaks of it marked the descent of every winding path. The Prince of Oldenburg, the only foreign dignitary present, had his tents pitched upon a knoll outside the gate, and other tents dotted the roadside and the hill.

Crowds of people thronged both sides of the road to the Mount of Olives and to Gethsemane, spreading themselves in the valley and extending away up the road of the Triumphal Entry; everywhere were the most brilliant effects of white, red, yellow, gray, green, black, and striped raiment: no matter what these Orientals put on, it becomes picturesque, — old coffee-bags, old rags and carpets, anything. There could not be a finer place for a display than these two opposing hillsides, the narrow valley, and the winding roads, which increased the apparent length of the procession and set it off to the best advantage. We were glad of the opportunity to see this ancient valley of bones revived in a manner to recall the pageants and shows of centuries ago, and as we rode down the sunken road in advance of the procession, we imagined how we might have felt if we had been mounted on horses

or elephants instead of donkeys, and if we had been conquerors leading a triumph, and these people on either hand had been cheering us instead of jeering us. Turkish soldiers, stationed every thirty paces, kept the road clear for the expected cavalcade. In order to see it and the spectators to the best advantage, we took position on the opposite side of the valley and below the road around the Mount of Olives.

The procession was a good illustration of the shallow splendor of the Orient; it had no order, no uniformity, no organization; it dragged itself along at the whim of its separate squads. First came a guard of soldiers, then a little huddle of men of all sorts of colors and apparel, bearing several flags, among them the green Flag of Moses; after an interval another squad, bearing large and gorgeous flags, preceded by musicians beating drums and cymbals. In front of the drums danced, or rather hitched forward with stately steps, two shabby fellows, throwing their bodies from side to side and casting their arms about, clashing cymbals and smirking with infinite conceit. At long intervals came other like bands, with flags and music, in such disorder as scarcely to be told from the spectators, except that they bore guns and pistols, which they continually fired into the air and close over the heads of the crowd, with a reckless profusion of powder and the most murderous appearance. To these followed mounted soldiers in white, with a Turkish band of music, — worse than any military band in Italy; and after this the

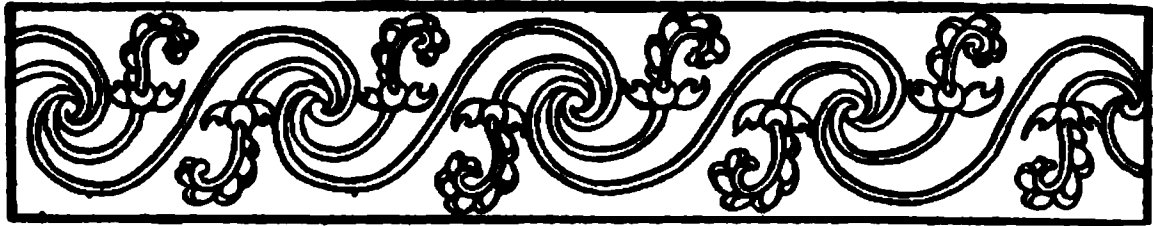


pasha, the governor of the city, a number of civil and military dignitaries and one or two high ulemas, and a green-clad representative of the Prophet, — a beggar on horseback, — on fiery horses which curveted about in the crowd, excited by the guns, the music, and the discharge of a cannon now and then, which was stationed at the gate of St. Stephen. Among the insignia displayed were two tall instruments of brass, which twirled and glittered in the sun, not like the golden candlestick of the Jews, nor the "host" of the Catholics, nor the sistrum of the ancient Egyptians, but, perhaps, as Moslemism is a reminiscence of all religions, a caricature of all three.

The crush in the narrow road round the hill and the grouping of all the gorgeous banners there produced a momentary fine effect; but generally, save for the spectators, the display was cheap and childish. Only once did we see either soldiers or civilians marching in order; there were five fellows in line carrying Nubian spears, and also five sappers and miners in line, wearing leathern aprons and bearing theatrical battle-axes. As to the arms, we could discover no two guns of the same pattern in all the multitude of guns; like most things in the East, the demonstration was one of show, color, and noise, not to be examined too closely, but to be taken with faith, as we eat dates. A company of Sheridan's cavalry would have scattered the entire army.

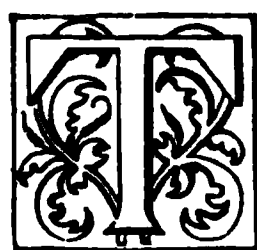
The procession, having halted on the brow of the hill, countermarched and returned; but the

Flag of Moses and its guard went on to the camp, at his tomb, there to await the arrival of the pilgrims on the Monday following. And the most gorgeous Moslem demonstration of the year was over.



## VIII

### DEPARTURE FROM JERUSALEM



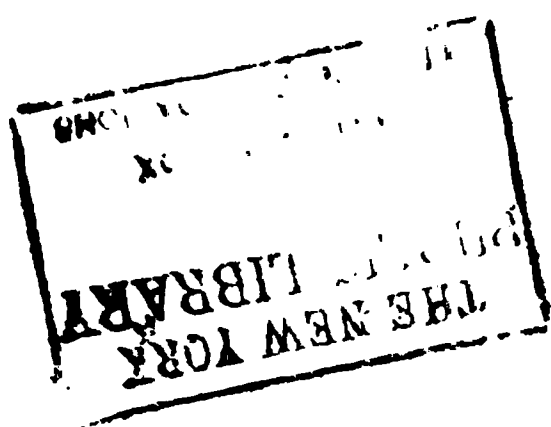
THE day came to leave Jerusalem. Circumstances rendered it impossible for us to make the overland trip to Damascus or even to Haifa. Our regret that we should not see Bethel, Shechem, Samaria, Nazareth, and the Sea of Galilee was somewhat lessened by the thought that we knew the general character of the country and the villages, by what we had already seen, and that experience had taught us the inevitable disenchantment of seeing the historical and the sacred places of Judæa. It is not that one visits a desert and a heap of ruins, — that would be endurable and even stimulating to the imagination; but every locality which is dear to the reader by some divine visitation, or wonderful by some achievement of hero or prophet, is degraded by the presence of sordid habitations, and a mixed, vicious, and unsavory population, or incrustated with the most puerile superstitions, so that the traveler is fain to content himself with a general view of the unchanged features of the country. It must be with a certain feeling of humiliation that at Nazareth, for in-

*Nazareth*



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stance, the object of his pilgrimage is belittled to the inspection of such inventions as the spot upon which the Virgin stood when she received the annunciation, and the carpenter-shop in which Joseph worked.

At any rate, we let such thoughts predominate, when we were obliged to relinquish the overland journey. And whatever we missed, I flatter myself that the readers of these desultory sketches will lose nothing. I should have indulged a certain curiosity in riding over a country as rich in memories as it is poor in aspect, but I should have been able to add nothing to the minute descriptions and vivid pictures with which the Christian world is familiar; and, if the reader will excuse an additional personal remark, I have not had the presumption to attempt a description of Palestine and Syria (which the volumes of Robinson and Thompson and Porter have abundantly given), but only to make a record of limited travel and observation. What I most regretted was that we could not see the green and fertile plain of Esdraelon, the flower-spangled meadow of Jezreel, and the forests of Tabor and Carmel, — seats of beauty and of verdure, and which, with the plain of Sharon, might serve to mitigate the picture of grim desolation which the tourist carries away from the Holy Land.

Finally, it was with a feeling akin to regret that we looked our last upon gray and melancholy Jerusalem. We had grown a little familiar with its few objects of past or present grandeur, the Sara-



cenic walls and towers, the Temple platform and its resplendent mosque, the agglomeration called the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the ruins of the palace and hospice of the Knights of St. John, the massive convents and hospices of various nations and sects that rise amid the indistinguishable huddle of wretched habitations, threaded by filthy streets and noisome gutters. And yet we confessed to the inevitable fascination which is always exercised upon the mind by antiquity; the mysterious attraction of association; the undefinable influence in decay and desolation which holds while it repels; the empire, one might say the tyranny, over the imagination and the will which an ancient city asserts, as if by force of an immortal personality, compelling first curiosity, then endurance, then sympathy, and finally love. Jerusalem has neither the art, the climate, the antiquities, nor the society which draw the world and hold it captive in Rome, but its associations enable it to exercise, in a degree, the same attraction. Its attraction is in its historic spell and name, and in spite of the modern city.

Jerusalem, in fact, is incrustated with layer upon layer of inventions, the product of credulity, cunning, and superstition; a monstrous growth, always enlarging, so that already the simple facts of history are buried almost beyond recognition beneath this mass of rubbish. Perhaps it would have been better for the growth of Christianity in the world if Jerusalem had been abandoned, had become like Carthage and Memphis and Tadmor in the wilder-

ness, and the modern pilgrim were free to choose his seat upon a fallen wall or mossy rock, and reconstruct for himself the pageant of the past, and recall that Living Presence, undisturbed by the impertinences which belittle the name of religion. It has always been held well that the place of the burial of Moses was unknown. It would perhaps have conduced to the purity of the Christian faith if no attempt had ever been made to break through the obscurity which rests upon the place of the sepulchre of Christ. Invention has grown upon invention, and we have the Jerusalem of to-day as a result of the exaggerated importance attached to the localization of the Divine manifestation. Whatever interest Jerusalem has for the antiquarian, or for the devout mind, it is undeniable that one must seek in other lands and among other peoples for the robust virtue, the hatred of shams and useless forms, the sweet charity, the invigorating principles, the high thinking, and the simple worship inculcated by the Founder of Christianity.

The horses were ready. Jerusalem had just begun to stir; an itinerant vender of coffee had set up his tray on the street, and was lustily calling to catch the attention of the early workmen, or the vagrants who pick themselves up from the doorsteps at dawn and begin to reconnoitre for the necessary and cheap taste of coffee, with which the Oriental day opens; the sky was overcast, and a drop or two of rain fell as we were getting into the saddle, but "It is nothing," said the stirrup-

holder, "it goes to be a beautiful time;" and so it proved.

Scarcely were we outside the city when it cleared superbly, and we set forward on our long ride of thirty-six miles, to the sea-coast, in high spirits. We turned to catch the first sunlight upon the gray Tower of David, and then went gayly on over the cool free hills, inhaling the sparkling air and the perfume of wild-flowers, and exchanging greetings with the pilgrims, Moslem and Christian, who must have broken up their camps in the hills at the earliest light. There are all varieties of nationality and costume, and many of the peaceful pilgrims are armed as if going to a military rendezvous; perhaps our cavalcade, which is also an assorted one of horses, donkeys, and mules, is as amusing as any we meet. I am certain that the horse that one of the ladies rides is unique, a mere framework of bones which rattle as he agitates himself; a rear view of the animal, and his twisting and interlacing legs, when he moves briskly, suggest a Chinese puzzle.

We halted at the outlet of Wady 'Aly, where there is an inn, which has the appearance of a Den of Thieves, and took our lunch upon some giant rocks under a fig-tree, the fruit of which was already half grown. Here I discovered another black calla, and borrowed a pick of the landlord to endeavor to dig up its bulb. But it was impossible to extract it from the rocks, and when I returned the tool, the owner demanded pay for the use of it; I told him that if he would come to

America, I would lend him a pick, and let him dig all day in the garden, — a liberality which he was unable to comprehend.

By four o'clock we were at Ramleh, and turned aside to inspect the so-called Saracen tower; it stands upon one side of a large inclosure of walls and arches, an extensive ruin; under ground are vaulted constructions apparently extending as far as the ruins above, reminding one of the remains of the hospice of St. John at Jerusalem. In its form and treatment and feeling this noble tower is Gothic, and, taking it in connection with the remains about it, I should have said it was of Christian construction, in spite of the Arabic inscription over one of the doorways, which might have been added when the Saracens took possession of it; but I believe that antiquarians have decided that the tower was erected by Moslems. These are the most "rural" ruins we had seen in the East; they are time-stained and weather-colored, like the remains of an English abbey, and stand in the midst of a green and most lovely country; no sand, no nakedness, no beggars. Grass fills all the inclosure, and grain-fields press close about it. No view could be more enchanting than that of the tower and the rolling plain at that hour: the bloom on the wheat-fields, flecked with flaming poppies; the silver of the olive groves; the beds of scarlet anemones and yellow buttercups, blotching the meadows with brilliant colors like a picture of Turner; the soft gray hills of Judæa; the steeples and minarets of the city. All Ramleh is


built on and amid ruins, half-covered arches and vaults.

Twilight came upon us while we were yet in the interminable plain, but Jaffa announced itself by its orange-blossoms long before we entered its straggling suburbs; indeed, when we were three miles away, the odor of its gardens, weighted by the night-air, was too heavy to be agreeable. At a distance this odor was more perceptible than in the town itself; but next day, in the full heat of the sun, we found it so overpowering as to give a tendency to headache.



## IX

### ALONG THE SYRIAN COAST

UR only business in Jaffa being to get away from it, we impatiently expected the arrival of the Austrian Lloyd steamer for Beyrout, the *Venus*, a fickle and unsteady craft, as its name implies. In the afternoon we got on board, taking note as we left the land of the great stones that jut out into the sea, "where the chains with which Andromeda was bound have left their footsteps, which attest [says Josephus] the antiquity of that fable." The *Venus*, which should have departed at three o'clock, lay rolling about amid the tossing and bobbing and crushing crowd of boats and barges till late in the evening, taking in boxes of oranges and bags of barley, by the slow process of hoisting up one or two at a time. The ship was lightly loaded with freight, but overrun with third-class passengers, returning pilgrims from Mecca and from Jerusalem (whom the waters of the Jordan seemed not to have benefited), who invaded every part of deck, cabin, and hold, and spreading their beds under the windows of the cabins of the first-class passengers, reduced the whole company to a common

disgust. The light load caused the vessel to roll a little, and there was nothing agreeable in the situation.

The next morning we were in the harbor of Haifa, under the shadow of Mt. Carmel, and rose early to read about Elijah, and to bring as near to us as we could with an opera-glass the convent and the scene of Elijah's victory over the priests of Baal. The noble convent we saw, and the brow of Carmel, which the prophet ascended to pray for rain; but the place of the miraculous sacrifice is on the other side, in view of the plain of Esdrael, and so is the plain by the river Kishon where Elijah slew the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal, whom he had already mocked and defeated. The grotto of Elijah is shown in the hill, and the monks who inhabit the convent regard themselves as the successors of an unbroken succession of holy occupants since the days of the great prophet. Their sumptuous quarters would no doubt excite the indignation of Elijah and Elisha, who would not properly discriminate between the modern reign of Mammon and the ancient rule of Baal. Haifa itself is only a huddle of houses on the beach. Ten miles across the curving bay we saw the battlements of Akka, on its triangle of land jutting into the sea, above the mouth of Kishon, out of the fertile and world-renowned plain. We see it more distinctly as we pass; and if we were to land we should see little more, for few fragments remain to attest its many masters and strange vicissitudes. A prosperous seat of the Phœnicians, it offered

hospitality to the fat-loving tribe of Asher; it was a Greek city of wealth and consequence; it was considered the key of Palestine during the Crusades, and the headquarters of the Templars and the Knights of St. John; and in more modern times it had the credit of giving the checkmate to the feeble imitation of Alexander in the East attempted by Napoleon I.

The day was cloudy and a little cool, and not unpleasant; but there existed all day a ground-swell which is full of all nastiness, and a short sea which aggravated the ground-swell; and although we sailed by the Lebanon mountains and along an historic coast, bristling with suggestions, and with little but suggestions, of an heroic past, by Akka and Tyre and Sidon, we were mostly indifferent to it all. The Mediterranean, on occasion, takes away one's appetite even for ruins and ancient history.

We can distinguish, as we sail by it, the mean modern town which wears still the royal purple name of Tyre, and the peninsula, formerly the island, upon which the old town stood and which gave it its name. The Arabs still call it Tsur or Sur, "the rock," and the ancients fancied that this island of rock had the form of a ship and was typical of the maritime pursuits of its people. Some have thought it more like the cradle of commerce which Tyre is sometimes, though erroneously, said to be; for she was only the daughter of Sidon, and did but inherit from her mother the secret of the mastery of the seas. There were two cities of



Tyre, — the one on the island, and another on the shore. Tyre is not an old city in the Eastern reckoning, the date of its foundation as a great power only rising to about 1200 B. C., about the time of the Trojan war, and after the fall of Sidon, although there was a city there a couple of centuries earlier, when Joshua and his followers conquered the hill-countries of Palestine; it could never in its days of greatness have been large, probably containing not more than 30,000 to 40,000 inhabitants, but its reputation was disproportionate to its magnitude; Joshua calls it the “strong city Tyre,” and it had the entire respect of Jerusalem in the most haughty days of the latter. Tyre seems to have been included in the “inheritance” allotted to Asher, but that luxurious son of Jacob yielded to the Phœnicians and not they to him; indeed, the parceling of territory to the Israelitish tribes, on condition that they would conquer it, recalls the liberal dying bequest made by a tender Virginian to his son, of one hundred thousand dollars if he could make it. The sea-coast portion of the Canaanites, or the Phœnicians, was never subdued by the Jews; it preserved a fortunate independence, in order that, under the Providence that protected the Phœnicians, after having given the world “letters” and the first impulse of all the permanent civilization that written language implies, they could still bless it by teaching it commerce, and that wide exchange of products which is a practical brotherhood of man. The world was spared the calamity of the descent

of the tribes of Israel upon the Phœnician cities of the coast, and art was permitted to grow with industry; unfortunately the tribes who formed the kingdom of Israel were capable of imitating only the idolatrous worship and the sensuality of their more polished neighbors. Such an ascendancy did Tyre obtain in Jewish affairs through the princess Jezebel and the reception of the priests of Baal, that for many years both Samaria and Jerusalem might almost be called dependencies of the city of the god, "the lord Melkarth, Baal of Tyre."

The arts of the Phœnicians the Jews were not apt to learn; the beautiful bronze-work of their temples was executed by Tyrians, and their curious work in wood also; the secret of the famous purple dye of the royal stuffs which the Jews coveted was known only to the Tyrians, who extracted from a sea-mussel this dark red violet; when the Jews built, Tyrian workmen were necessary; when Solomon undertook his commercial ventures into the far Orient, it was Tyrians who built his ships at Ezion-geber, and it was Tyrian sailors who manned them; the Phœnicians carried the manufacture of glass to a perfection unknown to the ancient Egyptians, producing that beautiful ware the art of which was revived by the Venetians in the sixteenth century; the Jews did not learn from the Phœnicians, but the Greeks did, how to make that graceful pottery and to paint the vases which are the despair of modern imitators; the Tyrian mariners, following the Sidonian, supplied the Mediterranean countries, including Egypt, with

tin for the manufacture of bronze, by adventurous voyages as far as Britain, and no people ever excelled them in the working of bronze, as none in their time equaled them in the carving of ivory, the engraving of precious metals, and the cutting and setting of jewels.

Unfortunately, scarcely anything remains of the abundant literature of the Phoenicians, — for the Canaanites were a literary people before the invasion of Joshua; their language was Semitic, and almost identical with the Hebrew, although they were descendants of Ham; not only their light literature, but their historical records have disappeared, and we have small knowledge of their kings or their great men. The one we are most familiar with is the shrewd and liberal Hiram (I cannot tell why he always reminds me of General Grant), who exchanged riddles with Solomon, and shared with the mountain king the profits of his maritime skill and experience. Hiram's tomb is still pointed out to the curious, at Tyre; and the mutations of religions and the freaks of fortune are illustrated by the chance that has grouped so closely together the graves of Hiram, of Frederick Barbarossa, and of Origen.

Late in the afternoon we came in sight of Sidon, that ancient city which the hand-book infers was famous at the time of the appearance of Joshua, since that skillful captain speaks of it as "Great Zidon." Famous it doubtless had been long before his arrival, but the epithet "great" merely distinguished the two cities; for Sidon was divided

like Tyre, "Great Sidon" being on the shore and "Little Sidon" at some distance inland. Tradition says it was built by Sidon, the great-grandson of Noah; but however this may be, it is doubtless the oldest Phœnician city except Gebel, which is on the coast north of Beyrout. It is now for the antiquarian little more than a necropolis, and a heap of stones, on which fishermen dry their nets, although some nine to ten thousand people occupy its squalid houses. What we see of it is the ridge of rocks forming the shallow harbor, and the picturesque arched bridge (with which engravings have made us familiar) that connects a ruined fortress on a detached rock with the rocky peninsula.

Sidon carries us far back into antiquity. When the Canaanitish tribes migrated from their seat on the Persian Gulf, a part of them continued their march as far as Egypt. It seems to be settled that the Hittites (or Khitas) were the invaders who overran the land of the Pharaohs, sweeping away in their barbarous violence nearly all the monuments of the civilization of preceding eras, and placing upon the throne of that old empire the race of Shepherd kings. It was doubtless during the dynasty of the Shepherds that Abraham visited Egypt, and it was a Pharaoh of Hittite origin who made Joseph his minister. It was after the expulsion of the Shepherds and the establishment of a dynasty "which knew not Joseph" that the Israelites were oppressed.

But the Canaanites did not all pass beyond Syria and Palestine; some among them, who af-

terwards were distinctively known as Phœnicians, established a maritime kingdom, and founded among other cities that of Sidon. This maritime branch no doubt kept up an intercourse with the other portions of the Caananite family in Southern Syria and in Egypt, before the one was driven out of Egypt by the revolution which restored the rule of the Egyptian Pharaohs, and the other expelled by the advent of the Philistines. And it seems altogether probable that the Phœnicians received from Egypt many arts which they afterwards improved and perfected. It is tolerably certain that they borrowed from Egypt the hieratic writing, or some of its characters, which taught them to represent the sounds of their language by the alphabet which they gave to the world. The Sidonians were subjugated by Thotmes III., with all Phœnicia, and were for centuries the useful allies of the Egyptians; but their dominion was over the sea, and they spread their colonies first to the Grecian isles and then along the African coast; and in the other direction sent their venturesome barks as far as Colchis on the Black Sea. They seem to have thrived most under the Egyptian supremacy, for the Pharaohs had need of their sailors and their ships. In the latter days of the empire, in the reign of Necho, it was Phœnician sailors who, at his command, circumnavigated Africa, passing down the Red Sea and returning through the Pillars of Hercules.

The few remains of Sidon which we see to-day are only a few centuries old, — six or seven; there

are no monuments to carry us back to the city famous in arts and arms, of which Homer sang; and if there were, the antiquity of this hoary coast would still elude us. Herodotus says that the temple of Melkarth at Tyre (the "daughter of Sidon") was built about 2300 B. C. Probably he errs by a couple of centuries; for it was only something like twenty-three centuries before Christ that the Canaanites came into Palestine, that is to say, late in the thirteenth Egyptian dynasty, — a dynasty which, according to the list of Manetho and Mariette Bey, is separated from the reign of the first Egyptian king by an interval of twenty-seven centuries. When Abraham wandered from Mesopotamia into Palestine he found the Canaanites in possession. But they were comparatively new comers; they had found the land already occupied by a numerous population who were so far advanced in civilization as to have built many cities. Among the peoples holding the land before them were the Rephaim, who had sixty strong towns in what is now the wilderness of Bashan; there were also the Emim, the Zamzummim, and the Anakim, — perhaps primitive races and perhaps conquerors of a people farther back in the twilight, remnants of whom still remained in Palestine when the Jews began, in their turn, to level its cities to the earth, and who lived in the Jewish traditions as "giants."



## X

### BEYROUT. — OVER THE LEBANON



ALL the afternoon we had the noble range of Mt. Lebanon in view, and towards five o'clock we saw the desert-like promontory upon which Beyrout stands. This bold headland, however, changed its appearance when we had rounded it and came into the harbor; instead of sloping sand we had a rocky coast, and rising from the bay a couple of hundred feet, Beyrout, first the shabby old city, and then the new portion higher up, with its villas, embowered in trees. To the right, upon the cliffs overlooking the sea, is the American college, an institution whose conspicuous position is only a fair indication of its preëminent importance in the East; and it is to be regretted that it does not make a better architectural show. Behind Beyrout, in a vast circular sweep, rise the Lebanon mountains, clothed with trees and vineyards, terraced and studded with villas and villages. The view is scarcely surpassed anywhere for luxuriance and variety. It seems to us that if we had an impulse to go on a mission anywhere it would be to the wicked of this fertile land.

At Beyrout also passengers must land in small boats. We were at once boarded by the most ruffianly gang of boatmen we had yet seen, who poured through the gateways and climbed over the sides of the vessel, like privileged pirates, treading down people in their way. It was only after a severe struggle that we reached our boats and landed at the custom-house, and fell into the hands of the legalized plunderers, who made an attack upon our baggage and demanded our passports, simply to obtain backsheesh for themselves.

"Not to show 'em passport," says Abd-el-Atti, who wastes no affection on the Turks; "tiefs, all of dem; you be six months, not so? in him dominion, come now from Jaffa; I tell him if the kin' of Constantinople want us, he find us at the hotel."

The hotel Bellevue, which looks upon the sea and hears always the waves dashing upon the worn and jagged rocks, was overflowed by one of those swarms, which are the nuisance of independent travelers, known as a "Cook's Party," excellent people individually no doubt, but monopolizing hotels and steamboats, and driving everybody else into obscurity by reason of their numbers and compact organization. We passed yesterday one of the places on the coast where Jonah is said to have left the whale; it is suspected — though without any contemporary authority — that he was in a Cook's Party of his day, and left it in disgust for this private conveyance.

Our first care in Beyrout was to secure our passage to Damascus. There is a carriage-road over



the Lebanons, constructed, owned, and managed by a French company; it is the only road in Syria practicable for wheels, but it is one of the best in the world; I suppose we shall celebrate our second centennial before we have one to compare with it in the United States. The company has the monopoly of all the traffic over it, forwarding freight in its endless trains of wagons, and dispatching a diligence each way daily, and a night mail. We went to the office to secure seats in the diligence.

"They are all taken," said the official.

"Then we would like seats for the day after to-morrow."

"They are taken, and for the day after that — for a week."

"Then we must go in a private carriage."

"At present we have none. The two belonging to the company are at Damascus."

"Then we will hire one in the city."

"That is not permitted; no private carriage is allowed to go over the road farther than five kilometres outside of Beyrout."

"So you will neither take us yourselves nor let any one else?"

"Pardon; when the carriage comes from Damascus, you shall have the first chance."

Fortunately one of the carriages arrived that night, and the next morning at nine o'clock we were *en route*. The diligence left at four A. M., and makes the trip in thirteen hours; we were to break the journey at Stoura and diverge to Ba'albek. The carriage was a short omnibus, with seats

inside for four, a broad seat in front, and a deck for the baggage, painted a royal yellow; three horses were harnessed to it abreast, — one in the shafts and one on each side. As the horses were to be changed at short stages, we went forward at a swinging pace, rattling out of the city and commanding as much respect as if we had been the diligence itself with its six horses, three abreast, and all its haughty passengers.

We leave the promontory of Beyrout, dip into a long depression, and then begin to ascend the Lebanon. The road is hard, smooth, white; the soil on either side is red; the country is exceedingly rich; we pass villas, extensive plantations of figs, and great forests of the mulberry; for the silk culture is the chief industry, and small factories of the famous Syrian silks are scattered here and there. As the road winds upward, we find the hillsides are terraced and luxuriant with fig-trees and grapevines, — the latter flourishing, in fact, to the very top of the mountains, say 5200 feet above the blue Mediterranean, which sparkles below us. Into these hills the people of Beyrout come to pass the heated months of summer, living in little villas which are embowered in foliage all along these lovely slopes. We encounter a new sort of house; it is one story high, built of limestone in square blocks and without mortar, having a flat roof covered with stones and soil, — a very primitive construction, but universal here. Sometimes the building is in two parts, like a double log-cabin, but the opening between the two is

always arched; so much for art; but otherwise the house, without windows, or with slits only, looks like a section of stone-wall.

As we rise, we begin to get glimpses of the snowy peaks which make a sharp contrast with the ravishing view behind us, — the terraced gorges, the profound ravines, the vineyards, gardens, and orchards, the blue sea, and the white road winding back through all like a ribbon. As we look down, the limestone walls of the terraces are concealed, and all the white cliffs are hidden by the ample verdure. Entering farther into the mountains, and ascending through the grim Wady Hammâna, we have the considerable village of that name below us on the left, lying at the bottom of a vast and ash-colored mountain basin, like a gray heap of cinders on the edge of a crater broken away at one side. We look at it with interest, for there Lamartine once lived for some months in as sentimental a seclusion as one could wish. A little higher up we came to snow, great drifts of it by the roadside, — a phenomenon entirely beyond the comprehension of Abdallah, who has never seen sand so cold as this, which, nevertheless, melts in his hands. After encountering the snow, we drive into a cold cloud, which seems much of the time to hang on the top of Lebanon, and have a touch of real winter, — a disagreeable experience which we had hoped to eliminate from this year; snow is only tolerable when seen at a great distance, as the background in a summer landscape; near at hand it congeals the human spirits.

When we were over the summit and had emerged from the thick cloud, suddenly a surprise greeted us. Opposite was the range of Anti-Lebanon; two thousand feet below us, the broad plain, which had not now the appearance of land, but of some painted scene, — a singularity which is partially explained by the red color of the soil. But, altogether, it presented the most bewildering mass of color; if the valley had been strewn with watered silks over a carpet of Persian rugs, the effect might have been the same. There were patches and strips of green and of brown, dashes of red, blotches of burnt-umber and sienna, alternations of ploughed field and young grain, and the whole, under the passing clouds, took the sheen of the opal. The hard, shining road lay down the mountain-side in long loops, in ox-bows, in curves ever graceful, like a long piece of white tape flung by chance from the summit to the valley. We dashed down it at a great speed, winding backwards and forwards on the mountain-side, and continually shifting our point of view of the glowing picture.

At the little post-station of Stoura, we left the Damascus road and struck north for an hour towards Ba'albek, over a tolerable carriage-road. But the road ceased at Mu'allakah; beyond that, a horseback journey of six or seven hours, there is a road-bed to Ba'albek, stoned a part of the way, and intended to be passable some day. Mu'allakah lies on the plain at the opening of the wild gorge of the Berdûny, a lively torrent which dances

down to join the Litâny, through the verdure of fruit-trees and slender poplars. Over a mile up the glen, in the bosom of the mountains, is the town of Zahleh, the largest in the Lebanon; and there we purposed to pass the night, having been commended to the hospitality of the missionaries there by Dr. Jessup of Beyrout.

Our halted establishment drew a crowd of curious spectators about it, mostly women and children, who had probably never seen a carriage before; they examined us and commented upon us with perfect freedom, but that was the extent of their hospitality, not one of them was willing to earn a para by carrying our baggage to Zahleh; and we started up the hill, leaving the dragoman in an animated quarrel with the entire population, who, in turn, resented his comments upon their want of religion and good manners.

Climbing up a stony hill, threading gullies and ravines, and finally rough streets, we came into the amphitheatre in the hills which inclose Zahleh. The town is unique in its construction. Imagine innumerable small whitewashed wooden houses, rising in concentric circles, one above the other, on the slopes of the basin, like the chairs on the terraces of a Roman circus. The town is mostly new, for the Druses captured it and burned it in 1860, and reminds one of a New England factory village. Its situation is a stony, ragged basin, three thousand feet above the sea; the tops of the hills behind it were still covered with snow, and we could easily fancy that we were in Switzerland.

The ten or twelve thousand inhabitants are nearly all Maronites, a sect of Christians whom we should call Greeks, but who are in communion with the Latin Church; a people ignorant and superstitious, governed by their priests, occasionally turbulent, and always on the point of open rupture with the mysterious and subtle Druses. Having the name of Christians and few of the qualities, they are most unpromising subjects of missionary labor. Yet the mission here makes progress and converts, and we were glad to see that the American missionaries were universally respected.

Fortunately the American name and Christianity are exceedingly well represented in Northern Syria by gentlemen who unite a thorough and varied scholarship with Christian simplicity, energy, and enthusiasm. At first it seems hard that so much talent and culture should be hidden away in such a place as Zahleh, and we were inclined to lament a lot so far removed from the living sympathies of the world. It seems, indeed, almost hopeless to make any impression on this antique and conceited mass of superstition. But if Syria is to be regenerated, and to be ever the home of an industrious, clean, and moral people, in sympathy with the enlightened world, the change is to be made by exhibiting to the people a higher type of Christianity than they have known hitherto, — a Christianity that reforms manners, and betters the social condition, and adds a new interest to life by lifting it to a higher plane; physical conditions must visibly improve under it. It is not enough in a

village like this of Zahleh, for instance, to set up a new form of Christian worship, and let it drone on in a sleepy fashion, however devout and circumspect. It needs *men* of talent, scientific attainment, practical sagacity, who shall make the Christian name respected by superior qualities, as well as by devout lives. They must show a better style of living, more thrift and comfort, than that which prevails here. The people will by and by see a logical connection between a well-ordered house and garden, a farm scientifically cultivated, a prosperous factory, the profitableness of honesty and industry, and the superior civilization of our Western Christianity. You can already see the influence in Syria of the accomplished scholars, skillful physicians and surgeons, men versed in the sciences, in botany and geology, who are able to understand the resources of the country, who are supported there, but not liberally enough supported, by the Christians of America.



## XI

### BA'ALBEK

**W**E were entertained at the house of the Rev. Mr. Wood, who accompanied us the next day to Ba'albek, his mission territory including that ancient seat of splendid paganism. Some sort of religious *fête* in the neighborhood had absorbed the best saddle-beasts, and we were indifferently mounted on the refuse of donkeys and horses, Abdallah, our most shining possession, riding, as usual, on the top of a pile of baggage. The inhabitants were very civil as we passed along; we did not know whether to attribute it to the influence of the missionaries or to the rarity of travelers, but the word "back-sheesh" we heard not once in Zahleh.

After we had emerged from Mu'allakah upon the open plain, we passed on our left hand the Moslem village of Kerah Nun, which is distinguished as the burial-place of the prophet Noah; but we contented ourselves with a sight of the dome. The mariner lies there in a grave seventy feet long, or seventy yards, some scoffers say; but this, whatever it is, is not the measure of the patriarch. The grave proved too short, and Noah is



buried with his knees bent, and his feet extending downward in the ground.

The plain of Bukâ'a is some ninety miles long, and in this portion of it about ten miles broad; it is well watered, and though the red soil is stuffed with small stones, it is very fertile, and would yield abundantly if cultivated; but it is mostly an abandoned waste of weeds. The ground rises gradually all the way to Ba'albek, starting from an elevation of three thousand feet; the plain is rolling, and the streams which rush down from the near mountains are very swift. Nothing could be lovelier than the snowy ranges of mountains on either hand, in contrast with the browns and reds of the slopes, — like our own autumn foliage, — and the green and brown plain, now sprinkled with wild-flowers of many varieties.

The sky was covered with clouds, great masses floating about; the wind from the hills was cold, and at length drove us to our wraps; then a fine rain ensued, but it did not last long, for the rainy season was over. We crossed the plain diagonally, and lunched at a little khan, half house and half stable, raised above a stream, with a group of young poplars in front. We sat on a raised divan in the covered court, and looked out through the arched doorway over a lovely expanse of plain and hills. It was difficult to tell which part of the house was devoted to the stable and which to the family; from the door of the room which I selected as the neatest came the braying of a donkey. The landlord and his wife, a young woman

and rather pretty, who had a baby in her arms, furnished pipes and tobacco, and the travelers or idlers — they are one — sat on the ground smoking narghilehs. A squad of ruffianly Metâwileh, a sect of Moslems who follow the Koran strictly, and reject the traditions, — perhaps like those who call themselves Bible Christians in distinction from theological Christians, — came from the field, deposited their ploughs, which they carried on their shoulders, on the platform outside, and, seating themselves in a row in the khan, looked at us stolidly. And we, having the opportunity of saying so, looked at them intelligently.

We went on obliquely across the plain, rising a little through a region rich, but only half cultivated, crossing streams and floundering in mud-holes for three hours, on a walk, the wind growing stronger from the snow mountains, and the cold becoming almost unendurable. It was in vain that Abd-el-Atti spun hour after hour an Arab romance; not even the warm colors of the Oriental imagination could soften the piteous blast. At length, when patience was nearly gone, in a depression in the plain, close to the foot-hills of Anti-Lebanon, behold the great Ba'albek, that is to say, a Moslem village of three thousand to four thousand inhabitants, fairly clean and sightly, and the ruins just on the edge of it, the six well-known gigantic Corinthian pillars standing out against the gray sky. Never was sight more welcome.

Ba'albek, like Zahleh, has no inn, and we lodged in a private house near the ruins. The house was

one story; it consisted of four large rooms in a row, looking upon the stone-wall inclosure, each with its door, and with no communication between them. The kitchen was in a separate building. These rooms had high ceilings of beams supporting the flat roof, windows with shutters but without glass, divans along one side, and in one corner a fireplace and chimney. Each room had a niche extending from the floor almost to the ceiling, in which the beds are piled in the daytime; at night they are made up on the divans or on the floor. This is the common pattern of a Syrian house, and when we got a fire blazing in the big chimney-place and began to thaw out our stiff limbs, and Abd-el-Atti brought in something from the kitchen that was hot and red in color and may have had spice on the top of it, we found this the most comfortable residence in the world.

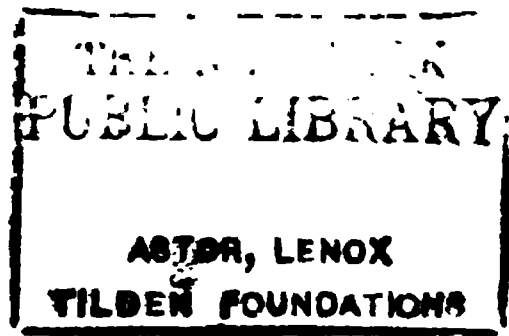
It is the business of a dragoman to produce the improbable in impossible places. Abd-el-Atti rubbed his lamp and converted this establishment into a tolerable inn, with a prolific kitchen and an abundant table. While he was performing this revolution we went to see the ruins, the most noble portions of which have survived the religion and almost the memory of the builders.

The remains of the temples of Ba'albek, or Hieropolis, are only elevated as they stand upon an artificial platform; they are in the depression of the valley, and in fact a considerable stream flows all about the walls and penetrates the subterranean passages. This water comes from a fountain which

*Ruins of the Temple of Baal*







bursts out of the Anti-Lebanon hills about half a mile above Ba'albek, in an immense volume, falls into a great basin, and flows away in a small river. These instantaneously born rivers are a peculiarity of Syria; and they often disappear as suddenly as they come. The water of this Ba'albek fountain is cold, pure, and sweet; it deserves to be called a "beverage," and is, so far as my experience goes, the most agreeable water in the world. The Moslems have a proverb which expresses its unique worth: "The water of Ba'albek never leaves its home." It rushes past the village almost a river in size, and then disappears in the plain below as suddenly as it came to the light above.

We made our way across the stream and along aqueducts and over heaps of shattered walls and columns to the west end of the group of ruins. This end is defended by a battlemented wall some fifty feet high, which was built by the Saracens out of incongruous materials from older constructions. The northeast corner of this new wall rests upon the ancient Phœnician wall, which sustained the original platform of the sacred buildings; and at this corner are found the three famous stones which at one time gave a name, "The Three-Stoned," to the great temple. As I do not intend to enter into the details of these often described ruins, I will say here, that this ancient Phœnician wall appears on the north side of the platform detached, showing that the most ancient temple occupied a larger area than the Greek and Roman buildings.



There are many stones in the old platform wall which are thirty feet long; but the three large ones, which are elevated twenty feet above the ground, and are in a line, are respectively 64 feet long, 63 feet 8 inches, and 63 feet, and about 13 feet in height and in depth. When I measured the first stone, I made it 128 feet long, which I knew was an error, but it was only by careful inspection that I discovered the joint of the two stones which I had taken for one. I thought this a practical test of the close fit of these blocks, which, laid without mortar, come together as if the ends had been polished. A stone larger than either of these lies in the neighboring quarry, hewn out but not detached.

These massive constructions, when first rediscovered, were the subject of a great deal of wonder and speculation, and were referred to a remote and misty if not fabulous period. I believe it is now agreed that they were the work of the Phœnicians, or Canaanites, and that they are to be referred to a period subsequent to the conquest of Egypt, or at least of the Delta of Egypt, by the Hittites, when the Egyptian influence was felt in Syria; and that this Temple of the Sun was at least suggested, as well as the worship of the Sun god here, by the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis on the Nile. There is, to be sure, no record of the great city of Ba'albek, but it may safely be referred to the period of the greatest prosperity of the Phœnician nation.

Much as we had read of the splendor of these ruins, and familiar as we were with photographs of

them, we were struck with surprise when we climbed up into the great court, that is, to the platform of the temples. The platform extends over eight hundred feet from east to west, an elevated theatre for the display of some of the richest architecture in the world. The general view is broad, impressive, inspiring beyond anything else in Egypt or Syria; and when we look at details, the ruins charm us with their beauty. Round three sides of the great court runs a wall, the interior of which, recessed and niched, was once adorned with the most elaborate carving in designs more graceful than you would suppose stone could lend itself to, with a frieze of garlands of vines, flowers, and fruits. Of the so-called great Temple of Baal at the west end of the platform, only six splendid Corinthian columns remain. The so-called Temple of the Sun or Jupiter, to the south of the other and on a lower level, larger than the Parthenon, exists still in nearly its original form, although some of the exterior columns have fallen, and time and the art-hating Moslems have defaced some of its finest sculpture. The ceiling between the outer row of columns and the wall of this temple is, or was, one of the most exquisite pieces of stone-carving ever executed; the figures carved in the medallions seem to have anticipated the Gothic genius, and the exquisite patterns in stone to have suggested the subsequent Saracenic invention. The composite capitals of the columns offer an endless study: stone roses stand out upon their stems, fruit and flowers hang and bloom in the freedom of nature;

the carving is all bold and spirited, and the invention endless. This is no doubt work of the Roman period after the Christian era, but it is pervaded by Greek feeling, and would seem to have been executed by Greek artists.

In the centre of the great court (there is a small six-sided court to the east of the larger one, which was once approached by a great flight of steps from below) are remains of a Christian basilica, referred to the reign of Theodosius. Underneath the platform are enormous vaults, which may have served the successive occupants for store-houses. The Saracens converted this position into a fortress, and this military impress the ruins still bear. We have therefore four ages in these ruins: the Phœnician, the Greek and Roman, the Christian, and the Saracenic. The remains of the first are most enduring. The old builders had no other method of perpetuating their memory except by these cyclopean constructions.

We saw the sunset on Ba'albek. The clouds broke away and lay in great rosy masses over Lebanon; the white snow ridge for forty miles sparkled under them. The peak of Lebanon, over ten thousand feet above us, was revealed in all its purity. There was a red light on the columns and on the walls, and the hills of Anti-Lebanon, red as a dull garnet, were speckled with snow patches. The imagination could conceive nothing more beautiful than the rose-color of the ruins, the flaming sky, and the immaculate snow peaks, apparently so close to us.

On our return we stopped at the beautiful circular temple of Venus, which would be a wonder in any other neighborhood. Dinner awaited us, and was marked by only one novelty, — what we at first took to be brown napkins, fantastically folded and laid at each plate, a touch of elegance for which we were not prepared. But the napkins proved to be bread. It is made of coarse dark wheat, baked in circular cakes as thin as brown paper, and when folded its resemblance to a napkin is complete. We found it tolerably palatable, if one could get rid of the notion that he was eating a limp rag. The people had been advertised of our arrival, and men, women, and boys swarmed about us to sell copper coins; most of them Roman, which they find in the ruins. Few are found of the Greeks; the Romans literally sowed the ground with copper money wherever they went in the Orient. The inhabitants are Moslems, and rather decent in appearance, and the women incline to good looks, though not so modest in dress as Moslem women usually are; they are all persistent beggars, and bring babies in their arms, borrowing for that purpose all the infants in the neighborhood, to incite us to charity.

We yielded to the average sentiment of Christendom, and sallied out in the cold night to see the ruins under the light of a full moon; one of the party going simply that he might avoid the reproach of other travelers, "It is a pity you did not see Ba'albek by moonlight." And it must be confessed that these ruins stand the dim light of the

moon better than most ruins; they are so broad and distinct that they show themselves even in this disadvantage, which those of Karnak do not. The six isolated columns seemed to float in the sky; between them, snowy Lebanon showed itself.

The next morning was clear and sparkling; the sky was almost as blue as it is in Nubia. We were awakened by the drumming of a Moslem procession. It was the great annual fête day, upon which was to be performed the miracle of riding over the bodies of the devout. The ceremony took place a couple of miles away upon the hill, and we saw on all the paths leading thither files of men and women in white garments. The sheykh, mounted on horseback, rides over the prostrate bodies of all who throw themselves before him, and the number includes young men as well as darwishes. As they lie packed close together and the horse treads upon their spinal columns, their escape from death is called miraculous. The Christians tried the experiment here a year or two ago, several young fellows submitting to let a horseman trample over them, in order to show the Moslems that they also possessed a religion which could stand horses' hoofs.

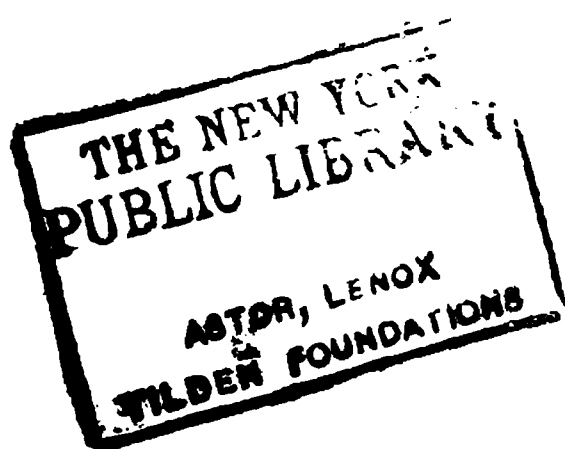
The ruins, under the intense blue sky, and in the splendid sunlight, were more impressive than in the dull gray of the day before, or even in the rosy sunset; their imperial dignity is not impaired by the excessive wealth of ornamentation. When upon this platform there stood fifty-eight of these noble columns, instead of six, conspicuous from

*Ruins of Ba'albek*



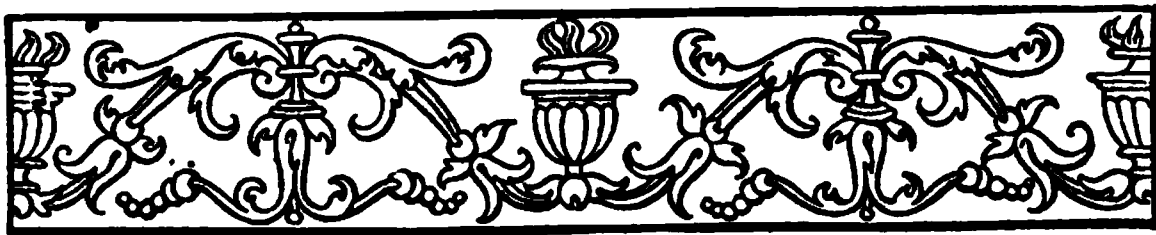
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afar, and the sunlight poured into this superb court, adorned by the genius of Athens and the wealth of Rome, this must have been one of the most resplendent temples in existence, rivaling the group upon the Acropolis itself. Nothing more marks the contrast between the religions of the Greeks and Romans and of the Egyptians, or rather between the genius of the two civilizations, than their treatment of sacred edifices. And it is all the more to be noted, because the more modern nations accepted without reserve any god or object of veneration or mystery in the Egyptian pantheon. The Roman occupants of the temple of Philæ sacrificed without scruple upon the altars of Osiris, and the voluptuous Græco-Romans of Pompeii built a temple to Isis. Yet always and everywhere the Grecians and the Romans sought conspicuous situations for the temples of the gods; they felt, as did our Pilgrim Fathers, who planted their meeting-houses on the windiest hills of New England, that the deity was most honored when the house of his worship was most visible to men; but the Egyptians, on the contrary, buried the magnificence of their temples within wall around wall, and permitted not a hint of their splendor to the world outside. It is worth while to notice also that the Assyrians did not share the contemporary reticence of the Egyptians, but built their altars and temples high above the plain in pyramidal stages; and if we may judge by this platform at Ba'albek, the Phœnicians did not imitate the exclusive spirit of the Pharaonic worshipers.

We lingered, called again and again by the impatient dragoman, in this fascinating spot, amid the visible monuments of so many great races, bearing the marks of so many religious revolutions, and turned away with slow and reluctant steps, as those who abandon an illusion or have not yet thought out some suggestion of the imagination. We turned also with reluctance from a real illusion of the senses. In the clear atmosphere the ridge of Lebanon was startlingly near to us; the snow summit appeared to overhang Ba'albek as Vesuvius does Pompeii; and yet it is half a day's journey across the plain to the base of the mountain, and a whole day's journey from these ruins to the summit. But although this illusion of distance did not continue as we rode down the valley, we had on either hand the snow ranges all day, making by contrast with the brilliant colors of the plain a lovely picture.



## XII

### ON THE ROAD TO DAMASCUS



THE station at Stoura is a big stable and a dirty little inn, which has the kitchen in one shanty, the dining-room in another, and the beds in a third; a swift mountain stream runs behind it, and a grove of poplars on the banks moans and rustles in the wind that draws down the Lebanon gorge. It was after dark when we arrived, but whether our coming put the establishment into a fluster, I doubt; it seems to be in a chronic state of excitement. The inn was kept by Italians, who have a genius for this sort of hotel; the landlord was Andrea, but I suspect the real authority resided in his plump, bright, vivacious wife. They had an heir, however, a boy of eight, who proved to be the tyrant of the house when he appeared upon the scene. The servants were a tall, slender Syrian girl, an active and irresponsible boy, and a dark-eyed little maid, in the limp and dirty single garment which orphans always wear on the stage, and who in fact was an orphan, and appeared to take the full benefit of her neglected and jolly life. The whole establishment was on a lark, and in a per-

petual giggle, and communicated its overflowing good-humor even to tired travelers. The well-favored little wife, who exhibited the extremes of fortune in a diamond ring and a torn and draggled calico gown, sputtered alternately French and Italian like a magpie, laughed with a contagious merriment, and actually made the cheerless accommodations she offered us appear desirable. The whole family waited on us, or rather kept us waiting on them, at table, bringing us a dish now and then as if its production were a joke, talking all the while among themselves in Arabic, and apparently about us, and laughing at their own observations, until we, even, came to conceive ourselves as a party in a most comical light; and so amusing did we grow that the slim girl and the sorry orphan were forced to rush into a corner every few minutes and laugh it out.

I spent a pleasant hour in the kitchen, — an isolated, smoke-dried room with an earth floor, — endeavoring to warm my feet at the little fires of charcoal kindled in holes on top of a bank of earth and stone, and watching the pranks of this merry and industrious family. The little heir amused himself by pounding the orphan, kicking the shins of the boy, and dashing water in the face of the slim girl, — treatment which the servants dared not resent, since the father laughed over it as an exhibition of bravery and vivacity. Fragrant steam came from a pot, in which quail were stewing for the passengers by the night mail, and each person who appeared in the kitchen, in turn, gave

this pot a stir; the lively boy pounded coffee in a big mortar, put charcoal on the fire, had a tussle with the heir, threw a handspring, doing nothing a minute at a time; the orphan slid in with a bucket of water, slopping it in all directions; the heir set up a howl and kicked his father because he was not allowed to kick the orphan any more; the little wife came in like a breeze, whisking everybody one side, and sympathized with dear little Robby, whose cruel and ugly papa was holding the love from barking his father's shins. You do not often see a family that enjoys itself so much as this.

It was late next morning when we tore ourselves from this enchanting household, and went at a good pace over the fertile plain, straight towards Anti-Lebanon, having a glimpse of the snow of Mount Hermon, — a long ridge peering over the hills to the southeast, and crossing in turn the Litâny and the deep Anjar, which bursts forth from a single fountain about a mile to the north. On our left we saw some remains of what was once a capital city, Chalcis, of unknown origin, but an old city before it was possessed by the Ptolemies, or by Mark Antony, and once the luxurious residence of the Herod family. At Medjel, a village scattered at the foot of small *tells* rising in the plain, we turned into the hills, leaving unvisited a conspicuous Roman temple on a peak above the town. The road winds gradually up a wady. As we left the plain, and looked back across it to Lebanon, the colors of Bukâ'a and the mountain gave us a new surprise; they were brilliant and yet soft, as gay

and splendid as the rocks of the Yellowstone, and yet exquisitely blended as in a Persian rug.

The hill-country was almost uninhabited; except the stations and an occasional Bedaween camp there was small sign of occupation; the ground was uncultivated; peasants in rags were grubbing up the roots of cedars for fuel. We met Druses with trains of mules, Moslems with camels and mules, and long processions of white-topped wagons, — like the Western “prairie schooner,” — drawn each by three mules tandem. Thirty and forty of these freight vehicles travel in company, and we were continually meeting or passing them; their number is an indication of the large trade that Damascus has with Beyrout and the Mediterranean. There is plenty of color in the people and in their costume. We were told that we could distinguish the Druses by their furtive and bad countenances; but for this information I should not have seen that they differed much from the Maronites; but I endeavored to see the treacherous villain in them. I have noticed in Syria that the Catholic travelers have a good opinion of the Maronites and hate the Druses, that the American residents think little of the Maronites, and that the English have a lenient side for the Druses. The Moslems consistently despise all of them. The Druse has been a puzzle. There are the same horrible stories current about him that were believed of the early Christians; the Moslem believes that infants are slain and eaten in his midnight assemblies, and that once a year the Druse community

meets in a cavern at midnight, the lights are extinguished, and the sexes mingling by chance in the license of darkness choose companions for the year. But the Druse creed, long a secret, is now known; they are the disciples of Hâkim, a Khalif of the Fatimite dynasty; they believe in the unity of God and his latest manifestation in Hâkim; they are as much a political as a religious society; they are accomplished hypocrites, cunning in plotting and bold in action; they profess to possess "the truth," and having this, they are indifferent to externals, and are willing to be Moslems with the Moslems and Christians with the Christians, while inwardly feeling a contempt for both. They are the most supercilious of all the Eastern sects. What they are about to do is always the subject of anxiety in the Lebanon regions.

At the stations of the road we found usually a wretched family or two dwelling in a shanty, half stable and half café, always a woman with a baby in her arms, and the superabundant fountains for nourishing it displayed to all the world; generally some slatternly girls, and groups of rough muleteers and drivers smoking. At one, I remember a Jew who sold antique gems, rings, and coins, with a shocking face, which not only suggested the first fall of his race, but all the advantages he has since taken of his innocent fellows, by reason of his preoccupation of his position of knowledge and depravity.

We made always, except in the steep ascents, about ten miles an hour. The management of the



route is the perfection of French system and bureaucracy. We travel with a way-bill of numbered details, as if we were a royal mail. At every station we change one horse, so that we always have a fresh animal. The way-bill is at every station signed by the agent, and the minute of arrival and departure exactly noted; each horse has its number, and the number of the one taken and the one left is entered. All is life and promptness at the stations; changes are quickly made. The way-bill would show the company the exact time between stations; but I noticed that our driver continually set his watch backwards and forwards, and I found that he and the dragoman had a private understanding to conceal our delays for lunch, for traffic with Jews, or for the enjoyment of scenery.

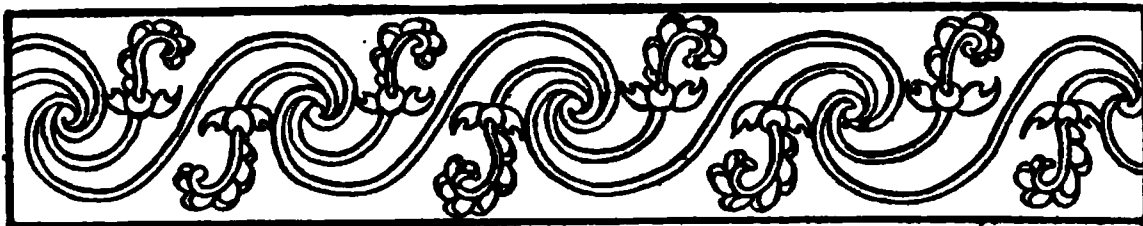
After we had crossed the summit of the first ridge we dashed down the gate of a magnificent cañon, the rocks heaved up in perpendicular strata, overhanging, craggy, crumbled, wild. We crossed then a dreary and nearly arid basin; climbed, by curves and zigzags, another ridge, and then went rapidly down until we struck the wild and narrow gorge of the sacred Abana. Immediately luxuriant vegetable life began. The air was sweet with the blossoms of the mish-mish (apricot), and splendid walnuts and poplars overshadowed us. The river, swollen and rushing amid the trees on its banks, was frightfully rapid. The valley winds sharply, and gives room only for the river and the road, and sometimes only for one of them. Sometimes the river is taken out of its bed and carried along

one bank or the other; sometimes the road crosses it, and again pursues its way between its divided streams. We were excited by its rush and volume, and by the rich vegetation along its sides. We came to fantastic Saracenic country-seats, to arcaded and latticed houses set high up over the river, to evidences of wealth and of proximity to a great city.

Suddenly, for we seemed to have become a part of the rushing torrent and to share its rapidity, we burst out of the gorge, and saw the river, overpassing its narrow banks, flowing straight on before us, and beyond, on a level, the minarets and domes of Damascus! All along the river, on both banks of it, and along the high wall by the roadside, were crowds of men in Turkish costume, of women in pure white, of Arabs sitting quietly by the stream smoking the narghileh, squatting in rows along the wall and along the water, all pulling at the water-pipe. There were tents and booths erected by the river. In a further reach of it men and boys were bathing. Ranks and groups of veiled women and children crouched on the damp soil close to the flood, or sat immovable on some sandy point. It is a delicious holiday for two or three women to sit the livelong day by water, running or stagnant, to sit there with their veils drawn over their heads, as rooted as water-plants, and as inanimate as bags of flour. It was a striking Oriental picture, played on by the sun, enlivened by the swift current, which dashes full into the city.

As we spun on, the crowd thickened, — soldiers,

grave Turks on caparisoned horses or white donkeys, Jews, blacks, Persians. We crossed a trembling bridge, and rattled into town over stony pavements, forced our way with difficulty into streets narrow and broken by sharp turns, the carriage-wheels scarcely missing men and children stretched on the ground, who refused, on the theory of their occupation of the soil prior to the invention of wheels, to draw in even a leg; and, in a confused whirl of novel sights and discordant yells, barks, and objurgations, we came to Dimitri's hotel. The carriage stopped in the narrow street; a small door in the wall, a couple of feet above the pavement, opened, and we stepped through into a little court occupied by a fountain and an orange-tree loaded with golden fruit. Thence we passed into a large court, the centre of the hotel, where the Abana pours a generous supply into a vast marble basin, and trees and shrubs offer shelter to singing birds. About us was a wilderness of balconies, staircases, and corridors, the sun flooding it all; and Dimitri himself, sleek, hospitable, stood bowing, in a red fez, silk gown, and long gold chain.



## XIII

### THE OLDEST OF CITIES

**I**T is a popular opinion that there is nothing of man's work older than Damascus; there is certainly nothing newer. The city preserves its personal identity as a man keeps his from youth to age, through the constant change of substance. The man has in his body not an atom of the boy; but if the boy incurred scars, they are perpetuated in the man. Damascus has some scars. We say of other ancient cities, "This part is old, that part is new." We say of Damascus, its life is that of a tree, decayed at heart, dropping branches, casting leaves, but always renewing itself.

How old is Damascus? Or, rather, how long has a city of that name existed here on the banks of the Abana? According to Jewish tradition, which we have no reason to doubt, it was founded by Uz, the son of Aram, the son of Shem. By the same tradition it was a great city when a remarkable man, of the tenth generation from the Deluge, — a person of great sagacity, not mistaken in his opinions, skillful in the celestial science, compelled to leave Chaldea when he was seventy-five years

old, on account of his religious opinions, since he ventured to publish the notion that there was but one God, the Creator of the Universe, — came with an army of dependents and “reigned” in the city of Uz. After some time Abraham removed into Canaan, which was already occupied by the Canaanites, who had come from the Persian Gulf, established themselves in wall-towns in the hills, built Sidon on the coast, and carried their conquests into Egypt. It was doubtless during the reign of the Hittites, or Shepherd Kings, that Abraham visited Egypt. Those usurpers occupied the throne of the Pharaohs for something like five hundred years, and it was during their occupancy that the Jews settled in the Delta.

Now, if we can at all fix the date of the reign of the Shepherd Kings, we can approximate to the date of the foundation of Damascus, for Uz was the third generation from Noah, and Abraham was the tenth. We do not know how to reckon a generation in those days, when a life-lease was such a valuable estate, but if we should assume it to be a century, we should have about seven hundred years between the foundation of Damascus and the visit of Abraham to Egypt, a very liberal margin. But by the chronology of Mariette Bey, the approximate date of the Shepherds’ invasion is 2300 B. C. to 2200 B. C., and somewhat later than that time Abraham was in Damascus. If Damascus was then seven hundred years old, the date of its foundation would be about 3000 B. C. to 2900 B. C.

Assuming that Damascus has this positive old

age, how old is it comparatively? When we regard it in this light, we are obliged to confess that it is a modern city. When Uz and his friends wandered out of the prolific East, and pitched their tents by the Abana, there was already on the banks of the Nile a civilized, polished race, which had nearly completed a cycle of national existence much longer than the duration of the Roman Empire. It was about the eleventh dynasty of the Egyptian kingdom, the Great Pyramid had been built more than a thousand years, and the already degenerate Egyptians of the "Old Empire" had forgotten the noble art which adorned and still renders illustrious the reigns of the pyramid-builders.

But if Damascus cannot claim the highest antiquity, it has outlived all its rivals on the earth, and has flourished in a freshness as perennial as the fountain to which it owes its life, through all the revolutions of the Orient. As a necessary commercial capital it has pursued a pretty uniform tenor under all its various masters. Tiglath-Pileser attempted to destroy it; it was a Babylonian and then a Persian satrapy for centuries; it was a Greek city; it was the capital of a Roman province for seven hundred years; it was a Christian city and reared a great temple to John the Baptist; it was the capital of the Saracenic Empire, in which resided the ruler who gave laws to all the lands from India to Spain; it was ravaged by Tamerlane; it now suffers the blight of Turkish imbecility. From of old it was a caravan station and a

mart of exchange, a camp by a stream; it is to-day a commercial hive, swarming with an hundred and fifty thousand people, a city without monuments of its past or ambition for its future.

If one could see Damascus, perhaps he could invent a phrase that would describe it; but when you have groped and stumbled about in it for a couple of weeks, endeavoring in vain to get a view of more than a few rods of it at a time, you are utterly at a loss how to convey an impression of it to others.

If Egypt is the gift of the Nile, the river Abana is the life of Damascus; its water is carried into the city on a dozen different levels, making it literally one of fountains and running water. Sometimes the town is flooded; the water had only just subsided from the hotel when we arrived. This inundation makes the city damp for a long time. Indeed, it is at all times rather soaked with water, and is — with all respect to Uz and Abraham and the dynasty of the Omeiyades — a sort of habitable frog-pond on a grand scale. At night the noise of frogs, even at our hotel, is the chief music, the gentle twilight song, broken, it is true, by the incessant howling and yelping of savage dogs, packs of which roam the city like wolves all night. They are mangy yellow curs, without a single good quality, except that they sleep all the daytime. In every quarter of the city you see ranks and rows of them asleep in the sun, occupying half the street and nestling in all the heaps of rubbish. But much as has been said of the dogs here, I think the frogs

are the feature of the town; they are as numerous as in the marshes of Ravenna.

Still the water could not be spared. It gives sparkle, life, verdure. In walking you constantly get glimpses through heavy doorways of fountains, marble tanks of running water, of a blooming tree or a rose-trellis in a marble court, of a garden of flowers. The crooked, twisted, narrow streets, mere lanes of mud-walls, would be scarcely endurable but for these occasional glimpses, and the sight now and then of the paved, pillared court of a gayly painted mosque.

One ought not to complain when the Arab barber who trims his hair gives him a narghileh to smoke during the operation; but Damascus is not so Oriental as Cairo, the predominant Turkish element is not so picturesque as the Egyptian. And this must be said in the face of the universal use of the narghileh, which more than any other one thing imparts an Oriental, luxurious tone to the city. The pipe of Egypt is the chibouk, a stem of cherry five feet long with a small clay bowl; however richly it may be ornamented, furnished with a costly amber mouthpiece, wound with wire of gold, and studded, as it often is, with diamonds and other stones of price, it is, at the best, a stiff affair; and even this pipe is more and more displaced by the cigar, just as in Germany the meerschaum has yielded to the cigar as the Germans have become accessible to foreign influences. But in Damascus the picturesque narghileh, encourager of idleness, is still the universal medium of smoke.



The management of the narghileh requires that a person should give his undivided mind to it; in return for that, it gives him peace. The simplest narghileh is a cocoanut-shell, with a flexible stem attached, and an open metal bowl on top for the tobacco. The smoke is drawn through the water which the shell contains. Other narghilehs have a glass standard and water-bowl, and a flexible stem two or three yards in length. The smoker, seated cross-legged before this graceful object, appears to be worshiping his idol. The mild Persian tobacco is kept alight by a slowly burning piece of dried refuse which is kindly furnished by the camel for fuel; and the smoke is inhaled into the lungs, and slowly expelled from the nostrils and the mouth. Although the hastily rolled cigarette is the resort of the poor in Egypt, and is somewhat used here, it must be a very abandoned wretch who cannot afford a pull at a narghileh in Damascus. Its universality must excuse the long paragraph I have devoted to this pipe. You see men smoking it in all the cafés, in all the shops, by the roadside, seated in the streets, in every garden, and on the house-tops. The visible occupation of Damascus is sucking this pipe.

Our first walk in the city was on Sunday to the church of the Presbyterian mission; on our way we threaded a wilderness of bazaars, nearly all of them roofed over, most of them sombre and gloomy. Only in the glaring heat of summer could they be agreeable places of refuge. The roofing of these tortuous streets and lanes is not so much to ex-

clude the sun, I imagine, as to keep out the snow, and the roofs are consequently substantial; for Damascus has an experience of winter, being twenty-two hundred feet above the sea-level, nearly as high as Jerusalem. These bazaars, so much vaunted all through the Orient, disappointed us, not in extent, for they are interminable, but in wanting the picturesqueness, oddity, and richness of those of Cairo. And this, like the general appearance of the city, is a disappointment hard to be borne, for we have been taught to believe that Damascus is a Paradise on earth, and that here, if anywhere, we should come into that region of enchantment which the poets of the Arabian Nights' tales have imposed upon us as the actual Orient. Should we have recognized, in the low and partially flooded strip of grass-land through which we drove from the mouth of the Abana gorge to the western gate of the city, the green *Merj* of the Arabian poets, that gem of the earth? The fame of it has gone abroad throughout the world, as if it were a unique gift of Allah to his favorites. Why, every Occidental land has a million glades, watered, green-sodded, tree-embowered, more lovely than this, that no poet has thought it worth while to celebrate.

We found a little handful of worshipers at the mission church, and among them — Heaven forgive us for looking at her on Sunday! — an eccentric and somewhat notorious English lady of title, who shares the bed and board of an Arab sheykh in his harem outside the walls. It makes me blush for

the attractiveness of my own country, and the slighted fascination of the noble red man in his paint and shoddy blanket, when I see a lady, sated with the tame civilization of England, throw herself into the arms of one of these coarse bigamists of the desert. Has he no reputation in the mother country, our noble, chivalrous Walk-Under-the-Ground?

We saw something of the missionaries of Damascus, but as I was not of the established religion at the court of Washington at the time of my departure from home, and had no commission to report to the government, either upon the condition of consulates or of religion abroad, I am not prepared to remark much upon the state of either in this city. I should say, however, that not many direct converts were made either from Moslemism or from other Christian beliefs, but that incalculable good is accomplished by the schools which the missionaries conduct. The influence of these, in encouraging a disposition to read, and to inquire into the truth and into the conditions of a better civilization, is not to be overestimated. What impressed me most, however, in the fortune of these able, faithful servants of the propagandism of Christian civilization, was their pathetic isolation. A gentleman and his wife of this mission had been thirty years absent from the United States. The friends who cheered or regretted their departure, who cried over them, and prayed over them, and followed them with tender messages, had passed away, or become so much absorbed in the ever-

exciting life at home as to have almost forgotten those who had gone away to the heathen a generation ago. The Mission Board that personally knew them and lovingly cared for them is now composed of strangers to them. They were, in fact, expatriated, lost sight of. And yet they had gained no country nor any sympathies to supply the place of those lost. They must always be, to a great degree, strangers in this fierce, barbarous city.

We wandered down through the Christian quarter of the town: few shops are here; we were most of the time walking between mud-walls, which have a door now and then. This quarter is new; it was entirely burned by the Moslems and Druses in 1860, when no less than twenty-five hundred adult male Christians, heads of families, were slaughtered, and thousands more perished of wounds and famine consequent upon the total destruction of their property. That the Druses were incited to this persecution by the Turkish rulers is generally believed. We went out of the city by the eastern gate, called Bab Shurky, which name profanely suggested the irrelevant colored image of Bob Sharkey, and found ourselves in the presence of huge mounds of rubbish, the accumulations of refuse carted out of the city during many centuries, which entirely concealed from view the country beyond. We skirted these for a while, with the crumbling city wall on the left hand, passed through the hard, gray, desolate Turkish cemetery, and came at length into what might be

called country. Not that we could see any country, however; we were always between high mud-walls, and could see nothing beyond them, except the sky, unless we stepped through an open door into a garden.

Into one of these gardens, a public one, and one of the most celebrated in the rhapsodies of travelers and by the inventive poets, we finally turned. When you are walking for pleasure in your native land, and indulging a rural feeling, would you voluntarily go into a damp swale, and sit on a moist sod under a willow? This garden is low, considerably lower than the city, which has gradually elevated itself on its own decay, and is cut by little canals or sluiceways fed by the Abana, which run with a good current. The ground is well covered with coarse grass, of the vivid green that one finds usually in low ground, and is liberally sprinkled with a growth of willows and poplars. In this garden of the Hesperides, in which there are few if any flowers, and no promise of fruit, there is a rough wooden shed, rickety and decaying, having, if I remember rightly, a balcony, — it must have a balcony, — and there pipes, poor lemonade, and poorer ice-cream are served to customers. An Arab band of four persons, one of them of course blind of an eye, seated cross-legged on a sort of bedstead, was picking and thumping a monotonous, never-ending tune out of the usual instruments. You could not deny that the vivid greenery, and the gayly appareled groups sitting about under the trees and on the water's edge, made a lively scene. In another

garden, farther on around the wall, the shanty of entertainment is a many-galleried shaky construction, or a series of platforms and terraces of wood, overhanging the swift Abana. In the daytime it is but a shabby sight; but at night, when a thousand colored globes light it without revealing its poverty, and the lights dance in the water, and hundreds of turbaned, gowned narghileh-smokers and coffee-drinkers lounge in the galleries, or gracefully take their ease by the sparkling current, and the faint thump of the darabouka is heard, and some gesticulating story-teller, mounted upon a bench, is reeling off to an attentive audience an interminable Arabian tale, you might fancy that the romance of the Orient is not all invented.

Of other and private gardens and inclosures we had glimpses, on our walk, through open gates, and occasionally over the walls; we could imagine what a fragrance and color would greet the senses when the apricots are in bloom, and the oranges and lemons in flower, and how beautiful the view might be if the ugly walls did not conceal it. We returned by the saddlers' bazaar, and by a famous plane-tree, which may be as old as the Moslem religion; its gnarled limbs are like the stems of ordinary trees, and its trunk is forty feet around.

The remark that Damascus is without monuments of its past needs qualification; it was made with reference to its existence before the Christian era, and in comparison with other capitals of antiquity. Remains may, indeed, be met in its exterior walls, and in a broken column here and there

built into a modern house, of Roman workmanship, and its Great Mosque is an historical monument of great interest, if not of the highest antiquity. In its structure it represents three religions and three periods of art; like the mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople, it was for centuries a Christian cathedral; like the Dome of the Rock at Jerusalem, it is built upon a spot consecrated by the most ancient religious rites. Situated in the midst of the most densely peopled part of the city, and pressed on all sides by its most crowded bazaars, occupying a quadrangle nearly five hundred feet one way by over three hundred the other, the wanderer among the shops is constantly coming to one side or another of it, and getting glimpses through the spacious portals of the colonnaded court within. Hemmed in as it is, it is only by diving into many alleys and pushing one's way into the rear of dirty shops and climbing upon the roofs of houses, that one can get any idea of the exterior of the mosque. It is, indeed, only from an eminence that you can see its three beautiful minarets.

It does not appear that Chosroes, the Persian who encamped his army in the delicious gardens of Damascus, in the year 614, when he was on his way to the destruction of Jerusalem and the massacre of its Christian inhabitants, disturbed the church of John the Baptist in this city. But twenty years later it fell into the hands of the Saracens, who for a few years were content to share it with the Christian worshipers. It is said that

when Khâled, the most redoubtable of the Friends of the Prophet, whose deeds entitled him to the sobriquet of The Sword of God, entered this old church, he asked to be conducted into the sacred vault (which is now beneath the *kubbeh* of the mosque), and that he was there shown the head of John the Baptist in a gold casket, which had in Greek this inscription: "This casket contains the head of John the Baptist, son of Zachariah."

The building had been then for over three centuries a Christian church. And already, when Constantine dedicated it to Christian use, it had for over three hundred years witnessed the worship of pagan deities. The present edifice is much shorn of its original splendor and proportions, but sufficient remains to show that it was a worthy rival of the temples of Ba'albek, Palmyra, and Jerusalem. No part of the building is older than the Roman occupation, but the antiquarians are agreed to think that this was the site of the old Syrian temple, in which Ahaz saw the beautiful altar which he reproduced in the temple at Jerusalem.

Pieces of superb carving, recalling the temple of the Sun at Ba'albek, may still be found in some of the gateways, and the noble Corinthian columns of the interior are to be referred to Roman or Greek workmen. Christian art is represented in the building in some part of the walls and in the round-topped windows; and the Moslems have superimposed upon all minarets, a dome, and the gay decorations of colored marbles and flaring inscriptions.



The Moslems have been either too ignorant or too careless to efface all the evidences of Christian occupation. The doors of the eastern gate are embossed with brass, and among the emblems is the Christian sacramental cup. Over an arch, which can be seen only from the roof of the silversmiths' bazaar, is this inscription in Greek: "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations."

It required a special permit to admit us to the mosque, but when we were within the sacred precincts and shod with slippers, lest our infidel shoes should touch the pavement, we were followed by a crowd of attendants who for the moment overcame their repugnance to our faith in expectation of our backsheesh. The interior view is impressive by reason of the elegant minarets and the fine colonnaded open court. Upon one of the minarets Jesus will descend when he comes to judge the world. The spacious mosque, occupying one side of the court, and open on that side to its roof, is divided in its length by two rows of Corinthian columns, and has a certain cheerfulness and hospitality. The tessellated marble pavement of the interior is much worn, and is nearly all covered with carpets of Persia and of Smyrna. The only tomb in the mosque is that of St. John the Baptist, which is draped in a richly embroidered cloth.

We were anew impressed by the homelike, democratic character of the great mosques. This, opening by its four gates into the busiest bazaars, as we said, is much frequented at all hours. At

the seasons of prayer you may see great numbers prostrating themselves in devotion, and at all other times this cool retreat is a refuge for the poor and the weary. The fountains of running water in the court attract people, — those who desire only to sit there and rest, as well as those who wash and pray. About the fountains and in the mosque were seated groups of women, eating their noonday bread, or resting in that dumb attitude under which Eastern women disguise their discontent or their intrigues. This is, at any rate, a haven of rest for all, and it is a goodly sight to see all classes, rich and poor, flocking in here, leaving their shoes at the door or carrying them in their hands.

The view from the minaret which we ascended is peculiar. On the horizon we saw the tops of hills and mountains, snowy Hermon among them. Far over the plain we could not look, for the city is beset by a thicket of slender trees, which were just then in fresh leafage. Withdrawing our gaze from the environs, we looked down upon the wide-spread oval-shaped city. Most conspicuous were the minarets, then a few domes, and then thousands of dome-shaped roofs. You see the top of a covered city, but not the city. In fact, it scarcely looks like a city; you see no streets, and few roofs proper, for we have to look twice to convince ourselves that the flat spaces covered with earth and often green with vegetation (gardens in the air) are actually roofs of houses. The streets are either roofed over or are so narrow that we cannot see them from this height. Damascus is a sort of rabbit-burrow.

Not far from the Great Mosque is the tomb of Saladin. We looked from the street through a grated window, to the bars of which the faithful have tied innumerable rags and strings (pious offerings, which it is supposed will bring them good luck), into a painted inclosure, and saw a large catafalque, or sarcophagus, covered with a green mantle. The tomb is near a mosque, and beside a busy cotton-bazaar; it is in the midst of traffic and travel, among activities and the full rush of life, — just where a man would like to be buried in order to be kept in remembrance.

In going about the streets we notice the prevalence of color in portals, in the interior courts of houses, and in the baths; there is a fondness for decorating with broad gay stripes of red, yellow, and white. Even the white pet sheep which are led about by children have their wool stained with dabs of brilliant color, — perhaps in honor of the Greek Easter.

The baths of Damascus are many and very good, not so severe and violent as those of New York, nor so thorough as those of Cairo, but, the best of them, clean and agreeable. We push aside a gay curtain from the street and descend by steps into a square apartment. It has a dome like a mosque. Under the dome is a large marble basin into which water is running; the floor is tessellated with colored marbles. Each side is a recess with a half dome, and in the recesses are elevated divans piled with cushions for reclining. The walls are painted in stripes of blue, yellow, and red, and the room

is bright with various Oriental stuffs. There are turbaned and silken-attired attendants, whose gentle faces might make them mistaken for ministers of religion as well as of cleanliness, and upon the divans recline those who have come from the bath, enjoying *kief*, with pipes and coffee. There is an atmosphere of perfect contentment in the place, and I can imagine how an effeminate ruler might see, almost without a sigh, the empire of the world slip from his grasp while he surrendered himself to this delicious influence.

We undressed, were toweled, shod with wooden clogs, and led through marble paved passages and several rooms into an inner, long chamber, which has a domed roof pierced by bulls'-eyes of party-colored glass. The floor, of colored marbles, was slippery with water running from the overflowing fountains, or dashed about by the attendants. Out of this room open several smaller chambers, into which an unsocial person might retire. We sat down on the floor by a marble basin into which both hot and cold water poured. After a little time spent in contemplating the humidity of the world, and reflecting on the equality of all men before the law without clothes, an attendant approached, and began to deluge us with buckets of hot water, dashing them over us with a jocular enjoyment and as much indifference to our personality as if we had been statues. I should like to know how life looks to a man who passes his days in this dimly illumined chamber of steam, and is permitted to treat his fellow-men with every

mark of disrespect. When we were sufficiently drenched, the agile Arab who had selected me as his mine of backsheesh, knelt down and began to scrub me with hair mittens, with a great show of energy, uttering jocose exclamations in his own language, and practicing the half-dozen English words he had mastered, one of them being "dam," which he addressed to me both affirmatively and interrogatively, as if under the impression that it conveyed the same meaning as *tyeb* in his vocabulary. I suppose he had often heard wicked Englishmen, who were under his hands, use it, and he took it for an expression of profound satisfaction. He continued this operation for some time, putting me in a sitting position, turning me over, telling me to "sleep" when he desired me to lie down, encouraging me by various barbarous cries, and slapping his hand from time to time to make up by noise for his economical expenditure of muscular force.

After my hilarious bather had finished this process, he lathered me thoroughly, drenched me from head to heels in suds, and then let me put the crowning touch to my happiness by entering one of the little rooms, and sliding into a tank of water hot enough to take the skin off. It is easy enough to make all this process read like a martyrdom, but it is, on the contrary, so delightful that you do not wonder that the ancients spent so much time in the bath, and that next to the amphitheatre the emperors and tyrants lavished most money upon these establishments, of which the people were so extravagantly fond.

Fresh towels were wound around us, turbans were put on our heads, and we were led back to the room first entered, where we were reënveloped in cloths and towels, and left to recline upon the cushioned divans; pipes and coffee were brought, and we enjoyed a delicious sense of repose and bodily lightness, looking dimly at the grave figures about us, and recognizing in them not men but dreamy images of a physical paradise. No rude voices or sharp movements broke the repose of the chamber. It was as in a dream that I watched a handsome boy, who, with a long pole, was handling the washed towels, and admired the unerring skill that tossed the strips of cloth high in the air and caused them to catch and hang squarely upon the cords stretched across the recesses. The mind was equal to the observation, but not to the comprehension, of this feat. When we were sufficiently cooled, we were assisted to dress, the various articles of Frank apparel affording great amusement to the Orientals. The charge for the whole entertainment was two francs each, probably about four times what a native would have paid.



## XIV

### OTHER SIGHTS IN DAMASCUS



DAY after day we continued, like the mourners, to go about the streets, in the tangle of the bazaars, under the dark roofs, endeavoring to see Damascus. When we emerged from the city gate, the view was not much less limited. I made the circuit of the wall on the north, in lanes, by running streams, canals, inclosed gardens, seeing everywhere hundreds of patient, summer-loving men and women squatting on the brink of every rivulet, by every damp spot, in idle and perfect repose.

We stumbled about also on the south side of the town, and saw the reputed place of St. Paul's escape, which has been lately changed. It is a ruined Saracenic tower in the wall, under which is Bab Kisan, a gate that has been walled up for seven hundred years. The window does not any more exist from which the apostle was let down in a basket, but it used to be pointed out with confidence, and I am told that the basket is still shown, but we did not see it. There are still some houses on this south wall, and a few of them have projecting windows from which a person might easily

be lowered. It was in such a house that the harlot of Jericho lived, who contrived the escape of the spies of Joshua. And we see how thick and substantial the town walls of that city must have been to support human habitations. But they were blown down.

Turning southward into the country, we came to the tomb of the porter who assisted Paul's escape, and who now sleeps here under the weight of the sobriquet of St. George. A little farther out on the same road is located the spot of Saul's conversion. Near it is the English cemetery, a small high-walled inclosure, containing a domed building surmounted by a cross; and in this historical spot, whose mutations of race, religion, and government would forbid the most superficial to construct for it any cast-iron scheme of growth or decay, amid these almost melancholy patches of vegetation which still hover in the Oriental imagination as the gardens of all delights, sleeps undisturbed by ambition or by criticism, having at last, let us hope, solved the theory of "averages," the brilliant Henry T. Buckle.

Not far off is the Christian cemetery. "Who is buried here?" I asked our thick-witted guide.

"Oh, anybody," he replied, cheerfully, "Greeks, French, Italians, anybody you like;" as if I could please myself by interring here any one I chose.

Among the graves was a group of women, hair disheveled and garments loosened in the *abandon* of mourning, seated about a rough coffin open its entire length. In it lay the body of a young man



who had been drowned, and recovered from the water after three days. The women lifted up his dead hands, let them drop heavily, and then wailed and howled, throwing themselves into attitudes of the most passionate grief. It was a piteous sight, there under the open sky, in the presence of an unsympathizing crowd of spectators.

Returning, we went round by the large Moslem cemetery, situated at the southwest corner of the city. It is, like all Moslem burying-grounds, a melancholy spectacle, — a mass of small white-washed mounds of mud or brick, with an inscribed headstone, — but here rest some of the most famous men and women of Moslem history. Here is the grave of Ibn' Asâker, the historian of Damascus; here rests the fierce Moawveh, the founder of the dynasty of the Omeiyades; and here are buried three of the wives of Mohammed, and Fâtimeh, his granddaughter, the child of Ali, whose place of sepulture no man knows. Upon nearly every tomb is a hollow for water, and in it is a sprig of myrtle, which is renewed every Friday by the women who come here to mourn and to gossip.

Much of the traveler's time, and perhaps the most enjoyable part of it, in Damascus, is spent in the bazaars, cheapening scarfs and rugs and the various silken products of Syrian and Persian looms, picking over dishes of antique coins, taking impressions of intaglios, hunting for curious amulets, and searching for the quaintest and most brilliant Saracenic tiles. The quest of the antique is always exciting, and the inexperienced is ever hope-

ful that he will find a gem of value in a heap of rubbish; this hope never abandons the most *blasé* tourist, though in time he comes to understand that the sharp-nosed Jew, or the oily Armenian, or the respectable Turk, who spreads his delusive wares before him, knows quite as well as the seeker the value of any bit of antiquity, not only in Damascus, but in Constantinople, Paris, and London, and is an adept in all the counterfeits and impositions of the Orient.

The bazaars of the antique, of old armor, ancient brasses, and of curiosities generally, and even of the silver and gold smiths, are disappointing after Cairo; they are generally full of rubbish from which the choice things seem to have been culled; indeed, the rage for antiquities is now so great that sharp buyers from Europe range all the Orient, and leave little for the innocent and hopeful tourist, who is aghast at the prices demanded, and usually finds himself a victim of his own cleverness when he pays for any article only a fourth of the price at first asked.

The silk bazaars of Damascus still preserve, however, a sort of preëminence of opportunity, although they are largely supplied by the fabrics manufactured at Beyrout and in other Syrian towns. Certainly no place is more tempting than one of the silk khans, — gloomy old courts, in the galleries of which you find little apartments stuffed full of the seductions of Eastern looms. For myself, I confess to the fascination of those stuffs of brilliant dyes, shot with threads of gold and of

silver. I know a tall, oily-tongued Armenian, who has a little chamber full of shelves, from which he takes down one rich scarf after another, unfolds it, shakes out its shining hues, and throws it on the heap, until the room is littered with gorgeous stuffs. He himself is clad in silk attire; he is tall, suave, insinuating, grave, and overwhelmingly condescending. I can see him now, when I question the value put upon a certain article which I hold in my hand and no doubt betray my admiration of in my eyes, — I can see him now throw back his head, half close his Eastern eyes, and exclaim, as if he had hot pudding in his mouth, "Thot is ther larster price."

I can see Abd-el-Atti now, when we had made up a package of scarfs, and offered a certain sum for the lot, which the sleek and polite trader refused, with his eternal, "Thot is ther larster price," sling the articles about the room, and depart in rage. And I can see the Armenian bow us into the corridor with the same sweet courtesy, knowing very well that the trade is only just begun; that it is, in fact, under good headway; that the Arab will return, that he will yield a little from the "larster price," and that we shall go away loaded with his wares, leaving him ruined by the transaction, but proud to be our friend.

Our experience in purchasing old Saracenic and Persian tiles is perhaps worth relating as an illustration of the character of the traders of Damascus. Tiles were plenty enough, for several ancient houses had recently been torn down and the dealers

continually acquire them from ruined mosques or those that are undergoing repairs. The dragoman found several lots in private houses, and made a bargain for a certain number at two francs and a half each; and when the bargain was made, I spent half a day in selecting the specimens we desired.

The next morning, before breakfast, we went to make sure that the lots we had bought would be at once packed and shipped. But a change had taken place in twelve hours. There was an Englishman in town who was also buying tiles; this produced a fever in the market; an impression went abroad that there was a fortune to be made in tiles, and we found that our bargain was entirely ignored. The owners supposed that the tiles we had selected must have some special value; and they demanded for the thirty-eight which we had chosen — agreeing to pay for them two francs and a half apiece — thirty pounds. In the house where we had laid aside seventy-three others at the same price, not a tile was to be discovered; the old woman who showed us the vacant chamber said she knew not what had become of them, but she believed they had been sold to an Englishman.

We returned to the house first mentioned, resolved to devote the day if necessary to the extraction of the desired tiles from the grip of their owners. The contest began about eight o'clock in the morning; it was not finished till three in the afternoon, and it was maintained on our side with some disadvantage, the only nutriment that sustained us being a cup of tea which we drank very early in

the morning. The scene of the bargain was the paved court of the house, in which there was a fountain and a lemon-tree, and some rose-trees trained on espaliers along the walls. The tempting enameled tiles were piled up at one side of the court and spread out in rows in the *lewân*, — the open recess where guests are usually received. The owners were two Greeks, brothers-in-law, polite, cunning, sharp, the one inflexible, the other yielding, — a combination against which it is almost impossible to trade with safety, for the yielding one constantly allures you into the grip of the inflexible. The women of the establishment, comely Greeks, clattered about the court on their high wooden pattens for a time, and at length settled down, in an adjoining apartment, to their regular work of embroidering silken purses and tobacco-pouches, taking time, however, for an occasional cigarette or a pull at a narghileh, and, in a constant chatter, keeping a lively eye upon the trade going on in the court. The handsome children added not a little to the liveliness of the scene, and their pranks served to soften the asperities of the encounter; although I could not discover, after repeated experiments, that any affection lavished upon the children lowered the price of the tiles. The Greek does not let sentiment interfere with business, and he is much more difficult to deal with than an Arab, who occasionally has impulses.

Each tile was the subject of a separate bargain and conflict. The dicker went on in Arabic,

Greek, broken English, and dislocated French, and was participated in not only by the parties most concerned, but by the young Greek guide and by the donkey-boys. Abd-el-Atti exhibited all the qualities of his generalship. He was humorous, engaging, astonished, indignant, serious, playful, threatening, indifferent. Beaten on one grouping of specimens, he made instantly a new combination; more than once the transaction was abruptly broken off in mutual rage, obstinacy, and recriminations; and it was set going again by a timely jocularly or a seeming concession. I can see now the soft Greek take up a tile which had painted on it some quaint figure or some lovely flower, dip it in the fountain to bring out its brilliant color, and then put it in the sun for our admiration; and I can see the dragoman shake his head in slow depreciation, and push it one side, when that tile was the one we had resolved to possess of all others, and was the undeclared centre of contest in all the combinations for an hour thereafter.

When the day was two thirds spent we had purchased one hundred tiles, jealously watched the packing of each one, and seen the boxes nailed and corded. We could not have been more exhausted if we had undergone an examination for a doctorate of law in a German university. Two boxes, weighing two hundred pounds each, were hoisted upon the backs of mules and sent to the French company's station; there does not appear to be a dray or a burden-cart in Damascus; all

freight is carried upon the back of a mule or a horse, even long logs and whole trunks of trees.

When this transaction was finished, our Greek guide, who had heard me ask the master of the house for brass trays, told me that a fellow whom I had noticed hanging about there all the morning had some trays to show me; in fact, he had at his house "seventeen trays." I thought this a rich find, for the beautiful antique brasses of Persia are becoming rare even in Damascus; and, tired as we were, we rode across the city for a mile to a secluded private house, and were shown into an upper chamber. What was our surprise to find spread out there the same "seventy-three" tiles that we had purchased the day before, and which had been whisked away from us. By "seventeen tray," the guide meant "seventy-three." We told the honest owner that he was too late; we had already tiles enough to cover his tomb.













THE PLACE OF THE HOLY CITY

the morning. And al-Azi led us, with  
a small stone set in the pave-  
ment in the north entrance. It was perforated  
with a hole of which were brass nails.

Now when asked you might say there?

Answer:

Now when you might say there?

Answer:

It is a hole. Only three and a half nails.

It is a hole. Now only three and a

When these were taken the world came to

It is a hole. It is a hole. It is a hole.

When these were taken the world came to

It is a hole. It is a hole. It is a hole.

When these were taken the world came to

Answer:

When these were taken the world came to

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When these were taken the world came to

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Answer:

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When these were taken the world came to

It is a hole. It is a hole. It is a hole.











Sommi-Piccardi  
BWS





# CREMONA

DURANTE IL DOMINIO  
DE' VENEZIANI

( 1499 - 1509 )

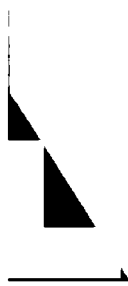
DI

GUIDO SOMMI PICENARDI

MILANO, 1866

TIPOGRAFIA DI ALBERTARI FRANCESCO

Via Pasquirolo, N. 14



# CREMONA

DURANTE IL DOMINIO

DE' VENEZIANI

( 1499 - 1509 )

DI

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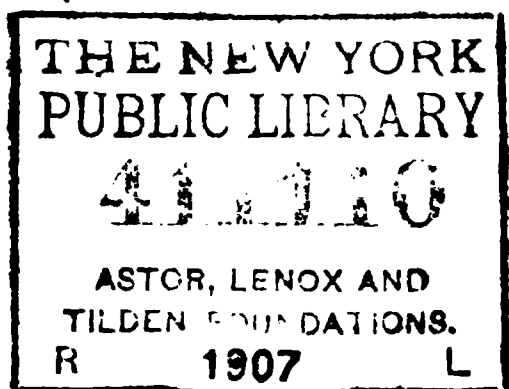
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*Via Pasquirolo, Num. 14.*

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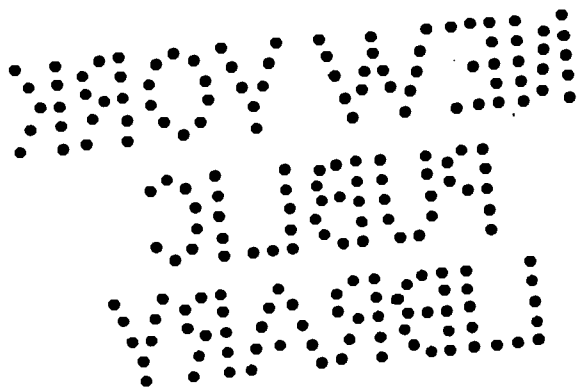
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*Quae referam parca forsitan et levia memoratu  
videri, non nescius sum. Nobis in arcto et  
ingloriosus labor.*

*Tacitus, Ann. IV, 32.*

**L'**amore alla storia della città dove nacqui mi portò a considerare le cose accadute in Cremona nel tempo della sua soggezione ai principati italiani, e particolarmente negli anni scorsi fra la lega di Blois e quella di Cambrai, nei quali la città nostra fu tenuta da' Veneziani. Lessi gli storici cremonesi, ma non fui pago dei brevissimi racconti che in loro rinvenni, e facilmente m' avvidi di gravi contraddizioni: non dirò quindi come in proposito poche e vaghe cose ci narri il Bordigallo, pochissime e inesattissime il Campi, causa principale, io credo, degli errori dell' Arisi, del Lancetti, del Robolotti e degli altri, i quali,

più che il Bordigallo, seguirono il Campi che, di questi anni almeno, scrisse poco e male.

Or dunque ho cercato di empire una lacuna della nostra storia; e come io vi sia riuscito consideri chi leggerà. A questi dirò come col sussidio delle stesse opposte narrazioni degli altri, e dei preziosi documenti che pubblico, io abbia composto il presente libro, scritto semplicemente, ma veridico. Ho narrato que' fatti che per indubitabili prove mi risultava essere avvenuti in Cremona, non parlando di quelli accaduti fuor di città, se non in quanto fu necessario. Mi sono anche possibilmente astenuto dalle considerazioni sui seguiti avvenimenti, perchè il lettore può farle da per sè, e perchè non è troppo agevol cosa il giudicare delle azioni d'allora colle idee del tempo che corre.

Dei documenti ho scelto gli inediti e i migliori <sup>(1)</sup>; e se in questi e in qualche nota

(1) Mi è caro dovere il ringraziare qui pubblicamente l'illustre cav. Guglielmo Berchet ( tanto benemerito della storia veneziana ) per le cure assidue che si è preso nella ricerca di molti fra i documenti che ornano questo volume.

ho forse ecceduto i limiti a questo lavoro convenienti, lo perdoni il leggitore pel desiderio, onde fui mosso, di dar notizia o di ciò ch' era ignoto o poco conosciuto. Non parlo poi dell' ortografia e della sintassi di qualche documento; ve ne ha alcuno in cui talora manca affatto; ma ho preferito pubblicarlo fedelmente, che, correggendo, adulterarlo (1).

Sia dunque il mio lavoro sincero omaggio alla storica verità, e ricordanza a Cremona di que' dieci anni trascorsi sotto il reggimento di quella gloriosa Regina dell' Adriatico, ai padri nostri invidia ed esempio, a noi pietà e desiderio.

(1) È inutile avvertire che le date dei documenti veneziani sono sempre secondo lo stile veneto.



# **CAPITOLO PRIMO**

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gnamente il re l'imbasciata e, con parole non simulanti mal animo, deliberatamente rispose che non intendeva rinunciare a que' diritti che per retaggio avea sul ducato di Milano; ma sarebbesi accomodato a che il Moro godesse tranquillamente lo stato e lo godessero anche i figli di lui, col patto che a titolo di compenso gli fossero subito sborsati dugento mila ducati d'oro, mentre, da parte sua, obbligavasi a rinunciare alle proprie ragioni, quando venisse a morire senza figliuoli.

Ritornati gli oratori a Lodovico, ed esposte siffatte dichiarazioni nel privato consiglio di lui, Antonio Landriano, che allor teneva la carica di tesoriere dello stato, non si trattenne dall'opporre che oltremodo ruinoso dovea riguardarsi una simile condizione, dacchè, secondo lui, con tanto danaro v'era da far guerra per dugent'anni al re cristianissimo. Udì favorevolmente il Moro le avventate parole del tesoriere, e, colla mira di meglio prepararsi agli avvenimenti futuri, deliberò di abbandonare il paese e recarsi colla famiglia in Tirolo: presso l'imperatore Massimiliano, per sollecitarne gli ajuti (1).

(1) Grumello, *Cronaca*, Milano, 1856. Verri, *Storia di Milano*.

Quando Luigi seppe ricusate dal duca le sue proposte, si dispose a far valere i propri diritti sul Milanese, stringendo pace coll'imperatore e coi re di Spagna <sup>(1)</sup> e d'Inghilterra, collegandosi a Filiberto duca di Savoia e trattando cogli altri stati d'Italia, affinchè o gli dessero soccorso, o fra lui ed il Moro si rimanessero neutrali.

Nel senato di Venezia intanto Girolamo Zorzi ed altri giovani senatori aveano caldamente perorato perchè a' danni dell'odiato Lodovico la Signoria s'unisse al re di Francia <sup>(2)</sup>, e a lui s'offerissero armi e danaro, a patto però che

(1) Nell'Archivio Generale di Milano (*Governo ducale - Corrisp.*) esiste una lettera di un tale Agostino de Becharia scritta da Siena il 12 agosto 1499, in cui si legge che *Maestro Emanuele portoghese frate conuentuale di St. Francesco ..... si offerse trasferirsi a li serenissimi Re de Hispania (sic) in benefitio suo (del Moro), cum li quali havendo luij un pocho de credito ..... ha credentia fare qualche bono fructo per essa ex. vra. contro lo inhonesto appetito de francesi.*

(2) L'Ambasciatore del Moro a Venezia ( che nelle lettere si sottoscrive *Episcopus Glandatensis*, e di cui non ci fu dato sapere il vero nome ) scrive al duca, il 25 maggio 1499, che il Zorzi magnificava assai quell'impresa, e asseriva il re di Francia parlarne con molto calore, benchè sembrasse che quell'anno non sarebbe venuto, *sì per non aver dinari, sì perchè vorra ueder como passarano le cose de Alemania, sì anchora per essere innamorato de la reina (Anna di Bretagna).* Archivio Gen. di Milano. — *Potenze estere — Corrisp. dipl. — Venezia 1499.*



in salvo <sup>(1)</sup>. Partito il Sanseverino di notte tempo, non avvertito alcuno de' suoi, l'esercito ch'era in Alessandria, vedutosi senza il suo capo, si diede a' Francesi <sup>(2)</sup>; mentre in Milano Simone Rigoni, udita la disfatta degli Sforzeschi, uccideva Antonio Landriano, per cui la patria era caduta in rovina <sup>(3)</sup>.

Il duca Lodovico, che ad arte pareva cercare ogni mezzo per meglio perdersi, contro il consiglio del fratello Ascanio e del genero Sanseverino, volendo abbandonare lo stato, affidò la rôcca di Porta Giovia <sup>(4)</sup> a Bernardino da Corte, e a governare il ducato istituì una reggenza composta da Antonio Trivulzio, da Girolamo Landriano, da Gian Jacopo Castiglione

(1) Galeazzo seguì il duca in Tirolo insieme con pochi altri, a' quali vennero confiscati i beni dal re di Francia il 10 novembre 1499. ( Archiv. Gen. di Milano. — *Lettere e concessioni* — 1487-1499 ).

(2) Il giorno stesso della resa d'Alessandria accadde in Cremona un forte terremoto, accompagnato da lampi e da pioggia dirottissima. Cronaca Crem. d'anonimo dal 1494 al 1525, presso il chiar. cav. Robolotti, e da lui cortesemente mostratami.

(3) Grumello, *Cronaca*. Verri, *Storia di Milano*.

(4) Qui erano l'archivio ducale e i ricchi mobili della corte valutati cento cinquantamila ducati, duemila ottocento fanti, mille ottocento pezzi d'artiglieria, vettovaglie e munizioni da guerra in abbondanza. Verri, *Storia di Milano*.

e da Francesco Bernardino Visconti, il primo e l'ultimo de' quali certo poco amici al nome sforzesco <sup>(1)</sup>. Due giorni dopo la fuga del Moro, avvenuta il 2 settembre, la reggenza aprì ai Francesi le porte di Milano, solo contro essi restando il castello, che moltó non tardò ad arrendersi pel tradimento del Corte.

Perduto il suo libero reggimento, era tuttavia Cremona fra le più ragguardevoli città di Lombardia. Fiorenti le scienze, le lettere e le buone arti, ricche e popolate le sue borgate, pingui i campi irrigati da ingegnosi e fecondanti acquedotti, ottanta mila i suoi abitanti <sup>(2)</sup>, de' quali tredicimila famiglie impiegate nel tessere la lana, il cotone, la seta ed il lino. Tanta la prosperità di quest'arte che alla sola manifattura dei fustagni, ricca di quattromila telaj, non bastando le braccia dei cittadini, altre se ne chiamavano dalle vicine

(1) Il Visconti ebbe dal re di Francia il Bosco e Castellazzo nell'Alessandrino, Gallarate, e la dignità di senatore insieme ad Antonio Trivulzi, il quale, in grazia del re, ebbe da Alessandro VI il cappello cardinalizio.

(2) Questo numero è forse esagerato, quando si consideri che a' primi del secolo XVI la città contava 40 mila abitanti. V. la Relazione del Pisani, nei documenti al capitolo III. — Sembra cosa poco probabile che in meno di un secolo gli abitanti di Cremona dovessero diminuire della metà.

province, mentre a Venezia pel prezzo di dugentomila ducati annualmente vendevansi quaranta mila pezze di fustagno (1).

Ma le ultime guerre del secolo XV, le gravzze sempre crescenti, gli eserciti francesi, veneziani e sforzeschi che tanto spesso occuparono il territorio cremonese, i furti, i guasti e le distruzioni d' ogni genere, aveano assai mutata da quella d' un tempo la città, ormai stanca del governo sforzesco, rappresentatovi da luogotenenti e commissarij, ultimi dei quali furono Renato ed Erasmo, ambedue de' Trivulzi, Gian Girolamo Visconti ed Orlando Pallavicino.

Ebbe Renato lieta accoglienza dai Cremonesi, il giorno del suo ingresso avvenuto ai 17 gennajo 1486 (2), nel quale anno avea comprato da Bartolomeo Guarna Salerno il feudo di Formigara, ov' ebbe sontuoso palagio, che fu ornato dalle pitture di Bernardino Campi, scomparse poi per l' incuria de' posterì (3). Pare

(1) Robolotti, *Dei documenti storici e letterarj di Cremona, lettera a F. Odorici*. Cremona 1857.

(2) In quest'anno egli fu eletto cittadino cremonese. Vedi Arisi *Prætor. Cremonæ, series chronologica*. Crem. 1731.

(3) Bernardino Campi fu chiamato a Formigara nel 1541 da Renato Trivulzio, figlio di Francesco e nipote del

che, durante il reggimento di Renato, o per debolezza di lui, o per colpa del suo antecessore, Bernardino d'Arezzo, le cose in Cremona troppo bene non procedessero, poichè nel giugno del 1489 scriveva a Bartolomeo Calco, ducal segretario, come da sedici anni non si facessero più i conti dalla comunità, e come malamente si amministrasse il pubblico denaro: e pregava che il duca con severe intimazioni ponessevi ordine <sup>(1)</sup>. Qual fosse il provvedimento preso dal principe non ci è noto; solo sappiamo che nel settembre di quell'anno venne tolto dalla cancelleria del comune Damiano Picenardi, decurione fino dal 1475 e posto a suo luogo un Caccino, pure de' Picenardi.

Erasmus Trivulzio, marito a Veronica Cavalcabò figlia di Giovanni, e cittadino cremonese fino dal 1486, venne al governo della città nel 1496 <sup>(2)</sup>. Nulla ci è noto del suo

suddetto. Edificò ed ornò quivi l'oratorio di S. Renato, distrutto nel 1777, e nel palazzo dipinse le storie di Minerva, una battaglia navale e l'assedio d'una fortezza; opere tutte perdute per colpa del marchese Archetti, che, nel rimodernare il palazzo, lasciò che quei dipinti si ricoprissero di calce. V. Alessandro Lamo e il Litta.

(1) V. Docum. I.

(2) Così il Litta: il Lancetti invece afferma che venisse

reggimento, se non che provviùe a qualche disordine avvenuto per la vendita dei grani, e nel 1498, avuta notizia che Lodovico il Moro si recherebbe a Cremona, gli fece dal pubblico decretare un regalo di mille ducati, forse perché l'anno avanti avea da lui ricevuto il feudo di Casteldidone.

Finì il suo governo nel 1498; e gli successe Gian Girolamo Visconti <sup>(1)</sup>, il quale fu poco dopo innalzato all'ufficio di consigliere ducale. Ma non avendo il Visconti tanta autorità ed esperienza quanta il Moro pareva esigesse, nell'agosto del 1499 gli fu dato a compagno nel governo Orlando Pallavicino, detto il Gobbo, marchese di Cortemaggiore, consigliere ducale e creatura del duca <sup>(2)</sup>. Ma poco durarono insieme, perchè ai primi del settembre il Visconti lasciò Cremona e recossi a guardia del Castello di Trezzo <sup>(3)</sup>.

al governo nel 1497 ( Schede autografe presso il cavalier Robolotti ).

(1) Secondo l'Arisi (*Prætor. Crem. series chronolog.*) il Visconti sarebbe venuto a Cremona nel 1497, e sarebbevi stato confermato governatore nel 1498.

(2) V. Docum. II.

(3) Ciò rilevasi dai Documenti veduti dal Litta; dal che sembrerebbe essersi ingannato il Corio ove asserisce essere stato posto alla custodia di Trezzo Lodovico Visconti, fratello di Gian Girolamo.

Frattanto il governo sforzesco presentia vicina la sua caduta, e la sorveglianza sul contegno dei cittadini e sulle mosse de' Veneziani era in questi ultimi tempi rigorosa all'estremo: di tutto temevasi, di tutto prendevasi ombra, fino d'un pazzo che salito di notte sulla torre maggiore erasi posto a suonar le campane; avvenimento preso tanto sul serio da provocare lettere dello stesso duca e severissimi ordini acciò il Torrazzo fosse meglio guardato e proibitone l'ingresso a chi non n'avesse una speciale licenza (1).

I Veneziani, da lungo tempo intenti a dilatare in Lombardia il loro dominio, aveano più volte in questo secolo fatte scorrerie sul territorio Cremonese e minacciata la città. In quest'anno poi la Repubblica allargava il cuore a sicure speranze; e l'oratore milanese a Venezia scriveva al duca come colà si bucinasse che Cremona si darebbe alla Signoria senza resistere, perchè stanca del governo sforzesco e atterrita dagli apparati di forze che le venete navi le spiegherebbero innanzi sul Po (2),

(1) Archivio Gen. di Milano, *Libro di lettere ducali*, 18 luglio 1499, pag. 253 e segg.

(2) *Sono certificato che costoro (i soldati veneti) faranno la impresa de Cremona, tenendo per fermo como se apros-*

di non aver usate le armi che a vantaggio d'Italia <sup>(1)</sup>. Accompagnavano l'esercito, come provveditori, Marco Antonio Morosini e Melchior Trevisano, il quale non è a scambiarsi, come accadde al Campi, al Bordigallo <sup>(2)</sup> e al Robolotti <sup>(3)</sup>, con Francesco Foscari che, per quanto si sa, non fu mai a Cremona <sup>(4)</sup>.

Era ufficio di costoro il concordare le operazioni dei capitani alla volontà del Senato e alla necessità delle provincie <sup>(5)</sup>: cattivo sistema mantenuto dalla gelosia della Repubblica, il quale fu causa che molte vittorie si mutassero in sconfitte.

Il giorno dopo che il Moro fuggì di Milano, la reggenza che prima di lasciare lo stato egli aveva istituita, inviò a Cremona Leonino Bilia, Gaspare Caimi, Gaspare Del Conte e Francesco Quartieri, suoi ambasciatori. Considerando le mosse dell'esercito veneziano nel

(1) Litta, famiglia Orsini.

(2) *Dominici Burdigalli patr. Crem. chronica a principio mundi ad annum 1576*. Questo prezioso codice è inedito e si conserva nella biblioteca della nob. casa Pallavicino in Cremona.

(3) *Dei documenti storici e letterarj di Cremona*.

(4) Vedi Litta, famiglia Foscari.

(5) Ricotti, *Storia delle compagnie di ventura in Italia*. Torino 1844.

Cremonese e quanto importasse allo Stato la città nostra, spedivansi questi quattro gentiluomini, affinchè esortassero la comunità di Cremona a resistere con ogni maniera ai Marcheschi, promettendo che i necessarij soccorsi non mancherebbero. E da questi oratori la medesima raccomandazione si fece al castellano di Santa Croce e a un tal Cottino Cotta, del quale non potemmo aver notizia, ma che facilmente crediamo al comando delle milizie (1). A' 4 di settembre rispondeano i Cremonesi l'esercito veneto essere già presso le mura, e, per negligenza de' passati governatori mancando fortificazioni e artiglierie, impossibile la difesa; sperar però nel promesso soccorso e nella fede verso lo stato, la quale, diceano, era ancor viva nel petto dei cittadini (2).

Mentre queste cose accadevano, la comunità e i governatori riunirono numerose squadre di popolo, che partite dalla piazza maggiore al grido di *Duca, Duca, Cremona, Cremona*, sotto il comando di dodici patrizj, occuparono le porte della città, promettendo difenderle dalle armi dei Veneziani. Intanto dai provveditori

(1) V. Doc. III.

(2) V. Doc. IV.



spedironsi il conte Alvise Avogadro, bresciano, e Soccino Benzoni cremonese <sup>(1)</sup>, alla città per chiederne la resa. Ma giunti alla porta S. Luca e non potendovi penetrare, forse perchè eran con loro cinquecento soldati, inviarono in Cremona un araldo. Come questi ebbe chiesto che la città si arrendesse, il consiglio generale riunissi frettolosamente e incaricò quattro cittadini, dei quali non conosciamo il nome, di portarsi al cospetto dell'Avogadro e del Benzoni. Ma costoro, udito come la città chiedesse tempo ad arrendersi, perchè prima di mancare alla fede giurata attendeva il ritorno de' suoi legati a Milano, risposero: il Moro aver tutto perduto; Cremona e la Gerra d'Adda, pel trattato conchiuso col re di Francia, doversi alla Signoria; essere finalmente disposti a prendere d'assalto la città, se tosto non s'arrendeva. Le parole però degli oratori cremonesi, che diedero a vedere come siffatte minacce non atterrissero l'animo loro, riuscirono ad ottenere una tregua fino al ritorno in Cre-

(1) Era al servizio della repubblica veneta come colonnello di cavalleria, e fu il primo che, alla testa di un numeroso corpo di cavalleggeri, entrasse nello stato di Milano, invadendo la Gerra d'Adda e occupando Lodi. A lui fu consegnato nel 1500 il card. Ascanio Sforza. V. Lancetti, *Biografia cremonese*, tomo III.

mona degli ambasciatori spediti a Milano (1). Erano essi stati colà mandati forse nella speranza di ottenere il promesso ajuto, certo nella fiducia di trovarvi ancora la reggenza istituita dal duca prima di fuggire: ma v' incontrarono invece il Trivulzio, entrato in Milano il giorno 6 di settembre, dal quale seppero che la sorte destinata a Cremona era quale l'aveano annunziata l'Avogadro e il Benzoni. Ritornati dunque alla patria questi ambasciatori, la città, conosciute le parole del Trivulzio e la caduta del governo ducale, stabilì di arrendersi tranquillamente a Venezia; e, presentata ai provveditori una carta nella quale chiedevansi alcuni privilegi alla nuova signoria, e ottenuta promessa che que' capitoli sarebbero osservati, la resa fu dichiarata (2).

I Veneti quindi, incontrati dal popolo, dal clero e dai nobili, entrarono in città e s'avviarono in bell'ordine alla cattedrale, preceduti dal glorioso vessillo di S. Marco, che poco

(1) Burdigalli, Cronaca cit.

(2) *Compendio universale historico degli avvenimenti più memorabili della città di Cremona et altri del mondo, dalla sua creazione in colonia dei Romani a tutto il secolo XVII.* Ms. d'ignoto autore, presso la nob. casa Manara di Cremona e gentilmente mostratomi dal suo proprietario.

dopo, per opera d' un popolano, fu veduto sventolare sull' alto del Torrazzo <sup>(1)</sup>. Ciò avvenne il 10 settembre, giorno sacro a S. Nicolò da Tolentino, nella chiesa del quale fu poi dalla Repubblica fatta celebrare annualmente una festa finchè la città rimase sotto il suo dominio <sup>(2)</sup>.

Il Senato intanto scriveva ai provveditori esser conveniente il sollevare la città ed il contado di Cremona dalla moltitudine di soldati che la Signoria vi aveva spedito coll' Alviano e coll' Orsini. Ordinava quindi che, d' accordo coi veneti capitani, i provveditori principiassero a licenziare le fanterie, tenendo solo quel numero di soldati che richiedevasi per la custodia del castello e della città; e che, spedite quelle nel Bresciano, nel Bergamasco e nel Cremasco, s' intimasse ai soldati che rimarrebbero di abitare negli alloggiamenti loro assegnati e non altrove, affinchè ai cittadini non si desse soverchia molestia <sup>(3)</sup>.

(1) *Feceno portare el stendardo de S. Marcho innanti infino alla piazza, et ghe fo uno chel porto in cima del Torazo, ciove della poma, et ghe fo donati ducati dece, secondo fo dicto. Cronaca crem. cit.*

(2) *Compendio storico cit.*

(3) *Doe. V.*

Due giorni dopo l'ingresso de' provveditori in città, Alessandro Oldovino, arcivescovo di Cesarea e suffraganeo del card. Ascanio Sforza (allora vescovo di Cremona), cantò messa solenne nel nostro duomo, e quivi sugli evangeli e alla presenza di Marco Antonio Morosini, provveditore, fu giurata fedeltà alla Repubblica dal Consiglio del comune e da centoventisette cittadini, e scritto un pubblico e solenne istromento notarile, conservato fino ai dì nostri nell'Archivio Comunale (1). Nell'istesso giorno furono scelti dodici Cremonesi da inviarsi *oratori d'obbedienza* alla Signoria, dei quali tre cavalieri, tre dottori, tre cittadini e tre mercadanti (2).

Ma la tranquillità colla quale Cremona era passata da uno ad un altro governo parve a que' giorni esser turbata da alcuni disordini

(1) V. Docum. VI.

(2) *Marco Antonio Morosini kav. provveditore scrive come in questa mattina, essendo levato di casa da molti cittadini, andò in la chiesa cattedral, dove il suffraganeo vicario del card. Ascanio cantò messa solenne, poi sendo esso proveditori all'altar fu dato il giuramento a tutti li cittadini del consejo su uno messal; quali furono tutti presi in nota: et furono electi dodici cittadini per oratori alla Signoria nostra, cioe 3 kavalieri, 3 dottori, 5 cittadini e 3 mercanti. (Sanudo Diarii. Codd. Marciani, vol. II, pag. 944, sotto il 12 settembre 1499).*

in onta del passato reggimento: perocchè nel mese stesso di settembre, al dire d'un cronista contemporaneo, fu posto a sacco e a fuoco il pubblico magazzino del sale e la casa di Giovanni Allegri, partigiano e spia del Moro, fatto segno della pubblica indignazione <sup>(1)</sup>.

(1) *Fu messo a sachomano la casa de Zoan Alegro et in parte brusada; el staseva de S. Zorzo, et ghe fo facto questo pche l'era acusator al tempo del duca Lodovico a far pagar qsto et qllo. Cronaca cremon. cit.*

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## DOCUMENTI

### I.

*(Dalla Collezione di Mss. del Cav. D. Muoni in Milano).*

Magnifico m. Bartholomeo; Le cosse di questa città non poteriano essere in maggior desordine di quello che sono: essendo circa sedici anni che mai sono facti li conti soi: chi ne stracia una parte chi una altra; in modo che remaneno in gran confusione: e anchor io me li sia intreomesso più volte per farli fare: et siano ellecti a questo trei homini da bene: nondimeno è impossibile deuenire ad effecto alcuno: e perche seria più bene facto di metterli qualche ordine: seria contento la M. V. facesse scrivermi una lra. del nro. Illmo. dimostrando la soa ex:<sup>ta</sup> farsene caso et comettermi con far doglianze di tal facto: habia ..... et nò lassarli partire fin che habino dato idonea caucione de veder li conti de la prefata Com,<sup>ta</sup> et concluderli fra uno mese; poñendogli quelle più gagliarde minatorie pariano alla p.<sup>ta</sup> M. V. che saria di universal satisfacione a q.<sup>ta</sup> cita: a quella recoman. Cremonae. xiiij.<sup>o</sup> Jiunij 1489.

M. V.

Renatus Trivultius.

Magnifico et generoso militi tamq. patri honoran.

Dno Bart.<sup>o</sup> Chalcho ducali Secretario

Mediolani

Cito.

II.

(*Arch. gen. di Milano — 1499 - 13 agosto*).

D. Rolan. Poll<sup>no</sup> Co.<sup>ll</sup> Cons.<sup>rio</sup>

Vi habiamo deputato al gouerno de la Cita nra de Cremona et del Cremonese per la fede qle habiamo in voi et per esser di major auctoritate et experientia che el comissario che gli e di pnte, acciò habiate la cura et gouerno de le cose del stato no pche habiate a mettere mane in la jurisdition de le cause. Et qui alligate ve mandamo la patente vra como vedarete. Pero voi haveti subito a trasferirvi a Cremona et attenre cum omne diligentia al gouerno di quella cita, et star ben advertito per intender li andamenti de le genti che hano Venetiani in qlle confine et chi va et vene in quella cita et qllo portano intorno, et trovando cosa alcuna pregiuditiale al stato nro castigareti chi trovareti in culpa et ce avisareti de tutte qle cose qle ve parirano degne de notitia nra, no mancando voi qli remedij che per voi se li potranno far jntendendovi ben insieme con M. Jo. Hierony. Vesconte nostro comissario como siamo pero certi che farete.

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III.

(*Archiv. gen. di Milano*).

Instructio Leonini Biliæ, Gasparis Cajmi et Gasparis de Comite et Francisci Quarterij.

Mediolani 3 septembris 1499.

Li successi de le cose de questo Stato doppo la perdita de Alexandria et quello che se tracta per noi

de presenti per la deditione de questo Stato ala Maestà del Christianissimo Re de Franza voi lhaveti inteso non altramente como habiamo anchora noi. Et però essendo lassato a noi in queste turbatione el carico del Governo de questo Stato, ne convene essere multo vigilantì e circonspecti a tutte quelle cose che fossero fora del proposito del bene depto Stato. Essendone adunca facto intendere che Venetiani deveno havere mandato lo exercito suo ad accamparse a quella città de Cremona per occuparla, o saltem essere in procincto de mandarglilo, et ne havemo receputo despiacere grande, et però questa mattina habiamo scripto lettere alli presidenti de quella Comunità confortandoli a conservarse como credemo che faranno, como per esse lettere nostre quale ve habiamo facte vedere haveti cognosciuto. Nientedimanco considerando quanto importa la dicta cità di Cremona per la bona qualità depsa et quanto deffalco et conquasso saria a questo stato quando uno sì honorevole membro se gli disminuisse et se lassasse capitare quella cità in mane de venetiani Ce parse mandarli a exortare et precare a voce viva, et cosi volemo che voj, quali ve cognoscemo per homini de ingenio et affectionati al bene publico de questo Stato, cum quanta più celerità sij possibile ve transferati ad Cremona et trovandovi cum li agenti per quella Comunità cum farli domandare quelli altri cittadini che parirà a loro, sotto- nostre lettere credentiali li confortati exhortate et pregate da parte nostra ad voler cum omne sue forze de animo et de ingenio sostenere costantemente et cum animo infracto (?) quanto più possono lo exercito predicto de venetiani, et non lassarse in modo alcuno condurre ad deditione alcuna cum la Signoria de Venetia, ne disunirsi in modo alcuno dal solito essere



• suo, cum questo stato cum farli certi che per noi non gli sarà mancato totis viribus de tutti li sussidj che potremo per la sublevatione et liberatione loro.

Satisfacto a quanto è dicto cum quella Comunità ve transferireti anchora al Castellano de Santa Croce ed al Cottino medesimamente sotto nostre lettere credentiali narratogli le occurrentie predictie nel modo che harete facto alli presidenti de la Comunità lo confortereti et pregarete cum omne efficacità da nostra parte ad non mancare del debito loro de la fidelità verso questo Stato, et stare constanti et de animo galiardo in non lassarse sedurre per cosa del mondo in prevaticare da la observantia et devotione verso depso, possendose persuadere de questa nota et infamia gli saria quando seguisse altramente de quella forteza et a preservarla alla devotione de questo Stato, Certificandoli che non solamente haranno a continuare alla guarda depso castello, ma anchora haranno ad essere remunerati et beneficiati de altre cose per loro et li soi. Et che de presidio et adiuto quando li accada essere invasi da li nemici questo stato non gli è per mancare. Et quando bisognasse dimorarve qualche dì per stabilire le cose de la città et così etiam de questo castello ad quello effecto che ve mandamo voi ve demorareti tanto quanto sarà bisogno et de tutto cedareti aviso secondo che fareti. In questo andare vostro a Cremona volemo faciate la via de Lodi, et ve trovate cum li presidenti de quella Comunità et el castellano et cum loro faciate medesimo officio como se contene de sopra.

Questa nostra instructione comunicareti alli Mag.<sup>ci</sup> Messer Orlando Marchese Pelavicino et governatore de quella città, et ad Messer Zohan Hieronjmo Vesconte comissario richedendoli lopera et adiuto suo sotto le

nostre lettere credentiali, quale ve havemo facto dare ad questo effecto sopradicto.

Presidentibus Comunitatis Cremonæ.

Magnifici et spectabiles tanquam fratres nostri carissimi. Mandiamo de presenti ad voi li spectabili ambascadori nostri domino Leonino Bilia, caspare Cajmo, Gaspare del Conte et Francesco de Quarteri per declararvi alcune cose per espressioni del fraterno amore nostro cum le Magnificentie et spectabilitate vostre, però le confortamo et pregamo ad dovergli credere non altramente che se noi proprj de boca le parlassimo.

Similiter Castellano arcis Sancte Crucis  
et Cottino Cotte.

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#### IV.

(*Arch. gen. di Milano* ).

Magnifici e prestantissimi patres honorandi. Hèri sera recevessimo le vostre triplicate littere de medesimo tenore, date die 3 del presente, per le quali ce significati che le V. S. sono per acceptare per suo Signore el Christianissimo Re di Franza cum animo de capitulare de la integratione del dominio dello Stato de Milano, cum molte vostre amorevole parole, per le qual ne conforteti et persuadeti ad star contenti ne la fede solita et non attendere ad alcune persuasione ne cominatione de inimici *vestri* (1); de le qual amorevole parole certo ne ringraciamo le prefate S.V. ne procedemo (sic) giudicare che procedano se non da uno cordial amore, che quella per sua humanità portano a noj et le cose nostre. Al che

(1) Prima della parola *vestri* trovasi nell' originale la parola *nostri* cancellata.

existimamo non essere necessario persuadervi quale sempre sij stata la fede et integrità nostra, quale per molti experimenti havemo sempre demonstrate a quello signo el principato che li celi per tempora ne hano concesso et date. Et così intendemo de perseverare cum animo constante et virile, et non mancare in cosa alcuna. Ben crediamo qualche dì sono debba essere noto ale prefate S. V. et demum per la via deli oratori nostri in che caso et extremità se ritrova questa città per havere el campo de Venetiani infino presso le mure numerozo et essere desfornita de artelarie et de arme et altre munitione necessarie et le fosse complanate per negligentia de chi per el passato ne ha governato; et le porte et mure debilissime, ne altre munitione havemo in essa cità se non la unione de tuti li cori de questi cittadini, per la qual cosa siamo in grandissimo continuo affanno, et dubitamo e cognosciamo che sarria impossibile poter persistere molto tempo in questi pericoli per le rasoni predictate, et per trovarsi tuto il contato de questa cita perso et maxime Sonzino, et ogni altra cosa nostra è in preda. Sicchè sarria necessario provvedere et presto ali bisogni nostri, et de tal presidio che li cori nostri ben disposti se potesseno conservare in la solita fede et integrità. Quare ce parso per la affectione et reverentia quale sempre havemo portate a quella Illustre Cità et ale V. S. significarli questi nostri bisogni et extremi casi, le quale S. V. sempre havemo in summa reverentia como padri. Datum Cremone die 4. Septembris 1499.

Gubernatores Magnifice Comunitatis  
et universi populi Cremonensis.

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V.

*(Archiv. Gen. di Venezia.)*

Die V. Octobris MccccLxxxxviiiij.

Provisoribus nostris generalibus.

Essendoci pervenuta per divina grazia la Città di Cremona in potestà nostra, et espedita del tutto quell'impresa, ne par ben conveniente esaudir quei fedelissimi miei (sic) Cremonesi et alleviar quel territorio nostro de tanto numero de gente quanto al presente vi si ritrovano: per tanto vogliamo et con il Senato nostro ve comandiamo che i primi licenziati debbano essere tutte quelle fantarie, lasciare però prima alla Rocca nostra de Cremona, alla Guardia della Piazza e delle Porte quelli fanti che dichiate sono necessarj alla buona custodia e regenza sua, facendo il simile in tutte quelle altre fortezze nostre di guerra d'Ada, come nella pratica e prudenza vostra molto si confidiamo. Circa veramente la gente d'arme vi diciamo che dobiate essere insieme con l' Illus. Sig. Governator nostro generale, con il quale consiglierete che numero di gente d'arme si debba lasciare sul Cremonese, e su gerrà d'Ada, e siccome sarete dello isteso suo consiglio, così lascierete essa gente, facendogli dar i suoi alloggiamenti secondo l'ordine della Banca, e comandando a tutti che alloggiando negli suoi alloggiamenti che gli saranno destinati e non vadino ad alloggiar altrove facendo li pagar le Tasse, il che non siamo per soporarlo. Lo stesso veramente del governator che el se ne vadi oggi di agli suoi primi alloggiamenti, e la Compagnia sua mandarete ad alloggiar in Bressana più unita che potete, il resto della gente d'arme manderete ad alloggiar tra Bressana, Bergamasca, e Cremasca, facendo

allogiar le Compagnie più unite che potete, e comandiamo a tutti gli uomini d'armi che stiano agli suoi proprj alloggiamenti come sopra, per essere così ferma intenzione e volontà nostra. A voi veramente di nuovo vi diciamo e comandiamo che spedito che avrete il soprafatto ordine nostro, in Dei nomine, entrar dobbiate in Cremona, ed eserciterete l'Ufficio per voi mandatovi. Voi Sig. Marc' Antonio starete et in Cremona per sino logiera il Nobil Uomo S. Domenico Trevisan Kavalier, l'altro Providitor nostro eletto, quale questa futura prossima settimana infalantemente deve partire, e farete l'Ufficio di esso Sig. Domenico, il quale giunto che sarà verete alla presenza della Signoria nostra.

Et ordiniamo che il Nobil Uomo Sig. Domenico Trevisan Kavalier eletto Proveditor nostro in Cremona sia obbligato partirsi entro la prossima futura settimana, ed a questa medesima conditione siano li Camerlengi e Castelano di Cremona nuovamente eletti.

De parte . . . . 152

de non . . . . 2

Non synceri . . . . 0

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VI.

*(Archiv. della Città di Cremona ).*

In Christi nomine. Amen. Anno ab Incarnatione ejusdem millesimo quadringentesimo nonagesimo nono, indictione secunda, die jovis duodecimo mensis septembris. In civitate Cremonæ, ante altare majus Beate Mariæ Virginis posito in Ecclesia majori dicte civitatis. Præsentibus Magnificis Dominis Jacobo Sicho de Gara-

vagio milite, Domino Jacobo de Martinengho dicto de la Motella de Brixia, Domino Calino de Bergamo, Johanne de Sfondratis, et Johanne de Gandino, omnibus testibus notis et idoneis ad infrascripta vocatis et rogatis.

Noverint universi præsens Instrumentum publicum inspecturi quod constituti coram et in præsentia Magnifici et generosi equitis aurati Domini Marciantonii Mauriceni Venetiarum nobilis civis ad præsens provisoris seu Gubernatoris in hac inclita civitate Cremonæ pridie dedita Serenissimo Ducali Dominio Venetorum sedentis super quadam Catedra ante dictum Altare infrascripti omnes intra nominati et descripti cives civitatis Cremonæ. et quilibet eorum qui pro majori parte sunt de Consilio generali dicte civitatis Cremonæ et incolæ et habitatores civitatis Cremonæ suis nominibus propriis ac nomine et vice totius Comunitatis et universitatis civitatis et populi Cremonensis. Delato eis prius et cuilibet eorum sacramento per prefatum Dominum Marcum Antonium Mauricenum provisorum et Gubernatorem ut supra et ab eis et quolibet eorum factis scripturis corporaliter præstito super quodam Missali aperto quod ibidem ante ipsum erat ibi ubi ab una parte erat imago Jesu Christi Crucifixi picta, ab alia erant scripta Archana per verba quæ per Sacerdotes secrete proferuntur in consecratione Eucharistiæ quando Missam celebrant, juraverunt ad Sancta Dei evangelia genibus flexis tactis dictis Scripturis cum ambabus manibus et ita quilibet eorum juravit in hunc modum per hec verba ibi coram eis publice et alta voce prolata et vulgarizata per me Antonium de Alia notarium collegiatum et Canzellarium præfatæ comunitatis Cremone ad eorum omnium plenam et claram intelligentiam. Quod ipsi omnes in-

ferius nominati et descripti et ipsa Comunitas et universitas ac homines ipsius Comunitatis universitatis et populi dictæ civitatis Cremonæ de cetero et ab hodierna die in antea et perpetuo erunt obedientes, fideles et reverentes ac obedientiam reverentiam et fidelitatem præstabunt Serenissimæ Ducali Dominationi Venetiarum, eamque et ipsum Serenissimum Ducale Dominium Venetorum et seu ipsum Dominium representantes nominabunt et recognoscent in veros Dominos singulares et precipuos dictæ Civitatis universitatis et populi Cremonæ ejusque totius territorii, districtus et diœcesis. Et quod namquam scienter erunt in aliquo Consilio, confederatione, conspiratione, tractata, opere, verbo vel facto quomodocumque vel quovis modo per quod dicta Ducalis Venetorum Dominatio vel aliquis ejus officio vel Magistratus ipsam Ducalem Dominationem in ejus officio representans lesionem, injuriam vel contumeliam recipiat vel quod amittat vel amittere possit vitam vel aliquod membrum, nec aliquid aliud quod ipsi officiali vel magistratus debite spectaret vel pertineret in avere vel persona ipsorum officialium vel magistratuum. Et vel etiam quod ipsa Ducalis Dominatio et seu ipsi eorum officiales vel Magistratus aliquem honorem damnum præjuditium, prerogativam vel præheminentiam quem vel quam nunc habet seu habent seu ipsos vel ipsum Dominium quomodolibet in futurum habere contigerit patietur vel amittat vel lesionem aliquam recipiat directe vel indirecte tacite vel expresse palam vel occulte. Et quod si sciverint vel audiverint de aliquo seu aliquibus personis qui vel quæ aliquam lesionem, injuriam vel contumeliam verbo, facto vel operé facere vel attemptare voluerit et voluerint vel vellent contra prælibatum Dominium vel aliquam personam pro eo agen-

tem sive singulares sive plures fuerint vel essent qui pro ipso Ducali Dominio agant vel agerent et ipsius Dominii res administrent et procurent seu procurarent et administrarent in futurum contra quos aliquid de prædictis voluerit attemptari illud toto pro posse impediunt et auxilium præstabunt ne prædicta fiant. Et si contigerit eos vel aliquem eorum in prædictis impedimentum apponere vel succursum et auxilium præstare vel porrigere per se vel per alios non posse, illud saltem toto pro posse antequam fiant revelabunt et propalabunt et prælibato Dominio Venetorum vel pro eis agentibus notificabunt, ut provisiones necessarias ad mala evitanda facere vel fieri possint. Præterea si etiam accideret quod prælibatum Ducale Dominium Venetorum aliquid quod spectet vel in futurum spectare posset ad eorum prerogativas præhemi-  
nientias vel jura ipsius Ducalis Dominii amittere vel deperdere in hac civitate vel districtu seu episcopatu vel alibi in toto eorum Dominorum Venetorum Ducali Dominio, quod Deus avertat, illud quantum in eis erit curabunt toto pro posse recuperari et omni tempore retinere et manutenere, et si aliquid in secreto ipsis civibus vel alicui eorum dictum vel notificatum fuerit pro secreto retinendum, illud sine licentia ipsius Ducalis Dominii vel agentium pro eo non manifestabunt, nec pandent nec quod manifestetur vel pandatur verbo, nutu vel ostensione nec aliquo quovis modo signum aliquod dabunt vel facient nec fieri facient: Quodque nunquam per ipsam comunitatem, universitatem vel populum Cremonæ aliquid fiet quod tendat vel pertineat ad ipsius Ducalis Dominii Venetorum vel jurium suorum damnum vel detrimentum, et quod facient et observabunt omnia alia et singula necessaria et sibi incumbentia more bonorum et fidelium



subditorum erga Dominos suos et secundum formam tam novæ quam veteris fidelitatis et etiam sub hypotheca et obligatione omnium suorum et dictæ comunitatis bonorum præsentium et futurorum. Quorum quidem infrascriptorum omnium Civium et Consiliariorum nomina sunt hæc, videlicet:

Primo: Reverendus dominus Alexander Oldoynus Dei gratia Archiepiscopus Cesariensis et suffraganeus episcopalis sedis Cremonensis; Reverendus dominus Baldessar de Fidelibus Vicarius generalis dictæ sedis episcopalis Cremonensis Decretorum Doctor:

Magnificus dominus Comes Johannes Franciscus de Gambarà. — Dominus Johannes de Cavalcabobus. — Dominus Gabriel de Meliis. — Dominus Jacobus Trecchus. — Dom. Gosmas Ponzonus. — Dom. Leonardus Botta. — Dom. Franciscus de Brumano. — Dom. Comes Raynaldus de Persico. — Dom. Thomas de Raymondis. — Dom. Baptista de Stanghis. — Dom. Paganinus de Ugolano. — Dom. Petrus Martir Ferarius. — Dom. Nicola de Dovaria. — Dom. Baptista de Mussis. — Dom. Johannes Franciscus de Mussis. — Dom. Franciscus Benzonus. — Dom. Johannes Franciscus Marianus. — Dom. Heliseus de Piasii. — Dom. Gaspar Benzonus. — Dom. Heliseus de Raimondis. — Dom. Petrus de Porris. — Dom. Johannes Marcus de Zuchis. — Dom. Franciscus De la Fossa. — Dom. Dalmianus de Burgo. — Dom. Petrus Ponzonus. — Dom. Tadeus de Pischarolo. — Dom. Baptista Malumbra. — Dom. Alexander de Plaza. — Dom. Petrus Antonius de Barbobus. — Dom. Nicolaus de Ferrariis. — Dom. Beseghinus de Oldoynis. — Dom. Marcus de Fondulis. — Dom. Dalmianus de Picenardis. — Dom. Antonius de Strata. — Dom. Johannes Andreas de Amidanis. — Dom. Franzosius de Aribertis. — Dom. Ra-

phael de Cavuciis. — Dom. Johannes Franciscus Carenzonus. — Dom. Sempervivus Sfondratus. — Dom. Bernardinus de Regazola. — Dom. Thomas Foliata. — Dom. Oliverius de Cavitellis. — Dom. Johannes Marchio de Fodris. — Dom. Ludovicus Sfondratus. — Dom. Johannes Antonius de Bordolano. — Dom. Lombardinus de Persichello. — Dom. Nicolinus de Lugaris. — Dom. Johannes Foliata. — Dom. Petrus Foliata. — Dom. Petrus Oldoynus. — Dom. Raphael de Strata. — Dom. Frigerius de Golferamis. — Dom. Cremoninus de Valvassoribus. — Dom. Baptista Ponzonus. — Dom. Philippus de Brumano. — Dom. Eusebius Oldoynus. — Dom. Georgius de Cambiate. — Dom. Franciscus de Pisce. — Dom. Antonius Lupus. — Dom. Baptista de Cambiate. Dom. Tholominus Guischardus. — Dom. Johannes Petrus de Tinctis. — Dom. Carolus de Richavo. — Dom. Jacobus Maria de Cambiate. — Dom. Joannes Antonius de Stanghis. — Dom. Johannes Franciscus de Persichello. — Dom. Thomas de Galarate. — Dom. Franciscus de Galerate. — Dom. Galeaz de Faerno. — Dom. Bernardinus de Cavitellis. — Dom. Paulus de Cambiate. — Dom. Bartholomeus de Sancto Petro. — Dom. Piasinus de Piasiiis. — Dom. Luchinus de Peliciis. — Dom. Amadeus de Panevinis. — Dom. Johannes Martignonus. — Dom. Antonius Hermenzonus. — Dom. Benvenutus de Malfiastris. — Dom. Joannes Mar. (sic) Ponzonus. — Dom. Thomas de Brumano. — Dom. Sebastianus Bellottus. — Dom. Benedinus de la Rocha. — Dom. Franciscus Panevinus. — Dom. Franciscus de Zucchis. — Dom. Antonius de Rubeis. — Dom. Baptista de Bolderezio. — Dom. Michael de Crezona. — Dom. Comes Alphonsus de Persicho. — Dom. Comes Ferandus de Persicho. — Dom. Don Christopherus de Rastellis. — Dom. Don Christophorus de

Carcelanis. — Dominus Johannes Antonius de Cambiate.

Juravit in suprascripta forma dummodo Capitula Comunitatis serventur per ipsos Dominos Venetos:

Dom. Baldassar de Ugolanis. — Dom. Cavucinus de Cavuciis. — Dom. Antoniolus de Ceriolis. — Dom. Franciscus de la Fossa, Domini Raphaelis. — Dom. Andreas de Belhonoribus. — Dom. Nicholaus de Piasiiis. — Dom. Jacobus de la Cella, domini Manayni. — Dom. Don Raphael de Trebaliis. — Dom. Don Angelus de Belintendis. — Petrus de Fadino. — Nicolaus de Ficia. — Bernardinus de Alenis. — Joannes Franciscus de Tebaldis, — Dom. Don Jacobus de Burgo. — Camondinus de Raymondis. — Dom. Don Jacobus de Bonis. — Dom. Paulus de Guspertis. — Dom. Venturinus de Pinzonibus. — Jacobus Lupus. — Petrus de Raimondis — Dom. Bernardinus de Fraganescho. — Don Clemens de Summo. — Lombardinus portinarius. — Joannes Antonius de Gadio. — Laurentius Gavazolus. — Mafeus de Padernis. — Joannes Petrus de Gariboldis. — Dom. Oschasalus de Oschasalibus. — Innocentius Boverius. — Bartholomeus de Maleo. — Dom. Georgius Manaria. — Et Dom. Marinus de Lugaris.

Mandans præfatus Dominus Marcus Antonius provisor et Gubernator ut supra michi Antonio de Alia notario infrascripto quod de prædictis unum et plura publica si opus fuerit conficiam et conficere debeam. Instrumenta.

Ego Antonius de Alia civis Cremonæ publicus Imperiali auctoritate Notarius et de Collegio Dominorum. Notariorum prædictæ civitatis Cremonæ, ac Canzella-  
mus et dictator Comunitatis Cremonæ, prædictis interfui, et hanc cartam rogatus tractavi et imbreviavi,

ipsamque ac finiendum, complendum et scribendum infrascripto Philippo Mariæ de Ansoldis, etiam Notario de dicto Collegio dedi et commisi, et in testimonium præmissorum me subscripsi.

Ego Philippus Maria de Ansoldis civis Cremonæ publicus Imperiali auctoritate Notarius ac de Collegio Notariorum ejusdem civitatis, hanc cartam rogatam, tractatam et imbreviatam per suprascriptum Dominum Antonium de Alia etiam civem et notarium pro ut supra de ejus commissione voluntate et imbreviaturis extra-  
xi, finivi, complevi et scripsi, et in fidem et testimonium præmissorum me subscripsi.

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## **CAPITOLO SECONDO**

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## **S O M M A R I O**

**( 1499 - 1500 )**

**Patti della resa di Cremona. — Dedizione del Castello di S. Croce: — Pietro Antonio Battaglia. — Oratori cremonesi a Venezia. — Governo dei Veneziani nelle provincie. — Capitano, podestà e castellano. — Domenico Trevisan e Niccolò Foscarini. — Privilegi a' Cremonesi. — Rendite della Città. — Breve ritorno del duca Lodovico Sforza in Milano. — Paolo Barbo e Domenico Bollani. — Cremonesi cacciati in esilio. — Audacia dei fratelli Grumello. — Morte del doge Agostino Barbarigo.**

**Documenti.**

**I** capitoli della resa di Cremona presentati ai provveditori veneti contenevano le seguenti condizioni, che noi qui trascriviamo sommariamente, ponendo l'atto originale nei documenti (1) :

Il Dazio della Gabella ordinaria, come quello del Po, cederebbesi alla Signoria, a patto che l'aumento del quarto e del quinto d'esso andrebbe a profitto della città per pagare i frutti de' suoi debiti : il Comune potrebbe, in casi straordinari, imporre nuove tasse ai cittadini: la gabella del sale apparterrebbe alla Repubblica in ragione di sei denari imperiali per ogni libbra da dodici oncie: la Signoria pagherebbe i debiti contratti dai dominatori passati con la città : non potrebbe imporre decime, nè erigere opere di difesa col denaro de' cittadini; i quali non verrebbero costretti a pren-

(1) V. Docum. I.



dere le armi: eserciterebbero liberamente i Cremonesi la mercatura con ogni paese, e venderebbero i cereali in ogni parte del territorio della Repubblica: si permetterebbe a que'cittadini, possidenti oltre il Po, l'Oglio e l'Adda, di condurre senza impedimento le biade in città: il notariato ed ogni altro ufficio civico sarebbe esclusivamente dato ai Cremonesi, eccettuate però le cariche di podestà e di capitano, da pagarsi col denaro della Signoria: gli statuti dei dottori, dei medici e dei notai sarebbero conservati, e la comunità non si dipartirebbe da quelli: le cause verrebbero trattate secondo le leggi cremonesi e in Cremona; e quelle già state giudicate non potrebbero essere rivedute, meno il caso di straordinaria iniquità <sup>(1)</sup>: i diritti e i privilegi sulle acque dell'Oglio, del Serio, dell'Adda, del Naviglio e d'ogni altro canale, sarebbero rispettati: si richiamerebbero i cittadini relegati fuori di città, nè potrebbero porre a nuovo bando, senza nuova ragione, eccettuato però sempre Giovanni Allegri <sup>(2)</sup>: se

(1) Questa domanda fu suggerita al Consiglio della città dal giureconsulto Gian Galeazzo Mainardi. V. Arisi, *Crem. lit.* tom. I.

(2) Questi è lo stesso individuo già ricordato.

la Repubblica dovesse in seguito mandare in esiglio qualche delinquente, i suoi beni non potrebbe confiscare, nè richiamarlo in patria se non prima riconciliato coll' offeso: la Signoria procurerebbe che ogni beneficio ecclesiastico ed ogni luogo pio esser dovesse dei cittadini, eccettuato il Vescovado: si darebbe licenza ai Cremonesi di laurearsi ovunque, e di esercitare l' arte loro in qualsiasi città del Veneto dominio: i beni confiscati resterebbero inviolabilmente a coloro che li avessero acquistati: potrebbero i Cremonesi tener casa in Venezia: si risarcirebbero i cittadini dei danni recati loro dalle soldatesche della Repubblica: questa finalmente si obbligherebbe a tenere alla difesa di Cremona tremila schioppi, cento spingarde, settemila lance ed altre armi colle necessarie munizioni.

I provveditori concessero quasi tutto ciò che fu domandato, eccettuati alcuni capitoli che per la sicurezza del dominio e per l'interesse dell' erario erano d'alta importanza e non poteansi approvare che dal Senato <sup>(1)</sup>. Ma poichè impossibile era la resistenza, furono accolte le monche risposte dei provveditori,

(1) V. Documento II.

nella speranza che il Maggior Consiglio avrebbe poi concesso quanto si chiedeva.

Rimanea però tuttora agli Sforzeschi il castello di S. Croce <sup>(1)</sup>, ròcca a quei tempi fortissima: ma i Veneti pensarono piuttosto d'averla coll'oro, corrompendo il castellano, che di affrontare le lunghe ed incerte fatiche d'un assedio. Si rivolsero perciò a Francesco Quartieri, che, stato poco prima incaricato dalla Reggenza di Milano di confortare quel castellano a resistere, si prestò facilmente a far tutto il contrario. Comandava la ròcca Pietro Antonio Battaglia <sup>(2)</sup>, detto *Battaglione*, ed erano con lui il padre ed il fratello, soprannominato *Battaglino*. Alle proposizioni del Quartieri rispose negativamente il padre, come quegli che era antico sforzesco <sup>(3)</sup>; ma all'opinione sua fu contrario il figliuolo, più tenero delle ricchezze onde la Signoria avrebbe pagato il suo tradimento che della fede al suo principe. Ben presto adunque i provveditori ot-

(1) Edificato nel 1370 da Barnabò Visconti sulle rovine dell'antica Chiesa di S. Croce, da cui trasse il nome.

(2) L'Argelati e il Lancetti lo chiamano erroneamente Girolamo, e il secondo ha la semplicità di scusarlo del tradimento. Di questo Girolamo tratta un articolo della dotta *Biografia cremonese* del Lancetti.

(3) Grumello, *Cronaca*.

tennero l' intento, e il castello fu loro ceduto dallo stesso Pietro Battaglia, a patto si concedesse:

Il patriziato veneto per lui, per suo padre, fratelli e discendenti: certi privilegi per le sue terre di Castelleone, ove altresì voleva che a lui fosse data una possessione del conte di Gajazzo, insieme a S. Giovanni in Croce, Martignana, Gussola, e venticinque mila ducati. Per *Battaglino* ducati cinque mila e cinquanta uomini d' arme; e altre rendite per lo zio, i nipoti, i cognati, i parenti. Le munizioni da bocca del castello sarebbero rimaste al Battaglia, le altre alla Repubblica, la quale avrebbe dovuto comprargli una casa in Brescia del valore di duemila e cinquecento ducati. Finalmente ai soldati della fortezza sarebbero distribuiti tre ducati a testa <sup>(1)</sup>.

Dalla enormità di queste pretensioni si può giudicare di quanta importanza fosse allora il nostro castello. I provveditori accolsero

(1) Il *Compendio universale historico* citato, soggiunge che i provveditori promisero al Battaglia dugencinquanta libbre d'oro, la cittadinanza veneziana, casa in Venezia, e un podere nel Veronese. Noi abbiamo seguito i *Capitoli* originali, che leggonsi nei preziosi *Dirai* di Marin Sanudo. V. Docum. III.

cadde sopra Giambattista Malombra <sup>(1)</sup>, Giacomo Trecchi <sup>(2)</sup>, Alfonso Persico, Francesco Benzoni <sup>(3)</sup>, Pietro Martire Ferrari, Gianfrancesco Mariani <sup>(4)</sup>, Tommaso Gallarati, Benedetto Affaitati <sup>(5)</sup>, Gabriele Mainoldi, Niccolò Dovara <sup>(6)</sup>, Eliseo Raimondi e Lodovico Sfondrati, ai quali s' aggiunse, come segretario, Sebastiano Ciria <sup>(7)</sup>. Il giorno 13 di otto-

(1) D' illustre famiglia, ricevuto al collegio de' giureconsulti nel 1470, cavaliere per diploma di Gian Galeazzo Maria Sforza, ed oratore ad Alessandro VI. Mori il 29 di novembre 1519, e fu sepolto in S. Domenico. Era suo antenato quel Riccardo Malombra, conte, cavaliere e consultore della Repubblica Veneta nel 1314, il cui sepolcro è in S. Giovanni e Paolo di Venezia.

(2) Fu il Trecchi, al dir dell' Arisi, *rerum gestarum magnitudine et vitae dignitate illustris*.

(3) Decurione, ambasciatore alla Repubblica di Genova, autore d' alcune opere legali. Mori nel 1523.

(4) Scrisse sui bagni e sul morbo gallico.

(5) Secondo il Lancetti, questi, e non il Malombra, avrebbe parlato: i nostri documenti provano il contrario.

(6) Scrisse un' opera intitolata: *De differentiis inter arbitrum et arbitramentarium, et de compromisso*.

(7) Adempi il Ciria lodevolmente a questo incarico; imperocchè gli oratori suoi compagni lo raccomandarono caldamente alla Signoria come uomo adatto a esercitare l'ufficio di segretario della Camera di Cremona. La Signoria promise che il Ciria sarebbe stato nominato a quell'incarico, e la parola fu mantenuta. Vedi il Documento I. al Capitolo III.

bre, riccamente vestiti di seta e d'oro e ornati il collo di preziosi monili, questi dodici gentiluomini si presentarono nel palazzo ducale di Venezia al doge Agostino Barbarigo, che li ricevè assiso in trono e circondato dal suo Consiglio. Quivi, date a vedere le lettere credenziali della Comunità <sup>(1)</sup>, uno di essi, Giambattista Malombra, con eleganti parole lodò il principe ed il senato a nome dei suoi concittadini, professando fede, devozione ed obbedienza. Come egli ebbe finito il suo discorso, il doge abbracciò lietamente lui e gli altri oratori, e lor disse che la Repubblica prendeva la città di Cremona e i suoi abitanti nella sua protezione, che sotto il suo governo avrebbero goduto pace e felicità, e che non in servaggio, ma in libertà erano venuti <sup>(2)</sup>. L'ultimo giorno di ottobre fu deciso dalla Signoria di far cavalieri gli oratori nostri, e la cerimonia dovea aver luogo il dì successivo nella basilica di S. Marco; ma fu differita, avendo essi osservato che ciò avrebbe fatto dire ai loro concittadini esser eglino corsi in traccia di onori, anzi che attendere all'incarico avu-

(1) V. Docum. VI.

(2) V. Docum. VII.

to. (1). Interrogata quindi in proposito dalla Repubblica la comunità di Cremona, e avute l'assenso, regalaronsi gli oratori alcuni di diciotto braccia di broccato d'oro a testa, altri di diciotto braccia di raso cremisi, affinché ne facessero una veste talare, secondo l'uso di quei tempi (2). Furono quindi creati cavalieri (3), eccettuati però due, perchè, dice il Sanudo, erano mercanti (4); ragione di poco momento, non avendo in Cremona l'onesto esercizio della mercatura tolto mai la nobiltà, la quale in gran parte dai traffichi ebbe le sue ricchezze. Questi doni e questi onori furono con-

(1) *In questo dì, ultimo ottobre 1499, fu presa parte che per el prencipe nostro doman in chiesa S. Marco quelli oratori Cremonesi che vorranno accettar sian fatti kavalieri, ai quali fosse donato una veste d'oro cadauno; ma essi oratori non volsero perchè prima demandarono altre cose dicendo che Cremonesi diranno che si hanno fatti far kavalieri et non atteso alle loro comissioni. (Sanudo Diarii).*

(2) *Onorevolmente furono ricevuti e dalla medesima Signoria fatti kavalieri e con generosità regalati di braccia 20 broccato d'oro per ciascuno de' principali e agli altri braccia 20 velluto cremesi ad uso di vesta talare. (Compendio universale historico, cit.).*

(3) *Con decreto 19 dicembre 1499. V. Doc. VIII.*

(4) *Furono poi col permesso di Cremona eletti 10 kavalieri, e due no, per essere mercanti nel dicembre. (Sanudo Diarii).*

feriti ai dodici nostri concittadini nel mese di dicembre: dopo ciò essi partirono di Venezia, rimanendo però presso il Senato Nicolò Dova, Eliseo Raimondi e Lodovico Sfondrati col segretario Ciria. A questi il 10 febbrajo 1500 fu dato il *Privilegium Magnificæ Comunitatis Cremonæ*, ossia la confermazione dei capitoli presentati dalla Comunità ai provveditori nell'atto della resa (1).

In Cremona, come in ogni altra città soggetta al veneto Leone, si tennero dal Senato due Governatori l'uno col titolo di Podestà, l'altro con quello di Capitano. Il primo, unitamente ad alcuni giureconsulti, giudicava le cause civili e le criminali; il secondo soprintendeva ai dazj, alle entrate della città e della provincia, alle porte, alle truppe e alle opere di

(1) Questo privilegio essendo alle stampe, noi riportiamo ( benchè rarissimo ) nei documenti: conservasene una copia nella bella raccolta che delle cose cremonesi ha fatto il cav. Robolotti. Esso è del resto quasi concorde colle *Responsiones ad capitula* etc., riportate infine al presente capitolo (Doc. II). Pubblichiamo invece una decisione del Senato che riguarda appunto questo privilegio alla città nostra: in essa è curioso quanto si riferisce a quel capitolo degli statuti di Cremona, che vieta al marito di lasciare per testamento alla propria moglie una somma maggiore di 25 lire imperiali. V. Doc. IX.



difesa. Eravi inoltre un Camerlengo che riscuoteva i tributi e pagava i soldati, e un Castellano che comandava la rôcca, le armi e le munizioni. Spettava ai provveditori il tener nota di tutti gli uomini che in ogni villaggio fossero atti a servire, sia come *armigeri*, sia come *guastatori*, cioè coi carri e coi cavalli. Questa gente rassegnavasi una volta al mese e in caso di guerra, veniva posta sotto le armi e pagata dai comuni, in ragione di venti lire per ogni uomo e di centocinque per ogni carro. Chi abitava in città e possedeva nel contado era immune dal servire personalmente, non però dalle imposte *delle paghe*, e chi mancava o non si faceva rappresentare da altri era punito d'una multa. Teneansi in ogni villaggio due giovani, affinchè ammaestrassero gli altri nell'uso dell'archibugio, una volta all'anno istituivasi nel capoluogo un bersaglio, e la patria del vincitore era per quell'anno esente dai tributi (1).

Il podestà ed il capitano duravano generalmente in carica sedici mesi; e nei dieci anni che Cremona fu soggetta alla Repub-

(1) Bembo, *Storia di Venezia*.

blica ebbe otto podestà <sup>(1)</sup> e sette capitani <sup>(2)</sup>. Con decisione 25 settembre 1499, il veneto Senato stabilì che ai due governatori di Cremona si dessero cento ducati d'oro al mese, e al castellano quaranta; coll'obbligo che i primi tenessero, a loro carico, dieci servi ed otto cavalli, e due servi il secondo. Inoltre il podestà doveva mantenere, a spese però dello stato, un vicario, un giudice dei malefizi, un cancelliere, due collaterali ed altre persone; e il capitano, un cancelliere e due

(1) Podestà a Cremona:

1499. *Domenico Trevisan, kav. qm. Zaccaria.*

1500. *Paolo Barbo qm. Antonio\**, già podestà a Padova.

1501. *Paolo Pisani kav. qm. Luca*

1502. *Girolamo Donato kav. qm. Antonio*, già podestà a Brescia.

1504. *Bartolomeo Minio qm. Marco.*

1505. *Lorenzo Priuli qm. Pietro.*

1506. *Paolo Antonio Miani qm. Giacomo.*

1508. *Alvise Mula qm. Francesco.*

( Libro dei Reggimenti, Museo Correr, Cod. 43 ).

(2) Capitani a Cremona:

1499. *Nicolò Foscari qm. Alvise.*

1500. *Domenico Bolani qm. Francesco.*

1502. *Paolo Pisani qm. Luca.*

1503. *Pietro Duodo qm. Luca.*

1505. *Giovanni Mocenigo qm. Pietro.*

1506. *Paolo Cappello qm. Vettor.*

1507. *Zaccaria Contarini qm. Francesco.*

( Libro suddetto, Cod. 43 ).

\* Il Cappellari dice *Andrea*.

collaterali <sup>(1)</sup>. Due soli furono i gentiluomini che custodirono il nostro castello, Paolo Dandolo e Marco Loredano <sup>(2)</sup>.

I due primi capitani e podestà mandati fra noi dalla Signoria furono Niccolò Foscari e Domenico Trevisano <sup>(3)</sup>, ricevuti in città trionfalmente. Fu il Trevisano, al dire del Bordigallo, *placidus, sapiens, clemens, benignus, liberalis*, integerrimo magistrato, religioso e ben veduto dal popolo per la sua generosità, della quale diè bella prova, quando nel maggio del 1500, sopravvenuta la carestia, comprò e distribuì a sue spese gran quantità di pane ai bisognosi <sup>(4)</sup>. Di Niccolò Foscari

(1) V. Doc. X.

(2) Sanudo, *Diarii*. Museo Correr, *Libro Ms. dei Reggimenti*, Cod. 43. — Paolo Dandolo morì in Cremona il 14 marzo 1509 oltrepassati gli anni 80.

(3) Giunse a Cremona il Trevisani ai primi d'ottobre. Vedi Docum. V. al capitolo I.

(4) Burdig. *Cron.* cit. Ecco cosa scrive di lui il Cappellari nel suo *Campidoglio Veneto*. (Mss. della Marciana): 1485 • Domenico Trevisan, figliuolo di Zaccaria qm. Febo; cavaliere e senatore amplissimo, fu prima ambasciatore al duca di Milano, indi a Papa Innocentio VIII, poi nel 1485 a Federico Imperatore, et a Massimiliano suo figliuolo coronato re de' Romani; nel 1491 ambasciatore in Costantinopoli al Sultano; nel 1495 ambasciatore in Fiorenza a Carlo VIII re di Francia, et l'anno stesso mandato in Faenza alla tutela del pupillo Astorre Manfredi, signore di quella

non abbiamo potuto rinvenire notizie intorno alla sua dimora in Cremona; ma dobbiam però lamentare com' egli sia stato ai

città, raccomandato alla Repubblica dal defunto suo padre; nel 1497 fu ambasciatore al re di Spagna; nel 1498 (\*) andò podestà a Cremona conquistata dall'armi Venete; nel 1500 spedito ambasciatore a Luigi XII, re di Francia, per rallegrarsi dell'acquisto per esso fatto del regno di Napoli; nel 1501 fu podestà di Padova; nel 1503 ambasciatore a Giulio II, nella di lui elezione al Papato; et li 5 agosto dell'anno stesso 1503, con inusitato honore creato Procuratore di S. Marco, della Procurativa de' ultra, non vacante luogo alcuno; nel 1505 ritornò ambasciatore al re Luigi di Francia, venuto in Italia per ricuperare la città di Genova; nel 1509 passò ambasciatore in Roma a Giulio II, per disporlo alla pace con la sua Repubblica, a cui nel 1511, fu pure ambasciatore in Bologna, e poi anco in Roma; nel 1512 fu ambasciatore al Soldano di Egitto, che lo accolse con forme distinte; nel 1513 ambasciatore a Leone X, nella sua promottione al Papato; et l'anno stesso mandato a rallegrarsi col generale Alviano che si fosse salvato dalla rotta ricevuta appresso Vicenza; nel 1514, essendo Savio del Consiglio, fu eletto Revisore e Provveditore dell'esercito; nel 1515 deputato ad aggiustare alcune differenze insorte fra' comandanti veneti, passando l'anno stesso ambasciatore al re di Francia; nel 1521 concorse al Principato, et l'anno medesimo eletto generalissimo del mare, et con l'armata spedito alla custodia di Candia, per timore dei Turchi che combattevano Rodi. Si legge che fu così amico de i studj, che in età di 50 anni si diede ad impararli, et in età di 70 apprese le lettere greche; morì assai vecchio li 28 dicembre 1536. Sepolto in S. Francesco della Vigna, con la seguente memoria; vedevasi il suo ritratto nel Salone del Gran Consiglio:

(\*) Errore chiarissimo; intendasi 1509.

nostri storici occasione di grave errore <sup>(1)</sup>. Il Campi e il Bordigallo lo chiamano *Francesco Foscari*, e l'Arisi *Francesco Foscari* <sup>(2)</sup>, e lo fanno provveditore in luogo di Melchiorre Trevisano: il Robolotti <sup>(3)</sup> scrive che *il*

*Plurib. Legationibus in Italia, Gallia, Hispania, Germania, Constantinopoli et Egipto. F. Dominic. Trevisan. Eq. Procur. Divi Marci Venetæ Imp. Classis, invict. animi Senator. in Deum pietatem in Patriam charitatem in summis. Reip. negot. innocentiss. decessit memorabile posteris exemplum M.D. xxxvi. xxviii Decemb.*

In luogo del Trevisan, l'Arisi dice erroneamente che fosse nominato M. A. Morosini, già Provveditore (*Praet. Crem. series chronol.*), e che venisse a Cremona solo nel 1500. Nella gran sala del nostro Municipio vedesi ancora dipinto, a' tempi dell'Arisi, lo stemma gentilizio del Trevisano.

(1) » 1483 — Nicolò Foscari, cavalliero, nel 1483 fu spedito ad incontrare Renato duca di Lorena, generale della Repubblica, che passava in Italia al comando delle sue armi; nel 1484 andò ambasciatore in Francia a Massimiliano d'Austria, figliuolo di Federico Imperatore; nel 1495 fu Provveditore dell'esercito nelle guerre di Lombardia, contro Francesi, et contro il Duca di Milano; nel 1497 fu eletto di nuovo Provveditore generale; et nel 1498 (\*) fu mandato Capitano in Cremona, acquistata dalle armi Venete; dove nel 1500 fu rispedito Provveditore; nel 1503 fu pure rieletto Provveditore dell'esercito all'impresa di Faenza, e l'anno stesso essendo Consigliero andò ambasciatore a Papa Giulio II, nella di lui promotione al trono della Chiesa; nel 1507 esortò il Senato ad unirsi in lega con Massimiliano Imperatore, contro la Francia. *Cappellari, Camp. Ven.*

(2) *Prætor. Cremon. Series Chron.*

(3) *Dei documenti stor. e letter. di Cremona, lettera, ecc.*

(\*) Cioè nell'anno seguente.

*Consiglio di Cremona dà il giuramento di fedeltà ai primi provveditori Marcantonio Mauroceno e Francesco Foscari.* Qui è a notare che se per *provveditori* intese il Robolotti que' due gentiluomini, che accompagnavano gli eserciti veneziani, egli è caduto nel medesimo errore del Campi; se poi, colla indicazione di *primi*, volle, come può suppersi, intendere il primo capitano e il primo podestà, egli ha preso equivoco tra Foscari e Foscari, in causa particolarmente del nome del padre d'ambidue, che fu un Alvise. Francesco Foscari d'Alvise fu cavaliere, uno dei Dieci, e in quest'anno 1499 podestà di Vicenza<sup>(1)</sup>; mentre il nostro è Niccolò figlio d'Alvise Foscari, da non confondersi neppure, come altri ha fatto, con Niccolò Foscari suo coetaneo, ch'era figlio dell'infelice Giacomo.

Ai primi dell'anno 1500 molti gentiluomini e religiosi cremonesi recaronsi a Venezia, chiedendo che si riconfermassero loro que' privilegi, che avevano ottenuto dai precedenti dominatori. Il Senato trattò la cosa il 13 febbrajo e il 29 settembre dello stesso anno; e decise di accordare quanto venivagli

(1) Litta, Famiglia Foscari.

domandato, non volendo lasciarsi fuggire questo facile mezzo di rendersi devota la parte più ricca e più potente della sua nuova provincia <sup>(1)</sup>. D' altri privilegi fu largo il Senato verso Cremona, ma il manoscritto prezioso ove teneasene memoria fu tolto agli archivi di Venezia, e portato in quello di Vienna, per lo che non ci riuscì aver notizia del numero, della natura e della importanza di quelle concessioni <sup>(2)</sup>.

In quest' anno s' arrese ai Veneziani il castello di Caravaggio ( principalissimo della Gerra d'Adda ), perchè appartenente alla Repubblica, giusta i capitoli della lega di Blois. Nei dieci anni che rimase ai Veneti, otto podestà si succedettero nel governo di questa popolosa borgata <sup>(3)</sup>.

(1) V. Docum. XI.

(2) Codice CLX, N. 6521 de' Mss. Foscariniani, nell' Archivio di Corte in Vienna: là sta pure un volume intitolato: *Pacta Cremonæ*, già esistente nell' Archivio de' Frari.

(3) Provveditore a Caravaggio:

1500. *Alessandro Malipiero di Francesco.*

Podestà a Caravaggio:

1501. 15 giugno. *Antonio Sanudo.*

1502. *Andrea Barbarigo.*

1503. *Gaspere Corner d'Andrea.*

1505. *Gio. Francesco Marcello.*

1506. *Niccolò Memmo di Lodovico.*

1506. *Girolamo Lion.*

1508. *Bernardin Tajapiera.*

( Museo Correr ).

Appare dalle preziose memorie di Marin Sanudo come le entrate di Cremona fossero nel primo anno della dominazione veneziana di circa centoquarantamila ducati <sup>(1)</sup>; come ad istanza del popolo cremonese venissero levati alcuni dazj della rendita di settemilacentosettantadue ducati; e come nella città e nel territorio si consumassero annualmente quattrocentomila stara di grano <sup>(2)</sup>.

Il dazio, così detto dei *minuti*, colpiva particolarmente le persone più povere della città. I provveditori lo tolsero appena arrivati in Cremona; e successivamente il senato con deliberazione 12 settembre approvò questa misura, affinchè la città cominciasse *a sentire la dolcezza e la munificenza* del dominio veneziano <sup>(3)</sup>.

A' primi del 1500, intendendo la Signoria essere giunto al sommo in Milano lo scontento pel governo dei Francesi, e come si desse opera a richiamare il duca Lodovico, pensò a disporre le cose in modo che ne' Cremonesi non nascesse desiderio dell'antico signore; e il Senato scritto al suo residente in

(1) V. Docum. XII.

(2) V. Doc. XIII.

(3) V. Doc. XIV.



Milano che ogni suddito veneto si guardasse dal presentarsi al Moro <sup>(1)</sup>, atteso colà in que' giorni, fe' più numerose le soldatesche che presidiavano Cremona <sup>(2)</sup>, e più rigorosa la sorveglianza sul contegno dei cittadini.

Stavano in quel tempo al governo della città nostra Paolo Barbo <sup>(3)</sup>, secondo il Cappellari <sup>(4)</sup>, ragguardevole per l'altezza della

(1) V. Doc. XV.

(2) Cronaca Crem. cit.

(3) Il Cavitelli lo dice erroneamente un Balbi.

(4) Ecco quanto si legge riguardo al Barbo nel *Campidoglio Veneto*:

• 1491. Paolo Barbo, figliuolo di Andrea, Senatore sapientissimo, e di gran credito nella sua Repubblica; nel 1491 fu Luogotenente di Udine et del Friuli; nel 1497 Podestà di Padova, et nel 1501 (\*) di *Cremona*, città in quel tempo possessa dalla Repubblica, poi li 22 gennaio del 1502 creato Procuratore di S. Marco della Procuratia de sopra. Nelle contingenze del 1507 consigliava il Senato ad entrare in lega con l'Imperatore, et nel 1509 essendo dall'armi de' Collegati in Cambrai centro la Repubblica sconfitto il di lei esercito in Ghiara d'Adda, e perciò gli animi de' Senatori sommamente costernati, fu da questi et dal Doge, pregato a portarsi in senato, dove, per essere indisposto, non andava più, a fin di sentire il suo saggio parere; onde fattovisi portare, con facondo e magnanimo discorso animò tutti alla costanza, persuadendo il riamassamento d'un altro esercito, come seguì; morì poi egli l'anno stesso 1509 in età di più di 80 anni.

(\*) L'anno prima.

mente e per la nobiltà delle opere, ma, al dire del Bordigallo, uomo arrogante, superbo e di molta ignoranza; e Domenico Bollani <sup>(1)</sup>, che il nostro Cronista chiama *homo diabolicus, crudelis, partialis et sine lege*. Questi fece arrestare arbitrariamente Alfonso <sup>(2)</sup> e Ferrante Persico, Paolo ed Angelo Ponzoni <sup>(3)</sup>, Luca e Semprevivo Sfondrati, Bartolomeo Borgo e il fratello, Gian Pietro Golerami, Mauro Sommi ed alcuni altri della sua famiglia, Gaspare Mariani, Pietro Bresciani, Borso Zucchi, Marchino Ferrari e il fratello, Vincenzo Marni, Ilario Carbone, Gian Francesco Visconti, Marco Muzio e Leonardo Malcorpo. Era disegno del Bollani che costoro fossero appiccati nel castello di S. Croce; ma volle fortuna che allora appunto succedesse al Barbo il cavalier Paolo Pisani, il quale, scritto subitamente al Senato per impedire sì ingiusta condanna, ottenne che a tutti la pena

(1) « 1490. Domenico Bollani, figliuolo di Francesco, senatore gravissimo, giace sepolto nella Chiesa di S. Domenico di Castello, con iscrizione affissale dal figliuolo Francesco; fu a Cremona ». Cappellari, *Camp. Ven.*

(2) Già ambasciatore alla Repubblica nel 1499.

(3) Una Cronaca Cremonese, che si conserva nella libreria di Parma, aggiunge a questi un Cosimo Ponzoni.

capitale fosse mutata in quella dell' esilio in Candia , non potendo per altro impedire che il valoroso Malcorpo, indebitamente accusato da Venturino Sommi, fosse appeso in Venezia. Della iniqua amministrazione tenuta da Paolo Barbo credè il popolo avere un segno celeste nel fatto che un fulmine , al tempo del reggimento di lui , consumò due leoni colle bilance della Giustizia dipinti sulla mostra dell' orologio del *Torrazzo* (1).

È noto il racconto del breve ritorno del Moro e della sua rovina avvenuta nell'aprile del 1500. Noi diremo solamente come , appena in Pizzighettone s' ebbe notizia del ritorno di lui, quattro fratelli di casa Grumello, che v' abitavano, abbandonata la famiglia e gli averi, valicarono l'Adda e si portarono a Gerra (villaggio dirimpetto a Pizzighettone); e, cacciato da quella rocchetta il castellano francese , v' alzarono le insegne del Moro, lasciandovi al presidio Marco Antonio Grumello (2). Un simile atto di singolare audacia non garbò punto alla Signoria, che di fronte

(1) Burdig., *Cronaca* citata.

(2) Dubita il Müller che questi possa essere lo stesso Cronista Antonio Grumello. (Prefazione alla *Cronaca*, pagina XVI).

alla sua rôcca non più vedeva il Francese amico, ma lo sforzesco nemico, e un uomo partigiano caldissimo e valoroso del duca, qual era il Grumello. Il perchè, confiscati i beni di lui e de' suoi fratelli, inviò a Gerra un messo, offerendo la restituzione dei beni, purchè la rocchetta fosse ceduta; ma egli fieramente rispose che la morte piuttosto che l'infamia di traditore avrebbe sopportato. La Repubblica allora si dispose all'assedio, o per dir meglio, alla distruzione della rocchetta <sup>(1)</sup>, quando nel miglior punto, considerando qual grave pericolo per sì piccola cosa potcasi correre dalle sue soldatesche, decise di abbandonare l'impresa, e tranquillamente tornarsene a Pizzighettone <sup>(2)</sup>.

Se i primi mesi di quest'anno sembrarono procellosi per la dominazione della Repubblica, la caduta del Moro e il ritorno dei Francesi in Milano, la rassicurarono assai. Furono quindi richiamati in patria i cittadini

(1) V. Docum. XVI. — Aggiungiamo a questo un altro documento che sebbene risguardi particolarmente la città di Piacenza ) il che non tocca il nostro racconto ) pure, siccome vi si parla anche dei rinforzi mandati a Pizzighettone in questa circostanza, non è estraneo all'argomento ( V. Docum. XVII ).

(2) Grumello, *Cronaca* cit.

che n' erano stati banditi <sup>(1)</sup>; ed essendo in quell' anno venuta la carestia, a tener tranquilla la popolazione, la Repubblica ordinò a' governatori fra noi di guardar bene che al popolo non venisse meno il grano, e stabilì anzi a questo fine che dallo stato si spendessero trecento ducati per due mesi, avvertendo che la carità a quelle persone sol si facesse che veramente fossero miserabili <sup>(2)</sup>. Fu in questa occasione che il podestà Domenico Trevisani diè bella prova della sua generosità <sup>(3)</sup>.

In questo tempo essendo uscito di vita il doge Agostino Barbarigo, Sigismondo Borgo compose, in elogio di lui, un' eloquente orazione latina, la quale poi venne data alle stampe in Venezia <sup>(4)</sup>.

(1) Cronaca Crem. cit.

(2) Vedi Documento XVIII.

(3) Vedi più sopra.

(4) Arisi. *Crem. lit.*

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DOCUMENTO I.

(*Bibl. Marciana di Venezia* — *Diarii Sanudo*,  
vol. *III*, pag. 930)

Capitula Comunitatis Cremonæ porecta  
provisoribus generalibus in Castris.

Quoniam Dominantes etiam absque lapidibus et calce se fortificare consueverunt videlicet subditos suos amore et beneficijs complectendo juxta illud non armis urbes populi sed amore tenentur. Ideo civitas Cremone constanti fide ex natura decorata audet intrepide postulare quod ea beneficia sibi impendantur ab ill.<sup>ma</sup> Dominatione Venetorum: que in infrascriptis Capitulis continentur: Circam vicine nuper regi francorum christianissimo supposite etiam majora quam nos petamus sibi concedi debere a majestate regia persuadent.

1. In primis quod tota Civitas et Universus populus Cremonensis cum sua diocesi Unanimiter concorderet et allacriter dederunt et dant se et Totam civitatem preffato Serenissimo Dominio Venetorum.

2. Item quod datium Gabelle ordinarium sit et esse debeat Serenissimo Dominio Venetorum ita tamen quod additiones tertij et quinti dicte Gabelle que de presenti sunt: sint et esse debeant Comunitatis Cremone pro satisfatiendo his qui exbursaverunt pecunias in subventionem ducalis Camere et qui emerunt a prefata ducali camera, et pro satisfaciendo habentibus Causam a dictis emptoribus qui habere debent quinque pro centenario donec pro sorte fuerint satisfacti in toto vel in parte et sic pro rata diminuatur si pro sorte solvatur. Demptis tamen forensibus qui non gaudeant beneficio dicte reservationis que ad-

civitate et districtum Cremone ad quecumque loca, tam Ill.<sup>mi</sup> Dominij Venetorum quam non sine solutione dum modo non conducantur ad partes inimicorum et quod prefata Serenissima Dominatio debeat procurare quod quicumque cives et incole civitatis et districtus cremonensis tam ecclesiastici quam seculares habentes et habituri possessiones ultra padum abduam et olivum possint et valeant libere conducere quascumque fruges ut supra: Alias serventur eidem contra habentes possessiones in territorio Cremone.

13. Item quod ex flumine oliv abdue et serij et ex quocumque loco sortilicio et undecumque possint extrahi aquæ pro usu civitatis et districtus et quod privilegia et jura imperialia civitati concessa in flumine oleo et abdua manuteneantur ipsi Civitati.

14. Item quod banniti hinc retro per prefatam Serenissimam Dominationem Venetorum de dominio a terra loco et aqua cum Talea et sine cives et incole civitatis Cremone de bano eximantur pro inde ac si nunquam fuissent banniti et maxime D. Franciscus Cellanus, Borsius Zuchus, Philippus Luzago, Marchinus de Ferrais, Polidorus Testa, Joannes Antonius Sala, Antonius de Ceriolis et Angelus de Stradivertis et quod nullus civis vel incola civitatis et Diocesis cremone de presenti non bannitus possit relegari seu confinari nisi ex novo crimine: et quod perfidus Joannes Alegrus nunquam possit repatriare nec gaudere beneficio dictorum capitolorum nec aliquo comodo civitatis.

15. Item quod bona alicujus malefactoris confiscari non possint et quod banniti et baniendi a territorio cremonense non possint habitare in aliqua civitate vel terra propinqua limitibus Territorij cremonensis per milliaria quindecim.

16. Item quod banniti cremonenses ex homicidio et quocumque alio delicto eximantur de banno habita pace cum offensis aut data fide jussione de non offendendo.

17. Item quod prefata ill.<sup>ma</sup> Dominatio dignetur procurare cum effectu quod omnia beneficia Ecclesiastica et quecumque loca pia civitatis et diocesis Cremonensis excepta episcopali dignitate sint civium civitatis Cremonae.

18. Item quod licitum sit civibus cremonensibus libere studere et doctorari in quocumque studio prout eis libuerit et quod doctores cremonenses tam doctorati quam doctorandi possint per totum Dominium Venetorum exercere officia.

19. Item quod omnes monete non tam adulterine expendi possint libere in civitate et diocesi Cremonensi pro pretio quod valent.

20. Item quod cremonenses et incole cremone non teneant solvere bulletas in toto dominio Venetorum.

21. Item quod possessiones castri novi buce abdue ac montis collari remaneant comuni Cremone ut se juvare valeat: quoniam quasi nihil habet in bonis et quod si redditus predicti non sufficerent pro necessitatibus comunitatis cremone aliquod datium erigere et imponere pro satisfaciendo necessitatibus in comuni.

22. Item quod prefata ill.<sup>ma</sup> Dominatio dignetur prestare auxilium et favorem non solum verbis et literis sed etiam opere et facto pro recuperatione jurium et rerum tam publicarum quam privatarum que tenentur et usurpantur vi ~~metu~~ et indebite in diocesi cremonensi.

23. Item quod bona alias confiscata et alienata titulo oneroso per venditionem libera remaneant emptoribus sine alia lite inviolabiliter et inconcusse.



sione facta fidelissimo comiti Victori de Martinengo Vicariatus trivoli.

ad 9.<sup>m</sup> Quod fiat ut petitur dummodo non sint aliquid prejuditiale ill.<sup>mo</sup> Dominio.

ad 10.<sup>m</sup> Quod in hoc observetur illud idem quod observantur in aliis civitatibus ill.<sup>mi</sup> Dnij tam scilicet Padue quam Verone et Brixie.

ad 11.<sup>m</sup> Quod non intelligatur de rebus vetitis et solvantur dacia debita ac consueta pro ut faciunt ceteri subditi ill.<sup>mi</sup> Dnij.

ad 12.<sup>m</sup> Quod ubi dicitur non conducantur ad partes inimicorum subjungantur alienas et non subjectas.

ad 13.<sup>m</sup> Quod remittatur ill.<sup>mi</sup> Dnij.

ad 14.<sup>m</sup> Quod quantum spectat ad jam bannitos et nominatos in capitulo sint ad eadem conditionem ad quam erant antequam civitas Cremone deveniret ad devotionem et obedientiam ill.<sup>mi</sup> Dnij in reliquis fiat ut petitur.

ad 15.<sup>m</sup> Quod fiat ut petitur exceptis rebellibus.

ad 16.<sup>m</sup> Quod fiat ut petitur habentibus cartam pacis aut prestantibus fide jussionem de non offendendo.

ad 17.<sup>m</sup> Quod fiat ut petitur.

ad 18.<sup>m</sup> Quod remittatur arbitrio ill.<sup>mi</sup> Dnij quantum ad profectionem ad alia gimnasia in reliquis fiat ut petitur.

ad 19.<sup>m</sup> Quod fiat ut petitur pro personis et equis tantum.

ad 20.<sup>m</sup> Quod remittatur arbitrio ill.<sup>mi</sup> Dnij nostri.

ad 21.<sup>m</sup> Quod fiat ut petitur et bona que recuperantur restituantur quibus de jure spectabunt.

ad 22.<sup>m</sup> Quod fiat ut petitur.

ad 23.<sup>m</sup> Quod fiat ut petitur.

ad 24.<sup>m</sup> Quod remittatur arbitrio ill.<sup>mi</sup> Dnij nostri.

ad 25.<sup>m</sup> Quod ad hoc non videtur aliud respondere.

ad 26.<sup>m</sup> Quod fiat ut petitur de preterito tantum.

ad 27.<sup>m</sup> Quod fiat ut petitur.

ad 28.<sup>m</sup> Quod fiat ut petitur et sint ad eandem conditionem ad quam sunt ceteri subditi ill.<sup>mi</sup> Dnij.

ad 29.<sup>m</sup> Quod circa sal sit ad conditionem fidelissimorum nostrorum Bergomi et Creme Dacium vero masine pro comoditate pauperum personarum remittatur nec amplius solvatur circa reliqua dacia remittatur ill.<sup>mi</sup> Dnij circa vero Taxas equorum sint ad conditionem aliarum civitatum.

ad 30.<sup>m</sup> Quod respondetur quantum nobis erit operabimur ut sublimitas sua id facere dignetur.

Ego Melchior Trivisanus provisor in castris.

Ego Marcus Antonius Mauroceno eques  
provisor in castris.

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III.

( *Bibl. Marciana di Venezia* — Diarii Sanudo,  
vol. II, pag. 1010 ).

Capitoli che richiede el magnifico D. Pietro Battaglia Castellano del Castello di S. Croce di Cremona agli Eccell.<sup>mi</sup> Proveditori.

Dela Ex.<sup>ma</sup> Signoria de Venetia.

1.<sup>o</sup> El dimanda essere facto zentilhomo de Venexia zoe el magnif.<sup>o</sup> suo Padre et lohro fradelli et descendenti.

2.<sup>o</sup> Item che la sua possessione de castel liom sia confermata et data a lui per la Ill.<sup>ma</sup> Signoria exempta da ogni cosa, et che niuno li possa comandare salvo la prefata Serenis.<sup>ma</sup> Signoria la qual voglia usar ogni diligentia de farli haver uno dreto de acqua che va in casso qual de presente gode Alex.<sup>o</sup> de Orphea et quando ditto Alex.<sup>o</sup> non lo volesse vender: che mai nol possa alienare se non al sopra scritto magnifico Battaglia.

3.<sup>o</sup> Item che la possessione dela corte de castel Lion con ogni sua razione et dreto qual de presenti golde al Conte de Cajazo sia del prefato dno Battaglia exempta de ogni cosa, et che nissuno non possa comandar ali so homeni se non epso dno Bataglia et quando ditta possessione fusse restituita al prefato Conte de Cajazo overo ad altra persona che epsa prefata Ill.<sup>ma</sup> Signoria tante altre possessioni overo beni stabeli che assenda alla intrada de ditta possessione, et quando non se potesse goder tale possessione quod deus avertat che la prefata Ill.<sup>ma</sup> Signoria debia darli altra tanta intrada overo provisione in perpetuo a lui dno Bataglia soi erhedi e successori.

4.<sup>o</sup> Item chel prefato dno Bataglia per prefata Ill.<sup>ma</sup> Signoria li sia dato Sancto Giovanni in Croce l'Angusola et la Martignana con tutte le sue rasone et dependentie salvo quello e comprato per el Conte Zuan Piero Bergamino.

5.<sup>o</sup> Item ha dimando per lui ducati venticinque milia quali siano dati et consignati a Milano in mano de Roberto De Quartieri de presente.

6.<sup>o</sup> Item dimanda sia dato a Bataglino suo fratello homeni d'arme 80, nel qual numero possi tenir cinquanta Balestieri per homo d'arme scrivando do balestrieri, et che la Ill.<sup>ma</sup> Signoria li dia ducati 8000 al

anno in vita sua et che lui Bataglino con epsi ducati 5000 debia pagar essi homeni d'arme et balestieri et che non sia obligato a scriver no a far do flate lo anno la mostra uno armato et l'altro disarmato secondo l'ordine.

7.<sup>o</sup> Item domanda che a dno Zuan Cristophore cugnato del prefato dno Bataglia li sia dato per prefata Ill.<sup>ma</sup> Signoria soldo de cavalli 100, et l'altro suo fratello habbia beneficio de entrate de ducati 600 al anno deli primi beneficij vacanti in lo dominio della Serenissima Signoria.

8.<sup>o</sup> Item possa cavar doy de bando de terre et luoghi et uno de bando semplice dele terre de prefata Ill.<sup>ma</sup> Signoria.

9.<sup>o</sup> Item dove habitera dno Battaglia possa andar et far condur tutte le robe nasseranno su le ditte possessione et beni senza pagamento alcuno.

10.<sup>o</sup> Item che le robe mangiative che sono in castello siano del prefato dno Battaglia excepto le monitione artellarie et legname de reparo siano de prefata Serenissima Signoria.

11.<sup>o</sup> Item dimanda li sia comprata una caxa dentro ala cita de Brexa per prefata Ill.<sup>ma</sup> Signoria de valuta de ducati 2500.

12.<sup>o</sup> Item dimanda che el Bataglia capitano della Guarda suo parente habia in vita soa ducati 6 al mese.

13.<sup>o</sup> Item dimanda ducali tre al mexe per quatro parenti de epso Bataglia castelan in lhor vita.

14.<sup>o</sup> Item sia dato a Stefano fio de Zuan Antonio de cambio beneficij de ducati 200 al anno nel dominio de prefata Ill.<sup>ma</sup> Signoria,

15.<sup>o</sup> Item sia dato a Zuan Fermo nepote de epso dno Bataglia soldo per cavalli 50.

16.<sup>o</sup> Item sia dato una paga a tutti li fanti si tro-

verano in epsa forteza a raxom de ducati tre per cadauno excepto lo Bataglia sta alla porta ne habia quindexe.

Et tutti li sopraditti capitoli per s. Marco Antonio Moroxini el cavalier Provedidor Zeneral et Governator di Cremona fue confirmati excepto quello di ducati 25 milia qual fu confirmato in questo modo videlicet darli ducati 12 milia et 500 de presenti et resto ala camera di Brexa a questo nadal proximo.

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IV.

( *Archiv. gen. di Venezia* ).

Die xij septembris, non datae in tempore.

Mcccc.mo,

p. Domenico Bollani, Consiliarius — Costantinus de Prioli — Andreas Gabriel — Leonardus Laureadano p. — Petrus Balbi.

Sapientes Consiglij.

Petrus Duodo — Petrus Capello — Paulus Pisanie q.  
Sapientes T. firme.

El non è necessario altramente esplicare quanto el facci per onore del Stato nostro et similmente per buon esempio di tutti quelli li quali per il tempo che ha a venire si ritrovassero a tal conditione, il dar tandem expeditione a D. Petro Antonio Battaglia olim Castellano del Castell nostro de S. + di Cremona, essendo ultimamente noto a qualunque di questo Consiglio acciò di continuo egli non stii attorno queste scale ( come el fa ) aspetando la spedizione Sua : Et di tante sue dimande et promesse fateli, che il numero sono

excessive, come cadano per la lection di quelle ha potuto intendere:

Resolversi in quella onesta et conveniente forma et modo che sia condecante, et se convenga alla Dignità dello Stato nostro, per la quale abbia causa di chiamare ben contento et sodisfatto della Signoria Nostra, come l'ho attesta nel Collegio Nostro voler far de ogni correction et voler de quella.

Perchè l' andera parte che per autorità di questo Consiglio, al detto D. Petro - Antonio Battaglia li sia date ( oltre li 12500 ducati che ha avuto ) le infrascritte cosse: in recompensation de tutti li Capli et promissione li sono state fatte et al pnte lecto: Sicchè per quelle più cosa alcuna dimandar non possi:

prima

Le sia data la casa di quell' Ill.<sup>mo</sup> Sig. Roberto da S. Severino posta nella Contrada de S. Vido in quella Città pervenuta alla Signoria Nostra, con tutte le sue habentie e pertinentie, come aveva detto Sig. Ruberto.

Item li sia data tutta la possession di Montorio, quale el fu del prefato Sig. Roberto et è della Signoria Nostra, con tutte sue habentie e pertinentie, come le possedeva detto Signore.

Item le sia data et Confermata la Sua Possessione, De Castellione, quale a circa anni venti continui posseduta et goduta, come sua la teneva et possedeva.

Item che la Possession della Corte de Castellion che gli era stata promessa, sia posta nella Camera nostra de Cremona, et che delli primi danari del tratto delle entrate de quella, li siano dati Ducati mille e duecento all'anno a lui, suoi eredi et successori, la qual Possession rimanghi a tale effetto ipotecata, ne per alcun modo alienar, o dar ad alcuno si possi.

Il resto veramente di dette entrate, rimangano alla

Signoria Nostra, el tratto della quale si debba dispensare nelli pagamenti dei soldati del Castello nostro di Cremona: nessun altro si possano spender ne distribuire dette entrate sotto pena furanti.

Item che li sia data Conducta di Cavali duecento.

Item che lui el padre et fratelli, et loro discendenti legittimi, siano creati Zentilhomini nostri et del nostro maggior Consiglio, con questa conditione che il primo Capitolo non s'intendi preso, se non sarà preso dal nostro maggior Consiglio.

Item che lui e la sua famiglia di persone da otto sino a dieci ad sumum abbia licentia di portar arme per tutti i luoghi della Signoria nostra, per sicurezza sua.

De parte . . . . 108

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V.

( *Archiv. gen. di Venezia* ).

MccccLxxxviiiij Die vij Octobris.

Sapientes Consilij.

Sapientes T. firme.

Sig. Marco Antonio Mauroceno equiti provvisori nro Generali ac Gubernatori Cremone, et Nicolao Fuscareno provvisori.

In questa ora per lettere del Nobil Uomo Alvise Michiel podestà de Castell, la Copia de la quale vi mandiamo in queste per vostra informazione siamo stati certificati essere giunto di la D. Petro Antonio Bataglia fu Castellàn di Cremona per comissione di voi Sig. Marco Antonio, e aver voluto alloggiare in parte

del palazzo di detto Podestà, nel qual luogo egli aveva fatto condur e scaricare molte spingarde, archibussi ed altre artiglierie, il che ci ha invero data grande ammirazione e molestia, sì perchè ne luoghi e fortezze nostre, ne devano essere altre artiglierie de alcuno di chi esser si voglia, salvo quella della Signoria nostra, sì pure perchè si deve certamente credere che aver queste artiglierie, esser queste state tolte e levate dal Castello di Cremona per detto D. Bataglia, che in questo modo viene ad essere delusa la Signoria nostra e rotta la forma dei Capitoli, con tanto suo beneficio, comodo e avvantaggio per voi sottoscritti e sigillati. Pertanto intenzione nostra è, vogliamo e col Senato nostro vi comandiamo, che quanto prima ne dobbiate mandar la copia di tutto e cadauno di monitione per voi ritrovate in questa fortezza, sicome per vostra parte ci prometeste di far, e perciò vogliamo che facciate intendere al prefato D. Bataglia, non esser conveniente che lui alloggi insieme con il nostro Podestà, e molto meno che tenghi in casa sua artiglierie, e che el desisti di una e l'altra cosa, ed immediatamente ci darete notizia; se di tutte le dette particolarità, come della esecuzione per voi data col presente Ordine e Comandamento nostro.

Preterea scribatur potestati Castris Leonis:

Q. Subito mitat ad Dominum nostrum in nota omnes Artellarias exntes apud D. Bataliam et q. non permit-  
tat eas extrahi et asportari extra Illum locum Castri Leonis.

De parte . . . . . 128

de non . . . . . 4

Non synceri . . . . . 2

S. Aloysio Michiel Potestati Castri Leonis.

Inteso per le lettere vostre del dì iiij del instante



quanto ne scrivete circa D. Petro Antonio Bataglia venuto la ad alloggiare una parte del palazzo vostro, come aver posto in quello Artiglierie, ecc. Abbiamo scritto agli Proveditori nostri Generali, e dichiaritogli a questi la mente nostra, a voi veramente commetemo che subito dobiate con destrezza prender in nota tutte le artiglierie condotte dal detto D. Bataglia, e di che qualità e sorte che sono, dandoci immediatamente notizia del tutto, e forzandovi, e per via certissima e secretissima da intender se possibel fosse d'onde sieno state tolte dette artiglierie, il che similmente ci significherete. Sopra che vi commettemo che non lasciate trasportar dette Artiglierie fuori di questo loco nostro de Castellion, se prima non avrete sopra ciò nostro Ordine e Mandato.

Dat. die 7 Octobre 1499.

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VI.

(*Bibl. Marciana di Venezia — Diarii Sanudo  
vol. III, pag. 21*).

Lettera presentata alla Veneta Signoria  
dai dodici Oratori di Cremona.

Seren.<sup>ma</sup> Princeps et Ex.<sup>ma</sup> Dne deliberavimus jam dudum facta civitatis hujus deditione in Vestra Seren.<sup>ma</sup> Venetiarum dominatione oratores nostros mittere qui res nostras huiusque communitatis vestre cum illa Sereniss.<sup>ma</sup> dominatione componerent et omni modo reverentiam fidem devotionem et obedientiam pollicerentur prestarent et exhiberent sed supervenien-

tibus negotiorum agminibus ob ejusmodi rei novitatem quibus intendere neccessarium fuit eos in hunc usque diem mittere distulimus. Nunc vero ad ea que pro beneficio civitatis et populi ordinanda acomodandaque supersunt: aliquo modo consulte adhibeto statuendum duximus eosdem debere iter arripere et ita Crastina die jussi Magnifici doctores equites et cives videlicet Dni Bapta *Malumbra*, L. doctor, Jacobus de *Trechis*, comes Alfonsus de *Persico* equites, Franciscus *Benzonus* L. doctor, Nicola de *Dovaria* miles, Petrus Martir de *Ferrarijs*, L. doctor, Joannes Franciscus Marianus, Thomas de *Galerate*, Eliseus Raymundus, Ludovicus de *Sfondratis*, Benedictus de la *Faytate* et Gabriel de *Maynoldis* omnes nobiles cives cremonenses et cum eis nobilis Sebastianus Cyria cancellarius ad id deputatus. Quos consilium nostrum generale in suos syndicos Legatos mandatarios et procuratores cum pleno mandato delegit in Dei nomine et Beati Evangeliste Sancti Marci iter suum incipient ut Venetias ad excellentiam vestram et illud vestrum Seren.<sup>um</sup> dominium proficiscantur et ibi munus sibi comissum et impositum justa mandatum cum dexteritate et totius illius D. amore et benivolentia consummare procurent Vice et nomine hujus communitatis et populi fideliter et legaliter more bonorum civium et legatorum: Precamur igitur prelibatam Sub.<sup>tem</sup> Vestram totam illam Ser.<sup>ma</sup> Dominationem ut ipsos oratores et mandatarios nostros libenter audire et precibus ac petitionibus nostris que honestate preseferunt benignas aures acomodare dignentur et ad gratiam exauditionis admittere nosque omnis Tanquam filios adoptivos carissimos et fideles in suum et ergastulo(?) mentis vestre Seren.<sup>me</sup> Dominationis veluti Cives venetos acceptare collocare protegere et fovere non renuant ac novellam pulchramque sponsam per nos eisdem

libentissime traditam dulcis caritatis ardore complectere dilligere et in cunctis occurrentibus bene tractare summo cum studio placeat, ceterum est ut in omnibus hijs que prefati oratores et mandatarij nostri prefate Seren.<sup>mæ</sup> Dominationis vestre nomine nostro exponent petierit et requirit credentie plenam et omni-modam fidem ceu nobis adhibere dignentur quibus hanc civitatem totumque hunc populum sedulo comendamus. Data Cremone die V. Octobris 1499. Seren.<sup>mæ</sup> et Ex.<sup>mæ</sup> dominationis vestre fidelissimi servitores et subditi consiliarij consilij generalis civitatis Cremone et totus populus ejusdem cum reccomandationem.

Seren.<sup>mo</sup> Principi et Ex.<sup>m</sup> Dno. dño. Augustino Barbadico Dei Gratia Venetiarum Duci. Dno. nostro singularissimo.

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## VII.

( *Archiv. gen. di Venezia* — Registro XVIII. dei Commemoriali dal 1495 al 1504, pag. 152 ).

### Obedientia Cremonensium.

Dum Serenissimus princeps et Exmus. Dominus D. Augustinus Barbadico Dei gratia inclytus Dux Venetiarum etc. cum Illustrissimo Collegio suo Constitutus esset In solio maioris atrij Superioris novi palatij Indutus clamide et vestibus aureis cum bavaro, Die XIIJ mensis octobris MCCCCLXXXVIIIJ.<sup>mo</sup> Contulerunt se se ad conspectum Suae Cel.<sup>nis</sup> Viri M.<sup>ci</sup> Oratores XII Infrascripti Civitatis Cremonae, et post exhibitam reverentiam redditis literis Insignis Reipublicae Illius ut eisdem crederetur, Splis. Jurium doctor et eques D.

Baptista Malumbra unus ex eis orationem habuit elegantem, qua praemissis multis in laudem principis, et patrum pollicitus est Fidem Devotionem, et obedientiam perpetuo Servaturos Cremonenses omnes erga sub.<sup>tem</sup> suam Successoresque et Dominium Illustrissimum Venetum populum, quae Illum univversum, et fortunas omnis plurimus commendando Verbis ornatissimi. Legati autem ipsi quod magno apparatu, et vestibus Sericis, et aureis, torquibusque et monilibus ornati advenerant honorifice excepti sunt, hilari fronte, postque amplexus, et oscula Serenissimus princeps graviter respondit, eorum dispositionem commendans, Civitatis quae illius universae. Certos esse Debere affirmans, eam in libertatem Devenisse populum Illum, quae tutelam, et protectionem perpetuam consecuti sunt Ubi aequal lance cuique nullo (?) habito discrimine Jus reddendum ut suavi et amena pace Deinceps frui, bonisque universis libere potiri possint: Cum non sub servitutis Jugum, Sed In libertatem Devenerint: et tanquam Filij dilectissimi habendi sint, atque tractandi, et successive oratores ipsi post gratiarum actiones Innumeras Serenissimo principi et patribus, Fidei perpetuo servande Jusiurandum prestitere, adiicientes non nulla in aliud tempus explicanda ad salutem, et commoditatem Cremonensis Reipublicae.

VIII.

( *Archiv. gen. di Venezia* ).

Die ultimo Octobris MccccLxxxxviiiij.

Sapientes Consilij.

Sapientes T. firme.

Quantum maiores demonstrationes honoris et benevolentie fient erga Sp.<sup>les</sup> Oratores carissime et fidelissime Communitatis nostre Cremonae tantum erit magis ad propositum rerum nostrarum, ex omni bono et convenienti respectu. Idcirco vadit pars:

Q. Oratores predicti nomine dny. nsti. invitari debeant hoc vesperi verbis ad accipiendam militiam a S.<sup>mo</sup> P. nro.

Et illi ex dictis Oratoribus, qui acceptare voluerint creari debeant cras mane milites S. Marci in echlesia post Missae solemnia. Et ipsis militibus sic creatis, dentur dono brachia 18 restagni, pro una veste, et unum insigne aureum S. Marci pro quolib. eorum. Illis vero qui noluerint creari milites, donari debeant brachia 18 veluti cremesini, pro una veste ut supra. Cancellario autem dictorum Oratorum donentur brachia 18 veluti nigri.

De parte . . . . . 135

Vult q. ubi Superius fit mentio de Veluto cremesino dicatur de Raso cremisino etc. etc.

De parte . . . . . 25

de non . . . . . 14

Non synceri . . . . . 1

IX.

*Archiv. gen. di Venezia ).*

Die X Februarij MccccLxxxxviiiij.

Federicus Cornarius — Costantinus de Priolis —  
Paulus Barbo — Marcus Trevisano — Aloysius de Mo-  
lino — Petrus Balbi.

Sapientes Consilij

Leonardus Grimani — Laurentius Justinianus.

Sapientes T. firmo

Nicolaus Mocenito — Dom. Mauroceno.

Necesse est, et bene ad propositum rerum nrarum.  
respectu present. occorrentium ultimare petitiones Ill.<sup>me</sup>  
Comunitatis Cremone, . . . . . cum sint tres aut qua-  
tuor res parvi momenti, et eques Oratores, qui jam  
pluribus mensibus hic apud nos degunt in patriam  
redire possint omnique cura et opra est adhibenda (?).  
Ut bene contenti et satisfacti de his paucis Capitulo-  
rum relequijs discedant: et propterea cum prefati Ora-  
tores post ultimas responsiones per hoc Consilium eis  
factas nomine antedictae Comunitatis Instanter flagitave-  
rint a Domino nostro Concessionem infrascriptorum  
suarum petitionum, que pro majori parte sunt pro de-  
claratione verb. jam Comunitat. Concess. Ideo vadit  
pars, que ipsis petitionibus, et singulis eorum re-  
spondeatur ut infra. Et primo: Ad partem Ubi petunt  
que cum fuerit concessum Magn.<sup>ce</sup> Comunitati Cremo-  
ne, ut ratione contractor. factorum Cremone possit  
citari Cremonam in judic. Quilibet territorij Cremo-  
nensis, licet at rectum sensum comphendatur quilibet  
quatuor terrarum separatarum Cum sint et semper

fuerint territorij Cremonensis tamen at maiorem expressionem, et ad omne dubium tollendum in futurum Declaret et exprimatur in ipso Capit. et comprehendi quilibet dictarum terrarum separatarum ex ipsis et quolibet ipsarum trahi et .... possint in iudicium Cremonam quilibet dictarum terrarum separatarum ratione contract. et mercat. factorum et que in futurum fient Cremone, Ut antea et fieri solebat quum supra loca essent separata ab ipsa Com. Cremone utque observatur hic venetor. pro contractibus factis ich Venet. Respondeatur, que fiat ut petitur. Item quod de Capit. scarlati et aliorum Panorum et de omnibus Capit. Pani auri et syrici, que pro usu tantum, et non at mercanturam conducatur Cremona, De quibus tamen erunt soluta datia consueta in hac Civitate Venetiarum, nullum solvatur Datium in ingressu Civitatis Cremone, ut quod elapsum fieri Consuerunt sub Ducibus Mli. de panis, etc. Responderunt quod fiat ut petitur.

Item cum in Civitate Cremone sit hoc Decretum, quod mariti in ultimis voluntatibus non possint per testamentum relinquere uxoribus suis ultra libras vigintiquinque imp. (1). Addatur Decreto et corrigatur quod maritus ultra dictas libras imper. possit legare uxori usque ad quartam partem Usufructum bonorum suorum pro tamen victu et alimento in vita sua tantum, Sicuti tempore Comitis Francisci tunc Cremone Dni. statum erat. Respondeatur, que fiat ut petitur. Quantum aut ad judeos, quos conducere intendit, Mca.

(1) Rubrica quantum posset relinqui uxori:

Item statutu e. q. nullus civitatis vel districtus Cremonae sive humgobardus sive romanus possit aliquo mo. vel legatio uxori relinquere: aut herede, istituere de bonis ipsius ultra quantitate. vigintiquiq. librar. ip. etc.

( Statuta Cremonae )

**Comunitas Cremone pro fenerando in Cremona, Dici-  
mus et respondemus: Hos esse contentus, ut ipos he-  
breos conducant cum Capitulis secum initis, prius ta-  
men per Dominium nostrum confirmandis ut obser-  
vatur in alijs terris nostris.**

De parte . . . . .	166
de non . . . . .	7
Non sinceri . . . . .	1

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**X.**

*( Archiv. gen. di Venezia ).*

**Die XXV. Septembris MccccLxxxviiiij.**

**P. Fantinus D.... — Lucas Pisani — Paulus Barbo —  
Lucas C.... — Antonius Valerio — Andreas Gabriel,  
consiliarij.**

**Joannes Duodo — Petrus Benedicto — Aloysius D....  
— Dominicus Marino — Philippus Tron — Dominicus  
Trevisano eques, sapientes Consilij.**

**Franciscus T..... T. Firme.**

**Postquam per Dei clementiam et benignitatem Civi-  
tas Cremone cum universo territorio et alijs terris et  
locis Glare Abdue nuper acquisitis Devenerunt ad ob-  
bedientiam nostri Domini: Necessarium est taliter de  
gubernatione eorum providere que conserventur et  
manuteneantur sub obedientia nostra propterea.**

**Vadit pars. Quod In nomine Jesu Christi et glorio-  
sissime Virginis Matris Sue, gloriosique Apostoli et  
Evangeliste Sancti Marci protectoris nostri fieri de  
presenti debeat per scrutinium hinc Consilij electio**



duorum solemnium Provisorum nostrorum qui possint accipi de omni loco et officio deputandorum per unum proximum absque aliqua contumacia in Civitate Cremonae: Quorum duorum: qui habuerit plures ballotas exercent munus potestatis. Alter vero Capit. cum modis consuetis. Habeat quilibet ipsorum pro suis expensis ducatos centum viginti auri, ad soldos centum viginti quatuor pro ducatos in mense, et ratione mensis: De pecunijs Camere Cremonae. De quibus non debeant ostendere computum aliquod Dominio nostro: Et ducant secum suis expensis famulos duodecim et equos octo nostri Domini pro quolibet. Et ulterius qui munus potestis egerit: teneatur secum ducere ad expensas nostri domini de pecunijs ipsius Camere Cremonae unum vicarium sufficientem unum Judicem malefactorum, unum Cancellarium, duos comilitones, et unum Comestabilem baroniorum quibus provideatur per Collegium nostrum de expensis suis prout ei conveniens videbitur, qui vero munus Capitanei exercuerit teneatur similiter secum ducere ultra familiam suam, unum Cancellarium: et duos comilitones, expensis nostri domini ut supra pro quorum expensis Collegium nostrum similiter eis deputet Id quod sibi conveniens videatur.

Eligatur preterea per electionem banche: et per duas manus electionum huius Consilij et quilibet possit eligere suum, unus Camerarius eiusdem Civitatis qui habere debet pro suis expensis, ut supra ducatos triginta auri, ut supra in mense de quibus non habeat aliquod computum ostendere et secum ducere teneatur expensis famulos tres.

Eodem modo fiat et unus Castellanus, qui stare debeat in Castro clausus, cum illis met conditionibus cum quibus sunt alij castellani nostri clausi, et habeat si-

militer pro suis expensis ut supra ducatos quadraginta auri ut supra in mense absque obligatione ostendendi computum aliquod, et teneatur secum ducere famulos duos.

Et sint ambo per unum annum tantum absque aliqua contumacia, interim vero provisor camerarius ac Castellanus, eligi neq. ad aliquam rem Intus et extra.

Et teneantur discedere Infra dies sex proximos et vadant cum illa commissione que videbitur huic Consilio, De alijs vero locis Cremonensis et Glareae Abdue nuper acquisitis, teneatur omnes de Collegio qui possunt ponere partem veniendi ad hoc Consilium cum opinionibus suis per totam presentem ebdomadam sub debito sacramenti circa gubernationem locorum predictorum.

p. Aloysius de Molino.

p. Georgius Cornelius eq.

Sap. Cons. Volunt partem suprascritam in omnibus cum hoc que Provisor elegendi habeant solum ducatorum centum uno mense pro quolibet et ducere secum teneantur suis expensis famulos decem et equos sex proquoque cum alijs conditionibus suprascriptis.

De parte	74	71
de non	90	117
non sincere	0	5

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XI.

(*Archiv. gen. di Venezia — Registro XIII, Senato Terra dal 1497 al 1500, pag. 115 e 147*).

Die 13 Februari 1499.

Sono zia più mesi in questa terra cum gran spesa et interesse molti zentilhomeni Cremonesi, Religiosi, etc. per haver la confirmatione de i suo privilegij de le lor cosse de Cremona, Cremonese et Giara dada concesseli per li suo Signori Passati, et sia conveniente cossa et ben ad proposito de le cosse nostre per le occurrentie presente confirmar tal loro privilegij aziò non se trovjno a pezor condition sotto la Signoria nostra de quel che j erano sotto al Duca de Milan, et possino ritornar a casa sua contenti et ben edificati verso la Signoria nostra.

L'anderà parte: che tutti privilegij hanno i predicti zentilhomeni, et altri de le cosse de Cremona, Cremonese et Giarra dadada a lor concessi per i Signori suoi, et de i qual j erano in possesso per auctorità di questo Consiglio, siano approbati et confirmati pro ut jacent: si che j siano in quel vigor et robor, come erano, et seriano stati sotto el Duca de Milan, da esser però visti et expediti per el Collegio nostro. Non intendendo in questi alcun privilegio avesse el Battaglia olim Castellan de Cremona, Bataglin suo fradello, Francesco di Quarteri mezan del dar del castello de Cremona, et altri che havebbe connexion et dependentia da i dicti.

De parte . . . .	165
De non . . . .	5
Non synceri . . .	2

Die 29 Septembris 1500.

A zio li privilegi di cremonèxi che restano ad expedir si possano deliberar con quella maturità che ricerca la loro importantia:

L'anderà partè che delli privilegij de Cremonexi non se possano ne debbanò expedir, salvo che per deliberation de questo Consiglio.

De parte . . . .	173
De non . . . .	11
Non synceri . . . .	1

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XII.

( *Bibl. Marciana di Venezia* — Diarii Sanudo,  
vol. II, pag. 1008 ).

Intrate di Cremona e terretorio per anno uno.

1499.

Dazio del vino al minuto della città . . .	2960
» della macina, levato per la dedizione »	13000
» delle gabelle grosse, levato per 1/5 »	29120
» delle entrate e porte . . id. . . »	17405
» del torazo, levato il 5/00 . . . . »	5924
» delle bestie vive . . . . . »	4382
» della confectaria, dei curami . . . »	4349
» della drapperia . . . . . »	3446
» delle bollette . . . . . »	660
» della patificatura dei molini . . . »	600
» della scannadura cioè beccheria , . »	5682
» del pignolà e bombagia . . . . »	2750

Dazio del membro delle conze . . . . .	336
» del travaso del vino . . . . .	428
» del pesce . . . . .	1090
» della merceria . . . . .	200
» della pataria . . . . .	99
» del panno di lino . . . . .	204
» del membro del lino . . . . .	360
» del retagio del pignolà . . . . .	252
» delle betole . . . . .	84
» pella pelezzeria . . . . .	228

La banca delle notarie de palazzo e mercanti, levate . . . . . » 4000

Lo imbottato del vino e del fieno del cremonese reservato Casalmazor, Soncino, Castelion e Pezeghetone con Quinto . . . . . » 18000

Li dazi di Pezegaton unito con Quinto . . . » 880

La convenzione del deto loco per l'imbota » 630

Li dazi di Casalmagior compreso el quinto » 7000

La imbota de dicto loco . . . . . » 5000

Li dazi di Castel leon con lo quinto . . . » 3500

La convention di Fontanella a loco dell'imbota » 100

Li dazi di Soncino con lo quinto . . . » 5220

Il dazio del sale rendeva stera 26500 a 56 per stera da onze 12 a dinari 15 di questa moneta la lira. —

Et per li capitoli li è concesso si vendi a la condition di Bergamo e Crema che è 8, 20 di questa moneta al peso che è di 25 picoli de onze 12.

Le tasse del Cremonese cavalli 1800 date a' soldati e parte le scodevano a 8, 40 per cavallo, e questo anno fu cresciuto a 8, 60.

Le tratte delle biave se cavavano per bergamasca e altrove pagavano g. 16 per soma, ora sono ridotte alla conditione che sono nelle altre città e terre della Signoria.

XIII.

( *Bibl. Marciana, Diarii Sanudo, vol. II, p. 1009* ).  
Settembre 1499.

Nota delli dazi di minuti levati ad istanzia del popolo  
di Cremona per la Ill.<sup>ma</sup> Signoria di Venetia.

Dazio del pesce reservato il transito . . . . . „	840
„ del travaso del vino, riservato el vino . . . . . „	
che va per transito . . . . . „	229
„ della merceria . . . . . „	200
„ della pateria . . . . . „	99
„ del panno di lino . . . . . „	204
„ del membro di lino . . . . . „	360
„ del retagio del pignolà . . . . . „	252
„ del bombagio pignolà . . . . . „	1500
„ del membro delle songe . . . . . „	336
„ delle bettole . . . . . „	84
„ della pelicceria . . . . . „	228
„ della scannadura cioè beccheria la metà „	2841
<hr/>	
Summano „	
	7172

Dichiarando la soprascripta moneta in ragion di 8,91  
per ducato.

Nota che la terra di Cremona e territorio consuma  
ogni anno 400 mille moggia di frumento, che è stara  
dei nostri 400 mille.

XIV.

( *Archiv. gen. di Venezia* ).

Die XIII. Septembris MccccLxxxxviiiij.

Marco Antonio Mauroceno equiti provvisori generali  
et gubernatori Cremone.

Ne hanno dichiarato le vostre lettere del XI del presente, il desiderio di quel fedelissimo e carissimo popolo nostro Cremonese, circa el levar el Datio de i minuti, il quale par li gravi molto e massime li poveri a danno dei quali si dice esso Datio eccedere.

Laudandovi assai della dolce risposta factali, e speranza gli avete dato che saranno compiaciuti da noi, poichè non vi siete discostato e avete adderito alla mente e volontà nostra che è di gratificar esso popolo, perchè costume nostro è stato sempre di gratificare i nostri sudditi fedelissimi nel numero dei quali abbiamo tutto quel popolo Cremonese collocato nel centro del cuore nostro, e sopra tutto verso gli poveri siamo contenti usar ogni umanità e beneficenza. Abbiamo poi deliberato con il Senato nostro e così comandiamo dobbiate dichiarir al prefatto fedelissimo popolo nostro che siamo contenti in sua compiacenza rimetter et li rimettiamo el sopraposto Datio dei minuti; estinguendo quello, e che il detto più non sia pagato.

Questo lo abbiamo fatto e lo facciamo volentieri ed allegramente a ciò tutta quella città nostra cominci a sentire la dolceza e munificenza nostra e del nostro Dominio, e queste cose farete note al vostro Collega.

De parte . . . 208

De non . . . 5

Non synceri . . . 0

XV.

( *Archiv. gen. di Milano* — Corrisp. ducale, 1499 ).

Augustinus Barbarico Dei gratia Dux Venetiarum, etc.

Joannes. — Etsi cunctis rectoribus nostris Lombardiae efficacissimo Jussu Mandavimus per triplicata lras. nras. ut prohibere debeant ne quis ex nostris audeat accedere ad D. Ludovicum, prout tibi notitiam dedimus, Intellecto tamen eo quod scribis per tuas dici xxviiij hoc mane acceptis tibi dixisse Illr. D. Jo. Jacobum scripsimus denuo rectoribus nris Bgomi. in forma efficacissima. Haec dubitamus eos omne operam navaturos, ne aliquis accedat suptum D. Ludovicum.

Dat In nro. ducali palatio die ultimo Januarij: indict. iij, M. ccccjc.

Circumspecto et sapienti viro Joanni Dultio fidelissimo secretario nostro Mediolani.

Cito.

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XVI.

( *Archiv. gen. di Venezia* ).

Die XV. Februarij MccccLxxxxviiij.

p. Dominic. Marino — Pietro Balbi — Aloysius de Molino.

Sapientes Consilii.

Sapientes T. firme.

Provisori et Castellano nost. Pizaleonis.

Oggi abbiamo ricevuto lettere vestre del XII del presente, ed abbiamo inteso la novità fatta per quelli



della Rocchetta che alincontro de quella terra nostra si son tenute le due Borchielle nostre cariche di munizione che andavano a Cremona, come in fabbricar quel muro, che avevamo principiato, alche avendo voi sufficientemente provvisto, molto vi lodiamo. E poichè voi desiderate intender quale sia la mente nostra circa la detta fortezza, considerando che rimosso tal ostacolo della terra nostra di Pizigaton, quella resteria sicurissima. Vi diciamo, e con il Senato nostro vi comandiamo che per sicurezza e beneficio di quel luogo nostro de Pizigaton, demolir e tutto rovinar dobbiate con le Artigliere che avete la detta Rocchetta, sì che in quella più non si possa stare ne abitare, veramente quando questa Rocchetta sia per altra via venire nelle mani, quella omnino et infallanter riunirete et interponerete in questo tempo alcun per dover tornar tal demolizion in grande comodo delle cose nostre. E moversi senza rispetto contro tutti quelli che cercano far danno alle cose nostre. Per l'effetto veramente ci darete subito avviso. Abbiamo scritto ai Proveditori nosti Generali et agli Rri. nostri di Cremona che rechino a voi ogni soccorso per quanto di sopra vi abbiamo detto, e che subito vi debbano mandare.

De parte . . .	149
De non . . .	3
Non synceri . . .	1

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XVII.

( *Archiv. gen. di Venezia.* )

Die ultimo Februarij MccccLxxxxviiiij.

Sapientes Consilij.

Sapientes T. Firme.

Provisoribus nostris generalibus.

Da ieri in qua abbiamo ricevute con man le vostre lettere con le incluse del Governator de Lodi e D. Sonzin Benzon, e da quelle inteso la richiesta di lui fattaci in soccorso ed ajuto della terra di Piacenza, e similmente visto la relazione vostra di mandar a Pizigaton fanti 350, e li 50 cavalli leggieri del detto D. Sonzin con scriver a Cremona che potendo con sicurtà di quella terra mandano a loro fanti 200, e li Balestrieri a cavallo che colà si trovano, con ordine che abbiano a mostrare favorire e dar ajuto e dar spalle alla predetta città di Piacenza, cosa in vero che ci è stata sommamente grata, poichè non potemmo se non grandemente lodar e commendar ogni provisione et ajuto che dassi alle terre e luoghi della Signoria nostra per reputar ogni fortuna come con quella. Ma vi notificiamo ben aver per lettere de Proveditori nostri de Cremona ora recentemente inteso, loro non aver potuto eseguire quanto per voi gli è stato a tal effetto ricercato, dubbitando di non disfornire quella terra che licet il rispetto suo non sia processo, salvo che la buona considerazione. Tanto stimiamo voi non esser se non de ben a proposito ajutare e favorire potendo le cose della Mta. antedetta se piu indisolubile unione abbiamo con quella. Si e per dimostrare ad ogniuno noi esser una medesima ed intera cosa con sua Mtà. ab-

biamo deliberato scrivere ai detti nostri Proveditori di Cremona ed imponergli, che in questo bisogno essendo iterum ricercati da voi debba subito, subito mandar 100 degli cavalli legieri degli esistenti, e provisionati 200, subito ed infalantemente, e per tanto officio vostro sarà, e così con il Senato nostro vi comandiamo che parendovi questo soccorso dover essere in tempo, e con sicurezza di quelle genti nostre dobbiate scriver a detti Proveditori vi mandino li soprascritti cento cavalli legieri e fanti 200, quali farete armare insieme con gli mandati per voi a Pizigaton in soccorso di detta terra di Piacenza in nome della prefatta Mta., non interponendo in questo tempo, ne dilazione alcuna per condur la cosa per quanto vedemo in celerità e prontezza e perchè per le prudentissime ragioni nelle vostre lettere toccate, non è salvo che ben a proposito potete reintegrare ed aumentar quell'esercito nostro che smiuvirlo, sì per maggior sicurezza di quello, come per dar riputazion alle cose della Signoria nostra. Sapiate noi aver deliberato che subito subito si trasferiscano di là 100 cavalli legieri degli esistenti nel Veronese, per il che il signor Carlo Vesino immantimente el cavalchi là in campo con la compagnia sua, e speremo che avanti del ricever della presente saranno giunti di là i statioti per voi mandati. Ulteriormente abbiamo statuito mandarvi i presenti ducati 1500 per altri 500 provisionati buoni e sufficienti, quali vi sforzerete fare con ogni studio e diligenza per poter suplir nei luoghi donde sono stati tolti i soprafatti mandati per voi ut supra, non diremo per la presente altro, salvo che iterum ve replicheremo che possedendo tale soccorso andar in tempo e non dobbiate restare di aiutare la prefatta città di Piacenza, Governando la cosa con la usata vostra prudenza, vigilanza e solecitudine, contando el

tutto con quell' Illmo. Signor Governator nostro General, come avete fatto fin ora in tutte le cose.

Quanto veramente spetta al Capo da esser mandato a governo di detta gente, volemmo e vi comandiamo essere dobbiate con il prefatto Signor Governator, et consultando con la Eccellenza sua dobbiate proveder de mandar persona idonea e sufficiente, non levando però da Cremona el Magnif.<sup>o</sup> Capitano nostro delle Fanterie, quale vogliamo che stia adesso in quella città per ogni rispetto.

De parte . . . 175

De non . . . 5

Non synceri . . . 0

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XVIII.

( *Arch. gen. di Venezia.* )

Die XIII Februarij MccccLxxxviiiij.

Sapientes Consiglij.

Sapientes T. Firme.

Provisoribus nostris Cremone.

Per continue lettere vostre ricevute questi giorni, abbiamo veduto il studio e diligenza per voi avuta in tener quella città nostra e il popolo ubertoso de fermento con sua contentezza e sodisfazione, onde vi lodiamo noi con il Senato nostro ogni uno tal pensiero e deliberazione circa a ciò vi dico e diamo libertà che per far questo effetto di ubertà e abbondanza a quella fedelissima nostra città e popolo possiate per un mese o pure due ad summum, secondo vi parerà bisogno e

dar de danno alla Signoria nostra ducati 300 al mese come richiedete nel modo ricordato per voi o per quell' altro giudicherete più espediente, avendo avvertenza che questo beneficio e comodità si facci al popolo e persone miserabili, per tal effetto si moviamo a far tal provvisione, circa il che si rendemo certi sarete circospetti ed oculati.

De parte	. . . .	177.
De non	. . . .	6
Non synceri	. . . .	5

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## **CAPITOLO TERZO**

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## S O M M A R I O

( 1500-1507 )

Cremona è afflitta da carestia e da febbri petecchiali. — Paolo Pisani, e sua *Relazione di Cremona* al Senato. — Girolamo Donato. — Ambasciatori Cremonesi al nuovo Doge Leonardo Loredano. — Equivoco degli scrittori cremonesi su questo fatto. — Pietro Duodo, Bartolomeo Minio e Giovanni Mocenigo. — Straordinaria carestia. — Dodici giureconsulti muojono di contagio. — Avarizia dei governatori e tristo lor reggimento. — Scontento de' Cremonesi pel governo della Repubblica. — Ambasciatori della Città al senato. — Lorenzo Priuli. — Paolo Cappello.

Documenti.

**D**alla caduta del Moro al 1503, poche notizie abbiamo rinvenute risguardanti la città nostra. Da una preziosa carta, di cui più avanti parleremo, apprendiamo che nell'anno 1500 il podestà Paolo Barbo ordinò che annualmente si dovessero dal Comune eleggere cinque presidenti alla provvisione frumentaria, e che questi dovessero in certi giorni della settimana adunarsi e provvedere alle faccende de' grani; e che l'anno seguente lo stesso Barbo e Domenico Bollani imposero tasse e restrizioni, contro gli statuti della città, a certe regalie de' connestabili delle porte (1).

Non rinvenimmo (e forse è perduta) le relazioni del Barbo, che certo ei fece al suo ritorno in Venezia, il quale accadde nel 1504. Che questa relazione fu scritta è certo, poichè

(1) V. Doc. VII.



il senato con sua lettera 11 gennajo 1502 scrisse che, avendo inteso dalla relazione del Barbo che la Camera di Cremona abbisognava di un cancelliere, nominava a quest'ufficio Sebastiano Ciria col soldo di ottanta ducati d'oro all'anno <sup>(1)</sup>.

La cronaca Cremonese, da noi più volte ricordata, scrive d'un sacco che nel 1504 voleasi dare a' granai d'alcuni gentiluomini da una mano di popolani, alcun de' quali fu per questa ragione appiccato; e ciò accadde per lo straordinario prezzo a cui vendeansi i cereali <sup>(2)</sup>.

Lo stesso prezioso codice racconta come nel febbrajo del 1503 per le abbondanti piogge il Po uscisse dal suo letto e, prodotta una straordinaria piena, non ritornasse ne' suoi confini che alla prima settimana d'aprile, dopo aver guasta la casa d'un Ugolani, patrizio cremonese, e formato a Solarolo Paganino uno stagno, nel linguaggio del paese chiamato *bo-drio*; e come il raccolto de'campi fosse scarso; e sopravvenisse in Cremona una malattia la

(1) V. Doc. I.

(2) *La biava*, cioè lo formento si vendeva s. 45, la form. s. 32, la fava s. 20, lo miglio s. 20 el staro. Cronaca Cremonese citata.

quale, in sei giorni al più, uccideva gran quantità di persone <sup>(1)</sup>.

Pare che siffatta malattia debba credersi febbre petecchiale, che, come tutti i contagi, ripete particolarmente la sua causa nell'aria corrotta per lo straripamento dei fiumi, pel disordine delle stagioni e per la mancanza del necessario e salubre alimento. Scrive il James <sup>(2)</sup>, che, quando il tempo è soverchiamente piovoso nasce fra il grano, e in modo speciale nella segale, grandissima quantità di loglio la cui qualità è quasi velenosa; può dunque credersi facilmente che questa malattia venuta a menar strage nel paese nostro fosse appunto derivata dalla miseria e dalla malaria che aveavi generato lo straripamento de' fiumi.

Sappiamo da una deliberazione del Senato del 15 febbrajo 1504 che in quel tempo la Repubblica, per consiglio de' suoi capitani, fortificò il castello di Lodi e Casalmaggiore, intendendo come a' que' giorni il marchese di Mantova meditasse di portare assalto a questa ragguardevole borgata <sup>(3)</sup>.

(1) *In dicto anno (1503) morì assai persone in Cremona dal male de dolie; et no se staseva amalato se no gorni seij al più, et spazaveno.* Cron. crem. cit.

(2) *Dizion. univ. di medicina*, Venezia, Pasquali, 1753.

(3) V. Doc. II.

A Domenico Trevisani e a Niccolò Foscarini succedettero Paolo Barbo e Domenico Bollani. Cessato nel 1504 il governo del Barbo e nell'anno successivo quello del Bollani, sostenne le due cariche di podestà e di capitano il cavaliere Paolo Pisani <sup>(1)</sup>. Il governo di questi in Cremona fu temperato e saggio, e lo stesso Bordigallo, non amico, certo, al nome veneziano, loda il Pisani come uomo dotto, egregio ed amatissimo dai Cremonesi, i quali nello stendardo recato a Venezia nel 1503 vollero, come diremo più innanzi, che agli stemmi della città andesse unito quello di lui

(1) • 1383. Paolo Pisani, figliuolo di Lucca, hebbe la dignità di Cavaliere, et nel 1483 fu spedito Ambasciatore al Duca d'Austria; nel 1485 recitò l'oration funebre, in morte del Doge Marco Barbarigo; nel 1491 fu Ambasciatore a Massimiliano Imperatore; nel 1492 andò Ambasciatore al re di Francia; nel 1500 fu uno degli Avogadori, che censurarono il Generalato di Antonio Grimani; nel 1503 passò Ambasciatore a Giulio II, nella di lui promotione al Papato; nel 1505 essendo Capitano di Padova, mandato Ambasciatore a Luigi re di Francia, venuto in Italia; nel 1506 (\*) fu Capitano di Cremona, Città in quel tempo possessa dalla Repubblica; fu anco Proveditore dell'Esercito, et nel 1509 Ambasciatore al Pontefice in Roma, per disporlo alla pace con la Repubblica, dove morì l'anno 1510, come scrisse il Cardinale Bembo, essendo anche stato nel 1498 Podestà in Bergamo. « Cappellari. » *Camp. Ven.*

(\*) Nel 1502 e non nel 1506, in cui a Cremona era capitano Paolo Cappello.

e quello del suo collega Girolamo Donato, uomo di gran dottrina e di grande esperienza nelle cose di Stato <sup>(1)</sup>. Appare da un' iscrizione notata nel codice Picenardiano <sup>(2)</sup> che alla rôcca di S. Croce facesse il Pisani eseguire qualche opera di difesa, poichè vi si

(1) » 1490. Girolamo Donato, dottore e kavaliero figliuolo di Antonio K. fu dottissimo in filosofia e teologo peritissimo nelle lettere greche e latine, et intendentissimo della Musica, della quale altamente si diletto; nel 1485 fu mandato Ambasciatore al re di Portogallo; nel 1490 fu Podestà di Ravenna; nel 1500 Ambasciatore a Massimiliano Imperatore; nel 1502 Podestà di Cremona; nel 1503 Ambasciatore a Luigi XII, re di Francia, per rallegrarsi della conquista fatta dalle sue armi del regno di Napoli; nel 1505 Ambasciatore di obediencia a Giulio II, nella di lui promotione al Papato; nel 1508 duca in Candia; nel 1509 Oratore al predetto Giulio, et mediatore della pace fra lo stesso, e la sua Repubblica, morì finalmente in Roma di male di fianco l'anno 1512; sepolto nella Chiesa di S. Marcello di quella città; scrisse, e compose: *De Principatu Romane Sedis*; *De processione Spiritus Sancti, contra Grecos*; *De Terremotu: Epistolarum, et orationum lib. 2.* — Tradusse anco Alessandro Afrodiseo, e fece altre opere greche e latine, tra le quali un' apologia contro Francesi, lodata e stimata da dotti; a lui Girolamo Rannusio, huomo di profonda Letteratura dedicò due libri: *De Nexu utriusque Philosophie*; et nel salone del Gran Consiglio si vedeva il suo ritratto, in habito d'oro con bella e ricca colanna al collo. » Cappellari, *Camp. Ven.*

(2) Questo prezioso codice si credè perduto negli anni scorsi, ma non è molto che si rinvenne, riordinando l'archivio della famiglia dalla quale s'intitola.

legge il suo nome unito a quello del Bolani (1).

Abbiamo del Pisani una relazione conservataci da Marin Sanudo. Evvi affermato come i Cremonesi fosser lieti del governo della Repubblica, e come i fanciulli per le vie all'incontrare i governatori gridassero « Marco, Marco »; apprendiamo da questa relazione che la città sotto il veneto dominio risorse da morte a vita, che si rifabbricarono le case, che le ricchezze v'eran divise e poca la miseria, che la città infine parevã divenire una delle più fedeli alla Repubblica. Undici persone soltanto il Pisani vi fece uccidere per delitti; e Cremona ne contava quarantamila, e ottantamila il contado. Rilevasi altresì da quella relazione che calde istanze facevansi fin d'allora perchè si provvedesse in modo che il Po più oltre non danneggiasse Casalmaggiore (2).

(1) *Paulo Pisano prætor et Dominico Bolano præfecto. M. D. II.*

*Cod. Picenardiano*, pag. 135.

Nell'elenco che dà il Robolotti dei documenti Cremonesi (Lettera sua all'Odorici), non so come, dimenticò questo Codice, ricordato spesso dai nostri autori e singolarmente dal Vajrani. Esso consta di circa 400 pagine cartacee, e scritte nel secolo XVI e XVII, e si conserva nell'Archivio Sommi-Picenardi in Cremona.

(2) V. Doc. III.

Fu collega del Pisani un uomo degno di lui, il Cavaliere Girolamo Donato <sup>(1)</sup>, *facetus, facundus, gentilis* <sup>(2)</sup>, amato dal popolo per la giovialità della sua indole e per l'indulgenza colla quale tollerava che i cittadini andessero per via armati dal capo alle piante <sup>(3)</sup>.

Egli fece ristaurare la scala del Pretorio in Cremona, e vi fu collocata questa iscrizione a memoria del fatto <sup>(4)</sup>.

*Jam pridem addictas Urbis Rectoribus aedes  
Sors mala Cauponae verterat in faciem.  
Sic neglecta, sita prope jam collapsa ruebant  
Atria sub tenebris squallida perpetuis.  
Donatus Praetor cuncta instauravit et auxil:  
Pulchrior ut sub se pulchra Cremona foret.*

Egli lasciò il governo di Cremona nel 1504, un anno dopo che n' era partito il Pisani.

Sembra che veramente il governo della Signoria andesse a genio dei Cremonesi, come asserì il Pisani nella sua relazione; perocchè lo stesso anno ch'egli lasciò Cremona, la nostra Comunità spedì alla Repubblica un'ono-

(1) Giunse a Cremona il 6 genn. 1503, secondo l'Arisi.

(2) Burdig. Cron.

(3) Burdig. Cron.

(4) Arisi, Praetor. Crem. Series Chron.

revole ambasceria composta di dieci gentiluo-  
mini per rallegrarsi dell'avvenimento di Leo-  
nardo Loredano al seggio ducale.

Erano questi : Leonardo Botta , già legato  
a Sisto IV; Andrea Ala ; Giacomo Ponzoni ,  
adorno di buone lettere; Battista Mussi, chia-  
mato dal Crotti *summae amplitudinis virum* (1);  
Francesco Brumani ; Giambattista Melio; Ri-  
naldo Persico , *equitem bullatum , doctorem  
innocentissimum, comitem generosissimum* (2);  
Sigismondo Borghi, giureconsulto; e France-  
sco Raimondi (3). Il giorno di lunedì 24 A-  
prile furono solennemente ricevuti in Venezia  
nella sala del Gran Consiglio dal doge Leo-  
nardo Loredano. Era questi vestito di broc-  
cato d'oro, e circondato dai senatori, mentre  
i nove Cremonesi indossavano un manto di  
velluto cremisino foderato di pelle di vajo ,  
aveano il capo coperto da un berretto di  
velluto nero, e il collo splendente di collane  
d'oro. Muovevano a tre per tre; ed avanti a

(1) *Flebilis quindecim jureconsultorum cremonensium de-  
ploratio, etc., per Jo. Jacobum Crottum*. Battista Mussi è di-  
menticato dal Campi.

(2) Crotti , orazione citata.

(3) Cinque di questi oratori, il Brumani, il Persico, il  
Borghi, il Mussi e il Raimondi, morirono per contagio  
del 1505.

loro venivano i servi ornati essi pure di eleganti vestimenta; sulle maniche era scritto a ricami: *Quoniam cognovisti eum*, e sul petto dalla parte del cuore splendeva il santo protettore della Repubblica, al quale si riferiva quella scritta. Dapprima recaronsi nella basilica di S. Marco, e quindi arrivati nella gran sala del ducal palagio, ch'era piena di ragguardevoli personaggi, presentarono le lettere di Cremona al serenissimo principe. Il giorno 4 Maggio poi, nella stessa aula, il nostro Sigismondo Borghi recitò una elegante orazione latina, nella quale, dette le lodi della gente Loredana, parlò della fede e della contentezza dei Cremonesi pel governo della Signoria, e della gioja che aveano provata per l'elezione di Leonardo al Dogado; e che era appunto stata la gara dei Cremonesi per venire a Venezia a congratularsi di questo fausto avvenimento che avea ritardato l'arrivo dell'ambasceria, a nome della quale parlava il Borghi (1). Presentarono poscia un magnifico stendardo

(1) Quest'orazione fu stampata a Venezia, e porta questo titolo: *Panegyricus Leonardo Lauretano optimo humanissimoque principi Venet. dictus anno a salutifera Dei incarnatione 1503, XII Kal. Maj. — Venetiis per Bernardinum Venetum de Vitalibus eodem anno. (Arisi)*



di seta rossa e carico d'oro, collo stemma della città di Cremona e un'iscrizione che diceva: *civitas Cremonæ vere fidei*<sup>(1)</sup>, e più in basso l'arme del Pisani<sup>(2)</sup> e del Donato<sup>(3)</sup>, il primo tornato allora di capitano, e il secondo ancor podestà di Cremona. Il vessillo fu lo stesso giorno sul far della sera collocato onorevolmente in S. Marco, dove ancor si vedeva ai tempi del Campi; adesso più non esiste, sparito anch'esso, per cura dei barbari, coi tanti altri di cui era adorna la chiesa<sup>(4)</sup>.

È strano a considerarsi quanta e quale confusione tutti gli storici nostri abbiano fatta delle due ambascerie a Venezia nel 1499 e nel 1503. Il Campi parla dell'ambasceria del 1503, tacendo dell'altra; ma siccome inavvertitamente l'ha nella sua storia collocata sotto l'anno 1499, così ha tratto in errori e in contraddizioni quelli che dopo di lui ne hanno scritto. Benchè l'Arisi, parlando di Sigismondo Borghi, si accorgesse dell'errore del

(1) E non *Cremona fidelis*, come scrivono il Campi e gli altri.

(2) L'arma Pisani è un Leone rampante metà azzurro e metà bianco posto sopra uno scudo di colori opposti.

(3) Lo stemma Donato consta di due fasce e tre rose.

(4) V. Doc. IV.

Campi, ciò nullameno il Lancetti negli articoli della sua *Biografia Cremonese* che trattano di Andrea Ala, e di Francesco Brumani, non ammette che una sola ambasceria, quella ricordata dal Campi; e tenendo per fermo che quella fosse non del 1503, ma del 1499, tutti i personaggi stati oratori a Venezia in quelle due legazioni, egli colloca in quella del 1499. Errore grave, molto più che la sapienza delle cose Cremonesi era nel Lancetti profondissima, e l'articolo sul Borghi nell'Arise gli avrebbe dovuto aprir gli occhi.

Nel settembre di quest'anno 1503 i governatori di Cremona, che erano a quel tempo Girolamo Donato e Pietro Duodo (1), si meritano gli elogi del Senato per lo studio col quale attendevano all'interesse dell'erario; imperocchè per opera loro si pose termine all'abuso che sul reddito dell'imbottato esercitavano i delegati alle porte di Cremona, reddito che dovea pel terzo e pel quinto essere

(1) 1483. Pietro Duodo, figliuolo di Luca; nel 1483 fu capitano dell'armata nel Lago di Garda; nel 1491 era savio di terraferma, et fu anco consigliere; poi nel 1495 fu capitano de' cavalli Albanesi, e trovossi alla giornata del fiume Taro, contro Francesi, in cui rese cospicuo il suo valore, ma diportandosi troppo interessatamente co'suoi soldati, proponevano questi di ucciderlo, onde con destrezza venne

convertito nel pagamento dei debiti che il duca Ludovico avea contratti colla città (1).

Venuto a morte papa Alessandro VI nell'agosto del 1503, il Cardinale Giorgio d'Amboise si recò a Roma in compagnia del Cardinale d'Aragona e d'Ascanio Sforza nella speranza di salire al trono pontificio (2); ma essendo invece stato eletto al pontificato Francesco Piccolomini, che prese il nome di Pio III, l'Amboise sui primi del dicembre fe' ritorno in Francia. Fu in quest'occasione che il senato di Venezia scrisse a' suoi rettori di Cremona che avrebbe eletto uno di loro a incontrare ed accompagnare quel cardinale, volendogli far palese in qual conto la Repubblica tenesse lui e il suo re; molto più che quest'atto era molto *conveniente alle occorrenze dei tempi*. Non ci è noto se e quale dei due governatori adempisse quest'ufficio, pel

levato dal comando, et nel 1497 mandato Proveditore con una compagnia di Balestieri alla guerra di Pisa; indi nel 1507 fu Proveditore generale in terraferma; nel 1509 fu eletto Commissario, e Proveditore dell'Esercito nella guerra di Cambrai, et spedito Proveditore a Brescia, e poi a Trevigi, dove passò con 700. Soldati; indi fu Proveditore a Padova, dove nel 1512 fu anco Podestà. » Cappellari, *Camp. Veneto*.

(1) V. Doc. V.

(2) Roscoe, Storia di Leone X.

quale la Signoria fissava al suo rappresentante dugento ducati al mese e il seguito di venti cavalli; pena una grave multa, se l'eletto a questo incarico si rifiutasse d'andare <sup>(1)</sup>.

In questi tempi vennero nuovamente afflitti i Cremonesi da carestie e febbri maligne; imperocchè ci avverte un cronista contemporaneo che nei mesi di febbrajo e di marzo del 1504, e nel marzo e nell'aprile dell'anno successivo in Cremona e nel suo contado gran numero di persone morì di petecchie <sup>(2)</sup>. Fu di questa infermità che perirono i quindici giureconsulti dei quali pianse la morte Gian Giacomo Crotti in quella sua orazione ricordata dall'Arisi. Furono costoro: Federico Corrado, Niccolò Lugaro, Francesco Raimondi, Giovanni Foliata, Troilo Buclarino, Battista Sfondrati, Cristoforo Aimi, Paganino Ugolani, Antonio Buclarino, Valerio Schizzi, Rinaldo Persico, Sigismondo Borgo, Battista Mussi e Francesco Brumani <sup>(3)</sup>. Nel giugno dell'anno medesimo la campagna cremonese fu devastata da terribil gragnuola, e il raccolto fu

(1) Vedi Doc. VI.

(2) Cronaca Crem. cit.

(3) V. Arisi, *Crem. lit.*

Nell'archivio dell'autore di questo libro si conserva l'originale istruzione della Comunità a' suoi oratori e porta la data de' 23 giugno 1505 <sup>(1)</sup>. Essa è una dignitosa protesta divisa in undici capitoli, che sono quasi undici capi d'accusa; e la maniera nobile e franca con cui è scritta fa molto onore a' municipalisti d'allora. Dio avesse voluto che una tale dignità e generosa fierezza fosse sempre stata imitata dai loro successori! Questo documento è unico; e debbo ringraziare non so se la pietà, l'amore o la ignoranza de' miei maggiori che sia arrivato fino a me. Lungo tempo credei che l'ambasciata non avesse mai avuto luogo e che l'Ugolani lo tramandasse a' suoi nipoti <sup>(2)</sup> perchè vedessero le sofferenze e la lealtà degli avi; ma ora, dopo molte indagini, mi fu dato conoscere che i nostri oratori furono realmente a Venezia. Perocchè il 16 settembre 1505 la repubblica incaricò, al dire del Sanudo, Giovanni Vendramin, Zaccaria Dolfìn, Paolo Cappello, Paolo Barbo, Domenico Trevisan, Girolamo Donato, Pietro Duodo, Paolo Pisani,

(1) V. Doc. VII.

(2) La famiglia Ugolani, come l'archivio suo, pervenne per eredità nella famiglia dell'autore.

**Girolamo Cappello, Alvise Malipiero, Battista Morosini e Francesco Orio** di venire a consulta intorno alla risposta da darsi agli oratori cremonesi <sup>(1)</sup>. Il Doge quindi, fatti chiamare l'Ugo-  
lani e l'Ermenzoni, lor disse che potevano scrivere alla Comunità di Cremona la Repubblica essere ferma nel volere che i promessi capitoli e gli statuti fossero osservati. Ma gli oratori avendo parlato fortemente contro l'avarizia e il malgoverno di Bartolomeo Minio, ottennero che venisse a Cremona un *Avogador*

(1) *A dì 16 settembre 1505 — Questa mattina, havendo li oratori cremonesi che sono qui, instado più volte aver audienza, massime zerca li suoi capitoli, perchè vogliono delle sue biade far quello li par, la Signoria con li capi del Consiglio dei Dieci ha fatto venir a consultar la risposta Zuanne Vendramin — Zaccaria Dolfin — Polo Cappello — Polo Barbo — Domenico Trevisan — Hieronimo Donado — e Piero Duodo, olim rectori de Cremona — et etiam Polo Pisani — Hieronimo Cappello — Alvise Malipiero — Baptista Morosini e Francesco Orio, provveditori alle biade.*

*Et facti quindi chiamar li oratori cremonesi il serenissimo princepe disse: Come era la Signoria di volera fermo, di osservar detti capitoli, et che scrivessero al loro consilio in buona forma.*

*Etiam questi oratori instarono contro Bortolo Minio podestà di Cremona per soi mali trattamenti e per mangerie dei soi ufficiali, massime el giudice del maleficio, et perciò fu commessa la inquisition a Pietro Duodo capitano.*

*I cremonesi richiesero vadi li un avogador de Comun. (Sanudo, Diarii, Codd. Marciani, Vol. VI, p. 150.)*

scarso di uva e di fieno per siccità <sup>(1)</sup>; nell'ottobre poi il frumento era sì caro che, al dire del nostro cronista, vendevasi quarantacinque lire allo stajo, e fra il popolo ebbevi alcuno che morì di fame <sup>(2)</sup>. E ancor più grande miseria oppresse l'infelice nostra città nel seguente anno 1505, nel quale alla malattia petecchiale (che altro non era quella che l'Arisi chiama *pestilentia*) s'aggiunse la carestia generale. Ogni genere vendevasi a prezzi favolosi; in città non trovavasi quasi più nè frumento nè farina, e il Comune fu costretto a far vendere il pane in piazza, chiudendo i venditori entro steccati, affinchè salvar si potessero dal furioso irrompere del popolo affamato <sup>(3)</sup>.

A far più infelice la condizione della misera Cremona, aggiungeansi a questi mali le gravi trasgressioni che i Veneti governatori faceano agli statuti di lei ed ai patti coi quali nel 1499 la città erasi resa a Venezia. Tenerissimo fu sempre ne' padri nostri l'amore alle leggi ch' erano state dettate dai loro avi; non è quindi a maravigliarsi con quanta indignazione si vedessero trasgrediti gli statuti

(1) Cron. Crem. cit.

(2) Cron. Crem. cit.

(3) Cron. Crem. cit.

patrii, i quali non erano mai stati come in questi tempi (1505) in tanto disordine <sup>(1)</sup>. Il commercio de' grani, ricchezza principale del Cremonese, impedito o soggetto a tasse eccessive ed arbitrarie, contro i capitoli del 1499; limitato il numero de' fornai; arbitri e corruzioni nei pesi, nelle misure, nei dazj, nell'amministrazione della giustizia; in una parola, ogni cosa più sacra posta in non cale, il tutto a profitto dell'avarizia dei governatori e dei loro ufficiali <sup>(2)</sup>. Queste cose accesero nel popolo molto odio contro la Repubblica, e la Comunità di Cremona, fattasi giustamente interprete della pubblica scontentezza, inviò i nobili giureconsulti Paganino Ugolani <sup>(3)</sup> e Scipione Ermenzoni <sup>(4)</sup> suoi oratori a Venezia.

(1) V. Doc. VII.

(2) V. Doc. VII.

(3) Figlio di Niccolò, ascritto al collegio dei giureconsulti il 2 febb. 1491 e decurione. Morì di contagio nel 1505. Vedevasi il suo ritratto fra quelli degli illustri Cremonesi nel palazzo di Niccolò Raimondi. (Arisi, *Crem. lit.*, tom. I, pag. 393.)

(4) Figlio di Bartolomeo, entrò nel collegio dei giureconsulti il 3 giugno 1493; fu cavaliere per privilegio di Francesco I di Francia e scrisse: *De jure fidei lib. 2.* — *De magistratibus lib. 2.* — *De poena arbitranda lib. 2.* — *De furtis puniendis et de testibus examinandis tractatus.* Morì il 29 settembre 1519 (Arisi).



**loro successe il capitano Paolo Cappello <sup>(1)</sup>, e il podestà Lorenzo Priuli, ricordato più sopra.**

(1) • 1495 - Paolo Capello figliuolo di Vettore; nel 1495 fu eletto Proveditore dell' esercito Veneto contro Francesi, co' quali seguì il sanguinoso conflitto al fiume Taro, et fu uno de Deputati, che assistevano alla stipulatione della pace tra li medesimi Francesi, et Ferdinando re di Napoli, in favore di cui la Republica haveva preso l'armi, ma poco dopo per l'intemperie dell'aria caduto infermo, ritornò alla Patria; rieletto poscia nel 1509 proveditore dell' esercito in occasione della famosa lega di Cambrai, ricusò quella carica per essere impedito da altri Magistrati, et nel 1510 fu uno de Senatori, che passarono in Roma a Papa Giulio II, quale non solo rese amico della Republica, ma anco con lo stesso contrasse lega, per rimettere la casa Sforza nel Ducato di Milano et per ricuperare alcuni beni della Chiesa, onde dell'esercito a questo fine ammassato, ne fu egli detto Proveditore, et in detto Comando dimostrò tanta prudenza, virtù, e costanza, che da consigli di lui tutte le direttioni prendevano le mosse; acquistò dunque in favore di detto Pontefice Sassuolo, la Concordia, et la Mirandola, con che, e per l'eccellenza del suo nobile ingegno, entrò in gratia di Giulio, et da lui fu così fervidamente amato, che di tutti li suoi più riposti arcani lo rendeva consapevole; fu poscia Proveditore dell'esercito della Republica, et a Vicenza raccolse le reliquie de' fuggitivi mancati alla rotta di Brescia; l'anno poi 1513 fu uno degli Ambasciatori, mandati a Papa Leone X. nella di lui assunzione al Papato, et fu anco Ambasciatore in Francia, dove venne creato Cavaliere; nel 1521 concorse al Dogado, indi fu Savio del Consiglio, e finalmenie li 6 ottobre del 1524 meritatamente fatto Procuratore di S. Marco, della Procuratia de Ultra; morì l'anno 1532. Vedevasi il suo ritratto, in uno de quadri del Salone del gran Consiglio, nella serie degl'altri Senatori illustri. » Cappellari, *Camp. Ven.*

Scriva il Robolotti <sup>(1)</sup> che nel 1507 il cav. Cappello prese Casalmaggiore, in compagnia del Gonzaga. Benchè, come fu detto in principio di questo scritto, sia nostro proposito di non parlare che delle cose avvenute in Cremona, osserveremo che a noi consta <sup>(2)</sup> come Casalmaggiore venisse alla Repubblica nel tempo della caduta del Moro. Oltre a ciò fino dal 1505 il Duodo, allor capitano di Cremona, vi avea fabbricato un edificio ad uso di pubblici ufficj, e sul quale stava quest'iscrizione riferita dal Lodi <sup>(3)</sup>, con un errore che facilmente emendiamo: = *Franciscus Duodo Justitiae specimen, Praetor integerrimus, decor Senatus nostri nostraeque Communitati haec cuncta dicavit. An. 1505* <sup>(4)</sup>. = Sull' edificio fu posto un leone che, di là tolto, servì poi per sostenere la pila dell' acqua benedetta nella chiesa di San Leonardo <sup>(5)</sup>. Non so quindi astenermi dal

(1) Doc. stor. e lett. Crem.

(2) V. il Doc. II del presente Capitolo.

(3) Ettore Lodi, *Storia di Casalmaggiore*, Mss. presso l' amico nostro Conte Cavagna Sangiuliani.

(4) E non 1475, come scrisse il Lodi con gravissimo errore.

(5) Lodi E. *Storia di Casal.* cit.

muover dubbio sull'asserzione del Robolotti, a meno che non abbia egli voluto dire che colà corse il Cappello a rimettere l'ordine per avventura turbato da qualche causa politica.

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## DOCUMENTI

### I.

( *Archiv. gen. di Venezia.* )

Mcccccj.<sup>mo</sup> Die xj. Januarij non datæ in tempore.

Paulus Barbo — Andreas Marino — Andreas Gabriel — Antonius Lauredano eques, sapientes consilij.

Marcus Georgio, sapien. T. firme.

Avendo inteso la Signoria Nostra per la relazione del nobil uomo Paolo Barbo ultimamente venuto Podestà di Cremona, ed similmente per avanti per molte lettere scritte de compagnia del nobil uomo Domenico Bollani collega suo, el bisogno di quella Camera nostra de uno scrivano abbia a tenere il libro ordinario come in tutte le altre Camere della Signoria nostra, et avendone dichiarato con quanta sufficienza, lealtà e fede a fatto, e tutta ora fa questo officio Sebastian dalla Ciria, cittadin cremonese, uomo pratico ed intelligente delle cose spettanti alla stessa camera: Non è salvo che ben a proposito confermarlo in esso officio, e proveder etiam al viver suo in premio delle fatiche sue, e perciò così andrà parte che per autorità di questo Consiglio detto Sebastiano Ciria sia confermato in vita scrivano di quella Camera, secondo li fu promesso per la Signoria Nostra ad istanza e supplicazione dei Oratori di quella città venuti qui a prestare obbedienza, e siagli destinato di salario all'anno, in ragione di anno ducati ottanta d'oro, netti d'ogni gravezza, con espressa obbligazione di tener un libro ordinario così della entrata come della

uscita di essa Camera, e far tutte le altre scritture appartenenti a quella, mandando di mese in mese il conto particolare, e destinato all' Ufficio dei Proveditori nostri sopra la Camere, ed in capo dell'anno gli Esemplari del Libro Ordinario, così come fanno tutti gli altri scrivani delle Camere nostre di terra ferma, e perchè per riscuotere conti e scritture di essa Camera l'è etiam necessario che abbia per due anni solamente uno coadotore che in compagnia sua faci questo effetto, Noi vogliamo che sia preso questo detto scrivano se è possibile da numero dei Auditori, che sia sufficiente e grato a quelli Rettori, il quale star debba due anni prossimi e intanto col salario di ducati venti d'oro all'anno, netti similmente da ogni gravezza, a ciò egli possi coadiuvare ed agiustare così i conti come le scritture e il libro principal de quella Camera.

Da parte . . . 78 . . . 86

M. Andr. Mauroceno, consiliarius.

Bernardo Zane — Costantinus Georgio — Faustinus Barbo.

Benedicto Sanuto — Hyeron. Cappello — Aloysius Malipetro, sapientes T. firme.

Volunt che lo scrivano sopra scritto deve essere elletto dalla Camera de Cremona, che sii buon cittadino nostro e persona sufficente e benemerita di questo Stato, e che l'elezione sia fatta dalla Serenissima Signoria Nostra sotto la forma delle leggi et ordini nostri, come si ha fatto in altri scrivani delle altre terre e città nostre di terra ferma, il quale sia con

le ordinazioni sopra scritte e con il medesimo salario di ducati 80 d'oro netti di ogni gravezza all'anno, e a ragione di anno.

De parte . . .	78	. . .	79
De non . . .	4		
Non synceri . .	1	. . .	2

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II.

*(Archiv. gen. di Venezia).*

Die XV Februarij MccccLxxxviiiij.

Provisoribus nostris generalibus.

Dominicus Marino — Petrus Balbi — Aloysius de Molino — Sapientes Consilij.

Laurentius Justiniano — Leonardus Grimani — Benedictis Justiniano — Hieron. Leon. eques — Sapientes T. firme.

Essendo questi Certificati dalli proveditori nostri di Cremona la E.<sup>ta</sup> del Sig. Governador nostro General aver deliberato soccorrere el Castello de Lodi, et aver scritto et mandato uno suo uomo alli detti Pro.<sup>ri</sup> nostri, che li vogliono proveder de quel più numero de gente che li fosse possibile, quali sopra la detta richiesta se hanno offerto ne è stato de grande contento. Onde considerando per noi l'importanza del detto Castello, et intesa tal deliberatione, ora che per la grazia di Dio sono assicurate le cose nostre di Cremona, la abbiamo indicata molto necessaria et ben proveduta, sopra la grande prudenza et pratica della

Ex.<sup>za</sup> Sua, et .'. . . . . fin ora quella essere levata con tal numero di gente, vetuaglie, et altre cose necessarie per sostener detta fortezza, che sicurissimamente avrà potuto far l' effetto sopradetto, sicome si confidiamo nella prudenza et esperienza sua preterea. Essendo noi per più vie avvisati che il Marchese de Mantova voler far assalto alle terre nostre di Casalmaggior, et usar prestezza in unir gente, vi dicemo che questo dichiarare dobbiate alla Pref.<sup>ta</sup>. Ecc.<sup>za</sup> acciò la possi provvedere a essa terra di sì fatto presidio, che la resti sicura da ogni incauta invasion che facesse el detto Marchese, et abbiamo scritto ai rettori nostri di Brescia e di Cremona che subito subito provvedino a detta terra di Casalmaggior per la sicurtà sua, però etiam voi a questo non mancherete.

De parte . . . . .	139
de non . . . . .	22
Non synceri . . . . .	0

### III.

(Bibl. Marciana di Venezia. — Diarii Sanudo, vol. V, pag. 662.)

Relazione di Paolo Pisani  
Kav. venuto di Podestà e Capitano  
di Cremona.

Vene s. pollo Pixani el cavalier venuto podestà et poi capitano di Cremona, vestito doro et con gran compagnia et referì molte cosse: prima esser sta podestà poi capitano justa la Eletion sua; laudo quella terra

usque ad astra, disse di la fidelità nunc di Citadini et che comenzano a esser contenti star sotto la Signoria nostra perchè godeno el suo; et li rectori e benissimo accompagnati, e andando per la terra li puti cridano marchò ch'è bon signal, e comenzanò a fabrichar caxe e davanti le faze che prima non ossavano al tempo dil signor Lodovico e le done vano vestite doro el qual signor Lodovico, li angariava assai e ultimamente volse certo Taion e li messe pena ferro et igne e questo exacerbo li animi l'oro concludendo in pocho tempo la sara di le fidelissime cita habino la signoria nostra: Et che non vi e capelari zoè cai di parte di seguito, e tutte le facultà e quasi partide perche non e sì tristo Cremonese che non habi qualche intradella: item li ducati X promisenò ala Signoria e quasi scorsi per haver trovato tra l'oro certo hordine di farli pagar, che a un segno la Signoria volendo li scodera item che lui come podesta fe amazar per justicia XI. Et hessendo li s. domenego Bollani capitano seguite la novità e fo apichati tre, poi li do, che fo bona cossa e che quel Paulo Ponzon non havia seguito di persone degne etc., di che di breve si potra dormir securi; vi e in la terra anime 40 milia, nel territorio 80 milia: a quatro lochi soto Cremona Caxal mazor, el qual el Po el ruina si non si provede di far certa taja su quel dil Re et a lincontro compiacer il Re di far un'altra sul nostro per tenir Lodi; item Pizegheton che bisogna proveder perchè quel . . . . . lo molesta come scrisse dil ponte su Adda etc., item castel lion e Sonsin, poi la Gera-  
dada che Caravazo e Trevi. Item a Cremona e gran comodità di far fanti e quelli mandono per Faenza li fece quasi in uno di col conte Alvixe Avogaro: E li imbarchono in Po dove ala riva li fe dar li danari al camerlengo item quella terra e ottimamente situada



inmezo di molte, poi in refrumentaria si . . . . alanno-  
formento per anni 3 per il bisogno l'oro et 7 stera di  
loro fa 3 di nostri e li bisogna stera un milion 240  
milia e podeno vender più d'un miglion, ergo e bon; e  
sopra questo si extese assai e il cremonese convien dar  
el viver a Bergamo e altro e assa vien a Venexia e et  
mal fato dar doni perchè dove el formento val el con-  
vien andar don modo habino le trate. E di la di Po-  
su quel dil re e mior marcha, ma non si bon e quello  
vien di qua e quelli subditi dil re e mal contenti non  
esser soto la Signoria nostra come dicono, etc. hano in-  
odio Francesi per le gran crudeltà usate. Et che uno  
di rocha bona quando fo la rota di Francesi lo avisa  
con la mansion gia data al capitano di Cremona. E  
dentro . . . . assà Titoli, item laudo il castello e la fa-  
brica fata miraculose e presto e non con spexa di du-  
cati 800 di la Signoria e fortissimo e il conte Alvixe  
Avogaro a porta gran fatica per quella e cresciuto da  
9 braza a 4 bisogna basar le torre; e di quelle piene  
impie certi busi, etc. la spexa sara la calzina item messe  
a coverto certi legnami item larti larie e quando il si-  
gnore Bortolo Alviano fo li disse si voria far certa ci-  
tadella, ma li fo monstra il contrario, aquieto il Bataion  
fo castelan vene li non cognosceva il castello, item si  
fazi missier Jacopo secho pagi la parte soa per dita  
opera etc. item disse di lintrada e che ricomando la  
camera a s. Piero Duodo viene capitano in suo locho  
qual a intrada ducati 23.<sup>m</sup> E più spexa altratanto, e sta  
mal far tante exemption perche il signore Lodovico ha-  
via dintra ducati 100.<sup>m</sup>, item la possession di la corte  
qual si ha fata lire X.<sup>m</sup> e più de imperiali a quel ca-  
pitano dil devedo per ani X perchè trovo certe scri-  
ture, questa e una bellissima cossa fo di Maria Biancha  
a assa privilegij di aque etc., item li beni di ribelli si

afta zercha ducati 1400, e che ebene gran fatica per li beni di quel Lucha Sfondra perche era assa instrumenti e dote, ma la faculta di Cosma Ponzone bella e neta. e bon scuoder li fitti e non le vender, item il vescovado, la Signoria, scuode ducati 4300. El quale afit a uno che la fita a altri e forse el vescovo ha via ducati 6000 dintrada, laudo la eletion dil Borgogno e con contento di quelli citadini, item la spesa di 250 provisionati e granda, laudo usque ad astra il conte Alvise Avogaro poi disse in fine Dominus fecit nos et non ipsi nos. Fo dal principe laudato assai.

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IV.

(Bibl. Marciana — Diarii Sanudo, vol. V, pag. 12.)

A dì 24 Aprile 1503.

Adi 24 Aprile de luni fo la visita di San Marco dimatina reduto il Principe con il Colegio in sala dil Gran Conseio li nuove oratori Cremonesi venuti per terra tutti vestiti a un modo zoe con manti di veludo cremexin fodra di vari e barete di veludo negro e coladine doro al collo, venivano a tre a tre ela famiglia avanti ben vestita con sagij ala divisa eletere sula manega rechamade Quouiam cognovisti eum et un san Marco nel peto richamato, calze a la divisa etc.; Elqual San Marco erra dala banda dil cuore Et questi andono prima in Chiesa poi venero al audientia. El principe erra vestito di restagno doro et zonti in Sala con grandissima moltitudine di zente dato la letera di Cremona, poi domino Sigismondo Burgi fece una oratione luculentissima la qual fo stampata, perho non scrivero la

sustantia, ma sopra tutto commemorò la fede l'oro etc., et che erano sta assai a venir a congratularsi dila creazione del Principe perche tutti voleano venir e per far tal eletione erra sta indusiato tanto; poi presentado un gran stendardo di cenda cremexin dorado con l'arma dila Comunità e lettere che dice 'Civitas Cremone vere fidei e di soto l'arma Donado e Pixana l'oro presenti rectori; e el Principe li uso buone parole dicendo li acceptava aliegramente et si meteria questo stendardo in Chiesa di San Marco: et . . . . so cossa fo ditto e cussi ozi avespero per esser la vizilia di San Marco ditto stendardo fu apichato in mezo la Chiesa dove e fino al presente. E cussi stava lonome deli ditti oratori e questa qui sotto anotada et fonno ozi avespero con il Principe qual ando in Chiesa con le cerimonie porto la spada. E Hierolamo Bembo va capitano a Brexa fo suo compagno s Marco da Molim qual fo etiam Capitano a Brexa.

Questi sono li oratori Cremonexi.

Dno Leonardo Bota kavalier — Dno Andrea de Alli —  
Dno Jacomo Ponzom — Dno Baptista di Mussi — Dno  
Francesco da Bruman kavalier — Dno Zuan Batista di  
Melli kavalier — Dno Renaldo Dalpersego Conte —  
Dno Sigismondo dal Borgo dottor et kavalier — Dno  
Francesco di Rimondi.

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V.

( *Archiv. gen. di Venezia.* )

Die primo septembris Mcccccij.

Rectoribus Cremone.

Lucas Zeno — M. Ant. Mauroceno eques, Sapientes Consilij.

Christophorus Mauro — Petrus Capello — Petrus Marcello — Hieronymus Quirino, Sapientes T. firme.

Ogni giorno ne è più manifesto et persuaso il studio et cura che metete alle cose nostre et particolarmente per beneficio et aumento di questa nostra Camera, come particolarmente ne dichiarano le vostre del 14 del passato; del che certamente ne meritate laude et comendatione: Et per rispondere a dette vostre, ve dicemo grato essere stato che per sentenza definitiva abbiate dichiarato a tutti li Datiari che hanno havuto li Imbotati dal tempo che questa Città è divenuta nel nostro Dominio, et se avevano ritenuto dn iij et dn iiij lire nelle man sotto pretesto che li cittadini che avevano comprato dal sign. Lodovico detti Imbotati, non li pagavano che li cittadini. Se debbano pagar sopra el 3<sup>o</sup> et 5<sup>o</sup> et che li datiari saldino li suoi Datij et che quasi tutti abbiano principiato at pagar, et piacene, che da tutta la terra questo sia stato laudato come scrivete: Abbiamo poi visto et inteso quanto ne soggiungete esser stato per noi concesso a questa cita nostra in 1499, nel secondo capitolo Vostro che tutti quelli che sono creditori per causa de danari pagati al sig. Lodovico et che avevano assegnation sopra li Datii de questa città sì Cremonesi, come abitanti nel territorio Cremonese se debbano pagar del 3<sup>o</sup> et 5<sup>o</sup> del Datio della Gabella grossa come in quello

particolarmente se contien: Abbiamo et inteso quel che ne scrivete che dopo da poi la sopra stata concession vien per nostro concesso alla Comunità de Romanengo che delli iij<sup>m</sup> Ducati la pago al sig. Lodovico la sia pagata delle 5 per c.<sup>o</sup> sopra el Datio ordinario dell' Imbotà, nulla fàto mentione che questo pagamento già era assegnato a tutti sopra el 3.<sup>o</sup> et 5.<sup>o</sup> predeti, come appar per el secondo Capitolo el qual in gne comprende tutti i Cremonesi et abitanti nel territorio Cremonese, la qual concession fatta alla Città de Romanengo vedemo esser de diritto in contrario del secondo Capitolo concesso a questa nostra città.

Et perchè come scrivete le viene ad essere danosa alle cose della Signoria Nostra e contiene inegualità, et produce molti inconvenienti pendentemente per voi Allegati; con autorità del Senato nostro revochiamo et annulliamo in parte di questa concession fatta alla Comunità di Romanengo come . . . . . impetrata et tanta veritate. Sicchè in futurum la non abbia più alcun vigor ma el pagamento suo delle 5 per cento così a detta Comunità di Romanengo come a tutti gli altri che devano aver per danari dati al sig. Lodovico se debbano sodisfar sopra il 3.<sup>o</sup> o il 5.<sup>o</sup> della Gabella grossa giusta la forma del Capitolo da noi concesso a questa Comunità nostra di quanto sopra si fa mentione: et così voi Inviolatamente osserverete e farete osservare a memoria de successori. Della ricevuta datene avviso.

De parte . . .	124
De non . . .	3
Non synceri . . .	0.

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VI.

( *Archiv. gen. di Venezia* ).

Die xj decembris Mcccccij.

Dominicus Marino — Marcus Bollani — Antonius Tronus — Aloysius de Molino, sapientes Consilij.

Laurentius Justinianus — Petrus Capello — Zacharias Contarenus eq., sapientes T. firme.

Essendo per partirse immediato vel fortasse già partito fin questo giorno da Roma el R.<sup>mo</sup> Cardinal Rothomagensense(\*), per conferirsi ed aboccarsi con la Ces. Maestà avanti che ritornarse in Francia, e ben conveniente alle occorrenze dei tempi presenti e per ogni rispetto usar al medesimo ufficio, de onorar la Rev.<sup>ma</sup> Sign.<sup>a</sup> Sua, che altre volte in simil caso è stato fatto: mandando ad accompagnarlo da persona onorevole et atta a fargli ben intendere il buon animo nostro, sì verso la X.<sup>ma</sup> M.<sup>ta</sup> come verso la Rev.<sup>ma</sup> persona sua e perchè il tempo non patisse dilatione, L'anderà parte, che de presenti siano ballotati in questo consiglio li Rettori nostri de Cremona, e quello che avrà più Balle non possa ricusar sotto pena di duc. mille d'oro a lire 124 per ducato, oltre le pene della parte de ricusanti: e sia tenuto mettersi in camino quando e come da quella Commissione sarà deliberata. La famiglia sua veramente se intende con cavali XX.<sup>ti</sup> compreso el Caval della persona sua, e due stafieri, e per le spese aver debba a ragione di mese Ducati 200 de' quali non sia tenuto render alcun conto alla Signoria nostra.

De parte . . . . . 140

de non . . . . . 10

Non synceri . . . . . 0

(\*) Giorgio d' Amboise; cardinale arcivescovo di Narbonne e di Rouen (*Rhotomagus*.)

VII.

*(Archiv. Sommi-Picénardi in Cremona.)*

Instructione della Magnifica Comunità de Cremona  
agli Spectabili doctori domino Paganino Ugolano et  
Sciptione Hermenzone, oratori destinati ala Serenissi-  
ma Signoria nostra de Venetia.

Domini Oratores. Gionti che sarete a Venetia vi  
presentarete al conspecto del Serenissimo Principe et  
Excellentissima Signoria nostra ala quale primo loco  
cum omne humiltà et debita reverentia ricomanderete  
la fidelissima Cità soa de Crèmona, presentandogli le  
litere credentiale degli Magnifici Rectori et nostre,  
sotto le quale da parte nostra gli significarete le cause  
de landata vostra che è per exponere et domandare  
ala Serenità soa le infrascritte cose.

Primo premetterete che questa soa fedelissima Co-  
munita tene per indubitato: che la mente e fermo  
proposito dela Celsitudine soa sii che siamo governati  
cum amore et justicia, et che le lege statuti et ordeni  
della Cita confirmati et approbati per la Celsitudine  
soa et gli Capitoli concessi per gratia et humanità di  
quella siino ad unquem observati. Et che omne volta  
che dicti statuti et Capituli sono transgressi, violati,  
alterati et reducti in extortione e mangiarie, Quella  
ne debia havere grandissimo despiacere et provvedere  
che sijno restituiti ala observantia soa. Et pertanto  
venendo alla particolarita cominciarete al capitulo  
dele biade quale è de grandissima importancia.

Exponendogli, Che per disposizione del Capitulo  
numero XII concesso per la Sublimita sua è lecito ad

cadauno condur le biade soe ad qualunque terre del Serenissimo Dominio suo pagando gli Dacij consueti, Havendo però gli Magnifici Rectori conveniente rispetto al vivere del popolo suo et che poi el magnifico Domino Paolo Barbo tunc Podesta de questa cita fece uno ordine, Che omne anno se dovesse per la Comunita ellegere alla Impresa frumentaria cinque presidenti deli primi dela Cita, quali certi dì dela septimana se habino presentare agli magnifici Rectori e intervenire etiam nel Consiglio deli Deputati ad consultare quello che fosse expediente in tal causa de biade, e così fin qui è osservato.

Circa questo capitulo, direte, che non solum è stato prohibito el condurre le nostre biade nel prefato Dominio, Ma etiam non è stato permesso condurle de loco ad locum in Cremonese. Nisi mediante bollete facte per el Cancellero del magnifico Podesta, cum exactione excessive et indebite, Cioè de quelle che se conduce per gli Massari ed altri in districtu se scuode alla Cancelleria del magnifico Domino Podesta tre dinari per staro et aliquando più; e de quelle vanno in Bergamascha o Bersana se scuode soldi quattro fin in uno Marcello e più, per il Barisello over Capitano del deveto e gli soi. E però supplicarete ala Sublimita soa se degni provvedere che sijno sublate tale extorsione indebite et iniuste. Et che quante fiate sij fornita la Città per el vivere del popolo suo, al arbitrio delli magnifici Rectori e delli cinque prefecti predicti alla impresa frumentaria, insieme cum gli Deputati chel Capitulo predicto habia lo effecto e dispositione soa in omnibus et per omnia, et che tutto quello è stato tolto ut supra sij integralmente restituito.

II. Item gli exponereti, che sempre foe in faculta



libera deli Citadini dessa Cita de disporre e vendere e comperare le biade soe dentro la cita e distretto suo, ad omne suo libito, senza alchuna proibitione si alla piazza como agli solari e senza limitazione dalchuno precio.

Circha questo, farete intendere, che questo anno è stato per publica Crida proibito ad caduno de vendere e comperare agli solari alchuna quantita de biade si nella Cita, quanto de fuora, senza licentia, Quale licentia se concedeva al arbitrio del Cancellero del prefato magnifico domino Podesta, cum extorsion de dinari, qual prohibitione a seculo non fuit auditum, quantunque sijno state delle altre carestie grande per gli tempi passati.

In questa parte supplicherete ala Celsitudine Soa, se degni provedere, che sij restituita la Cita nela prima liberta del vendere e comperare, si dele biade, come de omne altre cose. Et sij levate tale prohibitione, et qualunque Cride facte per lo prefato messer Podesta e remisso omne cosa nela liberta che era avanti lo regimento del presente magnifico Podesta. Et che per l'advenire non sijno facte più tale prohibitione, e che tutto quello fosse extorto per contraffactione de tale prohibitione sij restituito integralmente.

III. Item gli exponerete, como similmente è stato sempre licito a cadauno far pane venale al peso del Calmerio corrente. Ne maj foe ristretto e limitato el numero dessi paneteri, et quando se è trovato pane mancho de peso, per gli Deputati dela Comunita, ad che specta tal officio de pesare el pane, se è solito mandare tal pane agli presonerj, così disponenti gli ordeni de questa Cita, senza altra condemnatione nec punicione.

Circha questo, direte ala Sublimità soa, che dicti paneteri questo anno sono stati restretti ad certo numero. Licet poi lo magnifico Podesta disse era contento, che ognomo potesse fare e vendere pane. Ma re vera et in effectu non se ne faceva licentia de comperare el frumento, se non a chi se voleva, qual licentia se faceva cum exactione excessiva de dinari, et a molti che per caso son trovati havere comperato, senza licentia, et venduto gli sono stati extorti dinari in grande summa. E gli direre anchora chel Cavalero e Contestabile e altri dela famiglia desso magnifico Podesta sono andati più e più volte ad pesar el pane e trovandolo de mancho peso, come dicevano loro, benchè in minima quantità, gli toglievano el pane e l'hanno convertito in suo uso, senza mandarne alchuna quantita ala presone, Et ulterius gli hanno tolto dinari videlicet a chi un ducato, a chi doi, a'chi tre e più e meno, al arbitrio suo, senza dargli altra deffesa, ne fargli la condemnacione. Imo quo deterius est et ab omni humanitate alienum gli hanno carcerati e messi in ceppo, non lassandogli senza altro novo pagamento dela presone e della banca over Cancelleria. Ma che è più, essendo trovati alchuni havere facto del pane de Redondo o de Spelta o pan negro, che non era prohibito in le altre terre vicine in questo tempo de questa carestia extrema, gli è stato tolto el pane et incarcerati ut supra et tolti dinari in gran summa al arbitrio suo. Qual prohibition de sopra-scritte sorte de pane fo facta, como manifestamente se po' comprehendere perche la remola deli paneteri e altri che se saria smaltita nella cita e distretto nela poverta è stata conducta in grandissima quantita fuora dela cita e distretto, cum licentia desso magnifico Podesta facte per il cancellero fuora del dominio dela

prefata Serenissima Signoria nostra quello che era proibito a nostri cittadini e contadini, e gli è stato scosso soldi doi imperiali per staro, Anchora che le remole non pagano dacio alchuno, le quale remole pur haveriano dato grande soccorso ala poverta de questa citade.

In questa parte supplicarete a Soa Celsitudine che se degni provvedere che sii licito ad ciaschuno, far pane venale secundo el solito e secundo la disposizione degli statuti et ordeni nostri, e che sij restituito gli denari et pane over la valuta ad chi è stato tolto.

III. Item exponerete che per disposizione degli statuti, et per il consueto, quando è accaduto per il passato la necessita de cavar biade fuora dela cita per bisogno deli districtuali, le licentie de tale biade spectano farse per gli notarij del officio dele vidualie, qual officio per vigore deli capituli nostri et de dicta Comunita, e non se può tuore per dicte licentie se non doiij dinari per staro, salvo che doiij anni sono vel circa dicta notaria de vidualie foe incantata per ritrovare dinari in beneficio de soa Celsitudine, cum conditione chel Cancelero del Podesta havesse la mità desso emolumento, benche questo non se potesse fare in prejudicio deli ordeni dessa Cita. E più presto se fece per contentar dicto Cancelero del prefato Podesta che voleva assorbere et appropriarse tutto quello officio et emolumento. E nondimanco el Cancelero desso Magnifico Podesta ha facto tale licentia senza el notario della Comunita, e scosso per tal licentia a computo de dinari tre per ciaschuno staro de biada et alchuna volta dinari tre per mezo staro.

In questa parte supplicarete, che soa Serenita se degni provvedere che tal officio sij restituito e conservato ala Comunita, secundo che gli è stato concesso

per la Celsitudine soa, ne dicto magnifico Podesta over suo Cancelero deinceps se habia impazar de tal officio, e anche proveda, che tutto quello è stato tolto indebitamente sij restituito integralmente.

V. Item exponerete, che havendo la Sublimita soa deputato Johanne Baptista Thoro per Barisello in Cremona cum balestreri trenta a cavallo et cum lo alloggiamento e le spexe da per tutto per le cavalchate e discorso, debe fare per il Cremonese, et Francesco da Bressa a Platyna ad fine che debiano transcorrere el Cremonese e le confine per obviare ale fraude et contrabandi delle biade, quali volendo far lofficio suo facilmente ponno ritrovare in fragranti crimine tutte le fraude che se ponno commettere de biade, Nondimanco pare che per virtute de littere dela Celsitudine soa emanate questo anno sij stato proceduto et condannate più persone per fraude de biade, che se dice essere accusati et non ritrovati in fragranti crimine, quali sono stati condannati et composti in bona quantita de ducati.

Supplicarete in questa parte che soa Celsitudine se degni ordinare. che non obstante le littere soprascritte, per tal causa non se proceda, se non contra quelli che serano ritrovati in fragrante crimine, come è disposizione de rasone comune, e come è universale observancia in tutto quello felicissimo dominio, et dandogli le debite deffexe, perche attendendossi solum al dicto de accusatori, sara sempre in facultate de caduno tristo accusatore de mettere, chi gli parira in discrimen de la vita e dela robba.

VI. Item exponerete a soa Sublimita che per vigore deli statuti nostri confirmati ut supra gli Coreri dela Comunita pono fare execucione dele licentie senza intervenimento dalchuno Cavalero o Conestabile dela

famiglia desso Magnifico Podesta ali quali Coreri sono stati moderaii gli pagamenti cum novi ordeni facti superinde cum auctorità deli Magnifici Rectori passati Messer Hieronymo Donato, et messer Paulo Pisani in honesta e bona taxa assaj mazore che non se disponne per gli Statuti.

Circha questo gli direte, che 'e facto inhibicione a tutti gli corerj de far alchuna execucione de licencie, se prima non sono bollate del bollo del Signor Marcho al officio del Podesta, qual bollo se scuode per lo mancho uno grosso, che è una insolita mangiaria e contra gli ordeni nostri e se non gli intervene uno degli Cavaleri, o Conestabile da prefato magnifico Podesta, aut havesse licentia da essi. Quali Cavaleri e conestabili non voleno osservare gli ordeni predicti circha gli pagamenti desse execucione et hanno introducto una corruptela inaudita et insupportabile, de scuodere una summa excessiva e fuori de ogni honestate postpositi e neglecti gli ordenj predicti.

In questa parte supplicarete a sua Sublimita che vogli provvedere che gli ordeni predicti sijno osservati, e non sijno transgressi, e che sij facto la restitutione de ciò che saria facto constare essere tolto indebitamente.

VII. Item gli exponerete, che per ordeni facti per questa Comunità, confirmati per gli magnifici Sijndici dela Sublimita soa, sono moderati et limitati gli pagamenti che se hanno ad fare al Vicario e Judici dela Corte del prefato domino Podesta per le cavalchate che hanno a fare per maleficio e per demonstracione de loci. Et item per vigore deli ordeni dela Comunita sono limitati gli pagamenti che se debono fare agli notarj del maleficio, et per altri statuti se dispone che gli Judici e Officiali debiano exercere loro officio sen-

za pagamento e premio alchuno. Item se dispone che se debia dar la copia degli Judicij ad cadauno detento ad defensam. E che niuno possi essere posto ala tortura nisi procedentibus legitimis indicijs, vel semi-plena probacione in actis scripta e che niuno possa essere detenuto ex delicto pro quo non ingeratur pena sanguinis si velit idonee fideiubere.

Circha queste cose direte ala soa Sublimita como per le Cavalchate se fanno exatione in assaj mazor summa che non se dispone per dicti ordeni in duplum et ala fiata più. Et item lo Judice e notari del maleficio togliono pagamenti inhonestissimi, como e per caduno constituto ducato uno et per caduno testimonio ad deffensam da uno ducato fin a sej, e negli altri processi e testimonj fanno extorsione inaudite et extranee non servando puncto la tavoletta deli pagamenti ordinati. Et il Judice del maleficio se fa pagare etiam dele Cavalchate deli casi fortuiti et accadendo essere ferito alchuno in civitate, vole el ditto Judice per el visum et repertum uno ducato per lui e lo notario unaltro.

E gli direte anchora, che non solum se denega la copia deli Judicij, ma etiam se destene le persone e subditi e gli mette in presone per gli delicti dove non accade pena de sangue, volendo loro dare segurta, et se mettano ala tortura non precedentibus legitimis indicijs.

In questa parte supplicarete che in tutte queste cose la soa Sublimita se degni ordinare, che gli statuti et ordeni predicti siino ad unguem observati e che sij restituito quanto è stato tolto indebitamente.

VIII. Item gli exponerete che per vigore deli prefati statuti nostri Potesta alchuno non po aggravare ne condemnare alchuno in mazor pena che se contenga

negli prefati statuti. Et item che subito facte le condemnatione, el quinternetto desse le debe dare e consignare agli Rasonati dela Camera della prefata Comunita, perche non se gli possa agiongere ne diminuire niente post. publicacionem.

Circha questo direte alla Sublimità soa chel prefato magnifico Podesta non attesa la disposicion dessi statuti, fa le condemnatione al arbitrio suo hora in maggiore, hora in minore summa che non doverebbe fare, et item doppo la publicacione dela condemnatione, luj over el suo Giudice retene lo quinternetto tanto quanto el vole, et scuode a chi vole, ne le lassa andare al ordinario suo.

In questo supplicarete che se observi gli statuti et ordini ut supra et che tutte quelle condanne che sono excessive siano reducte ad debita summa juxta formam statutorum.

VIII. Item gli exponerete, che per vigore dessi statuti nelle cause degli danni dati, et in omne altra causa civile, preterquam in execucionibus, se po appellare e domandare consilium sapientis coram quocumque Giudice sive ordinario sive delegato per essere cause civile. E nondimanco non se vole admittere le appellacione e consilij de savj in tale cause de damnidati, et ala fiata nele altre cause civile.

Gli domandarete ut supra, che sij provisto che tale appellacione et consilij siano admissi in dicte cause, negli casi che per virtute dessi statuti se debeno admittere.

IX. Item exponerete alla Soa Sublimita como per vigore degli statuti ut supra nostri specta a duj officiali dele victualie, uno deputato per lo magnifico domino Podesta, l'altro per la Comunita, cerchare le fraude che se commettono circha pondus numerum et mensuram

de tutte le cose che se vendono e comprano, e quelli che sono trovati in fraude, presente etiam el notario e corerio, deputato a ciò, dargli la deffesa, e successive non excussandose legittimamente, fargli la condennacione secondo la forma deli statuti, la qual pena se debe applicare ala prefata Comunita, et item de tenere e servare gli Calmeri dele Carne.

Circha questo direte ala Sublimita soa che gli prefati cavalieri del Podesta aliquando cum notario et corerio, et aliquando senza notario et corerio vanno ala cerca dele boteghe, dove se vende le carne, lo pesso e altre victualie, et fanno extorsione de dinari in grande quantitate in grandissimo danno de questa cita, per le pese e mesure false, quale se tolerano per tributo senza fargli altra condennacione in grande pregiudicio dessa Comunitate. Item dicti Cavalieri hanno tolto una grande quantita di pesse et maxime a forestieri sotto pretextu, che non erano consignati ala piazza e altre cause non legitime.

Et item el Cavaleiro desso magnifico Podesta è andato per le case deli cittadini et altri dessa cita e del distretto, quod nunquam fuit auditum, et ha tolto pese, mazi, mesure e bilanze insieme cum grande extorsione e mangiaria de dinari. Et ulterius sel è accaduto che per necessita como accade sijno venuti carre alla cita le feste per condurre fora alla villa le patrone e famiglie et neli casi permessi fra gli ditti statuti è stato extorto ala volta uno ducato et ala volta più e mancho al arbitrio delli cavalieri predicti e contestabili desso podesta.

In questa parte supplicarete che Soa Sublimita se degni provvedere che la extorsione predite sijno restituite ad chi sono state tolte, e factogli quella ani-



madversione che gli parira, et che gli statuti et ordeni siano observati.

XI. Item exponerete ala Sublimita soa che per vigore deli Statuti gli Conestabili dele porte dela Cita, non pono tuor legne, vino, uve, feno, prede ne altra cosa che se conduce entro la cita sopra le carre ne cavalli sotto certa pena. Quali ordeni fono confirmati per littere patente deli Magnifici Sijndici fin al tempo del Magnifico domino Paulo Barbo del anno 1500. Benche poi l'anno sequente pare che esso Magnifico domino Paulo Barbo et messer Domenico Bollani tunc rectori in essa cita limitarno et taxarno certe regalie agli Conestabili dele porte, in execucione de littere dela Celsitudine soa. La qual limitacione et taxa non se puote far contra la forma deli Statuti nostri confirmati per la soa Celsitudine. Nondimanco la cosa è reducta in tanto desordene, che non solum non se servano dicti statuti, ma dicta limitacione et tassa se excede fuora deli termini grossamente, adeo che el è unaltro daciq non mancho del ordinario.

Circha la qual cosa supplicarete ala Celsitudine soa, che dicti Conestabili debiano desistere de tuore cosa alchuna e che gli magnifici Rectori gli strenzano ala observantia deli statuti sotto pena dela privacione del officio suo, perche sotto pretexto de ditte regalie concesse, fanno mille extorsione.

Et se il serenissimo Principe nostro ve interrogasse se quella Comunita mai ha fatto querela dele cose suprascritte o de alchuna desse al magnifico domino Podesta, gli responderete chel è vero che per la magnifica Comunita gli è stato facto querela de alchuni deli soprascritti Capituli, et per multi particolari anchora se è facto molti gravamenti de molti denari

extorti, benchè tal querella e gravamenti niente giovavano, perchè dicti particolari non reportavano da esso magnifico Podesta se non rebuffi et parole contumeliose et per questo rispetto molti sono restati de comparere a far gli gravamenti, perche indifferente-mente el prefato magnifico Podesta usava tali termini contra omne grado de qualunque homini, preti, doctori, cavalieri, gentilhomeni, mercadanti, plebei e donne, che in vero erano termini in tutto inconvenienti et alieni dala intencione dela prefata Serenissima Signoria Vostra che è piena de Justicia e de Amore Humanita e dolceza verso gli subditi et precipue verso questa soa fedelissima Città, et termini anchora non corrispondenti ala fede e vera servitu dessa soa fedelissima Città.

Et sel prefato Serenissimo Principe se resolvesse in dire che al tempo suo mandara gli Sndici soi in questa Città per questa et altra causa, et che loro in quel tempo toglierano le informacione sopra dicte querelle, gli responderete che la qualita deli desordeni occorrenti non patisse indusiar tanto tempo, perche el male è de tal sorte chel non puo expectare più tardo remedio. E quando più ultra se tolerasse, che non credemo se debia fare, seria contra la expectacione de tutto quello suo fidelissimo populo.

E perche gli sono molte altre contrafacione de ordeni et statuti, et corruptele in questa Città, como sapete, le quale saria longo descrivere vi commetteremo che ultra le predicte cose facciate in nomine nostro de tutte altre trangressione querella ala Serenita soa, che como è manifesto et è judicio universale de tutta la Città, gli statuti, ordeni, et capituli dessa non forno maj dal ricordar degli homini in qua in tanto desor-

dene quanto è de presenti et in consequentia in mazor displicentia e mala contenteza de tutta questa Città.

Circha le quale tutte cose et altre, dove vi parira expedienti vi demo ampla commissione et faculta de exponere, dire, respondere et replicare tutto quello che sarà necessario et vi parira essere nel proposito e beneficio de questa Comunita, como ne confidamo nela prudentia vostra et amore verso la patria.

Et le qual tutte cose et caduna de quelle, volemo che le exequati, tractati et expediati unitamente, et de quanto sara agitato per vuj ala giornata ne darete particular adviso per lettere vostre.

Datum Cremone, die XXIII. Junij. 1505.

Antonius de Regazola  
Johannes Sfondratus.



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## **CAPITOLO QUARTO**

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## S O M M A R I O

( 1507 - 1509 )

**La Repubblica Veneta ispira diffidenza agli altri stati d'Europa. — Paolo Antonio Miani. — Nobili cremonesi esiliati. — Alvise Da Mula e Zaccaria Contarini. — I Veneziani fortificano Cremona. — Lega di Cambrai. — Bartolomeo d'Alviano e Niccolò Orsini. — Alcune terre cremonesi si ribellano alla Signoria. — Quarantacinque ostaggi cremonesi a Venezia. — I governatori veneti in Cremona senz' armi e senza denaro. — Battaglia d'Agnadello. — I governatori si ritirano nel Castello di S. Croce. — Galeazzo Pallavicino entra in Cremona a nome del re di Francia. — Lettera di Luigi XII ai Cremonesi. — Assassinio di Gian Francesco Mussi. — Gli ostaggi cremonesi fuggono da Venezia. — Il Castello di Cremona si rende ai francesi.**

**Documenti.**

**L**a fortuna della Repubblica e la sua prepotenza, che faceano dire al Machiavello :

San Marco impetuoso ed importuno,  
Credendosi aver sempre il vento in poppa,  
Non si curò di rovinare ognuno (1),

cominciarono a inimicarle fieramente i principali potentati d'Europa; e siccome vedeasi forte e padrona di ampio stato, si fece in lei più vivo il desiderio di nuovi acquisti, anzi che la cura per mantenere i già fatti. Quindi il reggimento delle provincie fu spesso confidato ad uomini più avari che saggi, più intenti a spolpare che ad amministrare i paesi commessi al loro governo, o ad uomini nulli. Fra questi può, sulla fede del Bordigallo, essere annoverato Paolo Antonio Miani<sup>(2)</sup>, del cui reggimento in Cremona

(1) Capitolo dell' Asino d' oro.

(2) Che il Bordigallo chiama Milio.

altra memoria non ci è rimasta se non che fu amantissimo dei sollazzi, pei quali non dubitò di spendere somme considerevoli <sup>(1)</sup>. Egli venne a Cremona nel 1506 e vi rimase fino al 1508 col grado di podestà. Il governo veneto cominciò dunque così ad attirarsi l'odio delle popolazioni; e in Cremona pure il volgo, istigato forse da alcuni patrizj, mormorava della dominazione della Repubblica, alla quale fra noi pochi restavano omai fedeli. A questo aggiungasi che la fame e le malattie avevano insprito il popolo cremonese, che credè aver un segno dell'ira celeste contro la Signoria nel fatto che un fulmine cadde sul torrizzo e distrusse il Leone dorato che vi si era posto dai Veneziani <sup>(2)</sup>, e nell'altro che di notte tempo, durante una furiosa procella, la città fu scossa da un terremoto <sup>(3)</sup>. Nè mancò pure la piena del Po <sup>(4)</sup> ad aggiungersi a tanti mali, cosicchè il povero popolo, affamato, infermo, oppresso, facile orecchio prestava alle suggestioni di quei nobili nemici alla Repubblica. Ma questa, conoscendo finalmente come in qualche modo fosse

(1) Bordigallo, Cron.

(2) Campi.

(3) Cron. crem. cit.

(4) *Compendio ecc.* cit.

da rimediare a sì generale scontento e da sedare un tumulto, che sarebbe poi scoppiato in aperta rivolta, bandì alcuni patrizj caduti in grave sospetto di tradimento<sup>(1)</sup>, e, richiamato a Venezia il Miani, s'invìò in luogo di lui Alvise da Mula, uomo affabile, cortese e saggio<sup>(2)</sup>, quale era conveniente a calmare gli animi agitati<sup>(3)</sup>. Venne egli fra noi nel 1508 e vi rimase fino alla cacciata dei Veneziani, l'anno appresso, e fu collega di Zaccaria Contarini successo nella carica di capitano a Paolo Cappello nel 1507.

Intanto, prevedendo che i tempi si facevano calamitosi, ordinò la Signoria che si pensasse a fortificare Cremona; e il nostro cronista ci racconta che nel 1508 s'era posto mano a lavorare in castello e a far bastioni alle porte della città, nell'edificare i quali si distrusse la chiesa d'Ognissanti, che diede il suo nome alla porta vicina: oltre a ciò si fe' incetta di grani

(1) Bordig. Cron.

(2) Cron. crem. cit.

(3) « Alvise da Mula, figliuolo di Francesco, nel 1509 essendo vice domino in Ferrara . . . . fu di là scacciato da quel duca per la guerra di Cambrai; poi nel 1510 (\*), essendo podestà di Cremona, venne con quella in potere de' Francesi. » Cappellari, *Camp. veneto*.

(\*) Cioè l'anno prima.



per provvedere di viveri il castello e si tolsero le decime agli ecclesiastici. <sup>(1)</sup> La parte dei bastioni principalmente fortificata fu quella di porta di S. Luca e perchè di là s'attendeva il nemico e perchè eravi presso il castello. Queste opere diresse Fra Giocondo, ingegnere al servizio della Repubblica, mentre al presidio di Cremona stavano Lattanzio da Bergamo, Alvise Avogadro e Vincenzo di Naldo <sup>(2)</sup>.

Queste cose accadevano nel mentre che a Cambrai si preparava contro Venezia quella famosa lega fra Luigi XII, Massimiliano imperatore, Ferdinando il Cattolico, Giulio II, Carlo duca di Savoia, Alfonso d'Este e Francesco Gonzaga. Quali fossero le pretensioni di ciascuno, quali i pretesti dell'odio loro contro la Repubblica non diremo noi, essendochè tutti gli storici hanno parlato di questa famosissima lega <sup>(3)</sup>. Solo diremo che la città nostra, la Gerra d'Adda, Brescia, Bergamo e Crema erano reclamate dal re di Francia, siccome territorio già appartenente al ducato di Milano. Il più alto segreto dovea tenersi sopra questo trattato; ma i preparativi degli alleati

(1) Cron. crem.

(2) Vedi Docum. I.

(3) V. Guicciardini, Romanin, ecc.

e la pubblica voce insospettirono i Veneziani. Fu quindi ordinato ad Antonio Condulmer, ambasciatore della Repubblica presso la Maestà Cristianissima, di chiedere spiegazioni in proposito; ma Giorgio d'Amboise a lui bugiardamente rispose che il suo monarca osserverebbe con ogni religione la lega di Blois, e che nulla si era fatto a Cambrai che nuocer potesse alla Repubblica: menzogna, a quanto scrive il Bembo <sup>(1)</sup>, ripetuta al Condulmer dal medesimo re.

I Veneziani però non prestando fede a quelle parole e temendo il grave pericolo, provvidero alla difesa, nel tempo stesso cercando con generose offerte di disarmare l'odio de' loro nemici. Fu in questo tempo che il senato, a gratificarsi l'animo del maresciallo Trivulzio, concesse che il feudo di Formigara, sul cremonese, appartenente a Renato Trivulzio, pronepote di lui, godesse quelle esenzioni che avea sotto il governo del Moro: della quale concessione il maresciallo avea più volte supplicata la Repubblica <sup>(2)</sup>. Tutto tentò la Signoria; si volse a chieder soccorso, ma invano, al re d'Inghilterra e a Bajazette II: ond' è

(1) Storia di Venezia.

(2) V. Docum. II.

che con animo veramente grande si preparò a ricevere da sola la terribile sfida di tutta Europa collegata a' suoi danni.

Intanto in Cremona si andava dicendo che i Francesi verrebbero in città passando il Po a Monticelli; ed altre simili voci correano, quando il governo francese in Milano per pubblica grida fece noto a tutti come in termine di tre giorni ogni suddito della Repubblica dovesse uscire dallo stato, sotto pena d'esser fatto prigioniero. A metà d'aprile l'araldo del re di Francia passò per Cremona, e di qui, toccando Mantova, si recò a Venezia per dichiarare a quella Repubblica la guerra in nome del suo signore <sup>(1)</sup>. I Veneziani intanto adunarono un esercito più numeroso che poterono <sup>(2)</sup>, e ne confidarono il comando al conte Bartolomeo d'Alviano e a Niccolò degli Orsini, uomini valorosi entrambi, ma soverchiamente discordanti fra loro. Consigliava l'Orsini, uom freddo e circospetto, di fortificare la terra ferma, di tenersi alla difesa raccogliendo le forze tra l'Oglio ed il Serio, e d'abbandonare la Gerra d'Adda al

(1) V. Docum. I.

(2) Secondo alcuni di 40 mila uomini, secondo altri di 60 mila.

nemico, difendendo fra que' due fiumi la terra ferma. L'Alviano, al contrario, caldissimo e ardimentoso, opinava di portar la guerra nel Milanese. Ma la Signoria tenna, fra sì discordanti opinioni, una via di mezzo: e, provvedendo alla sicurezza de' luoghi fortificati, ordinò a' suoi capitani di non passar l'Adda. Non appena la Repubblica ebbe preso il suo partito che Luigi XII, alla testa di numeroso esercito, sceso in Italia, passa l'Adda a Cassano, prende Treviglio, Rivolta e altre terre saccheggiandole; e al sopraggiungere dell'Orsini ripassa il fiume e abbandona Treviglio lasciandovi un presidio (4).

Mentre accadevano queste cose sull'Adda, Calsalmaggiore, Spineta, S. Giovanni in Groce, Calvatone, Castelletto de' Ponzoni ed altre terre cremonesi si danno al nemico. Frattanto le soldatesche in Cremona essendo poche e poco il denaro, i provveditori inviarono a Brescia il camarlingo Sebastian Malipiero perchè a quel provveditore Gritti chiedesse soccorso, quando Andrea Ala (2), caldissimo partigiano de' Veneziani, offerì ai governatori tremila ducati (3).

(1) V. Verri, - Grumello, ecc.

(2) Fu ambasciatore alla Repubblica nel 1503.

(3) V. Docum. I.

La Signoria elesse provveditore durante questa guerra Giovanni Diedo e Marco Lore-dano, conferendo a quest' ultimo anche il titolo di Castellano, con sessanta ducati al mese <sup>(1)</sup>. Ma in città essendo l'avversione alla Signoria giunta al massimo grado, i provveditori stabilirono di prendere fra i cittadini quarantacinque <sup>(2)</sup> ostaggi, che furono sotto la custodia del Brisighella prima condotti al campo, poi a Brescia, indi a Verona e finalmente a Venezia <sup>(3)</sup>. Erano questi: Corradolo, Gian Clemente e Gian Battista Stanga, Giorgio Persico, Pietro Martire Sfondrati, Giacomazzo Salerno, Gian Antonio Miglio, Ferrante Persico <sup>(4)</sup>, Eliseo Raimondi, Pietro Martire Ferrari <sup>(5)</sup>, Stefano Sfondrati, Giacomo e Marco Antonio Ponzoni, Graziadio Ripari, Benedetto Salerno, Girolamo Visconti, Gian Battista della Rocca, Gian Melchiorre Fodri, Anton Maria Muzio, Alberto Dovara, Antonio Gal-

(1) V. Docum. III.

(2) Secondo la *Cronaca crem.* più volte citata sarebbero stati 35. Il Bordigallo e gli altri storici cremonesi li dicono *imprigionati ingiustamente*, non avvertendo che furono presi come ostaggi.

(3) V. Docum. I.

(4) Esiliato nel 1500.

(5) Oratore a Venezia nel 1499.

larati, Ottolino Cauzi, Alessandro Guazzoni, Semprevivo Sfondrati <sup>(1)</sup>, Antonio Tinti, Guerino Celano, Ilario Carbone <sup>(2)</sup>, Niccolò Gallarati, Francesco Zucchi, Gian Andrea Mainardi, Gian Bartolommeo De Ho, Girolamo Mondinari, Gaspero Mariani <sup>(3)</sup>, Alessio Zaneboni, Ottaviano Borgo, Giovanni da Casale, Antonio Ermenzone <sup>(4)</sup>, Galeazzo Mainardi <sup>(5)</sup>, Battista Barbò, Gian Antonio Stanga, Alessandro Glussiano, Filippo Maria Ariberti, Gian Pietro Golferami e Baldassarre Zaccaria <sup>(6)</sup>. La determinazione di prendere tanti ostaggi accese contro la Repubblica un odio maggiore, e il numero de' suoi partigiani, che fra noi era già poco, fe' divenire pochissimo.

Intanto i provveditori attendevano invano rinforzi: esausta aveano la cassa, nessuno o quasi nessuno dalla lor parte tra i Cremonesi.

(1) Esiliato nel 1500.

(2) Idem.

(3) Idem.

(4) Giureconsulto di qualche fama, morto nel 1522.

(5) Scrisse un'opera intitolata: *De homicidio voluntario*.

(6) V. Docum. IV. — Nella cronaca cremonese che si conserva nella Parmense, sono notati tutti questi individui, eccetto Niccolò Gallarati, Gio. Bartolommeo de Ho, Gio. di Casale e Alessandro Guazzoni: invece di questi vi si aggiungono Giovanni e Benedetto Arisi.

Scriveano dunque a Venezia che non sapeano di chi più fidarsi ormai, molto più che, dicendosi generalmente che la Repubblica era per rovinare, nessuno aveva fede in lei. In questo tempo avvenne la sconfitta d' Agnadello; e Sesto, Acquanegra ed altre terre cremonesi innalzarono le insegne di Francia (1).

L' Orsini intanto assediò Treviglio, difesa con ostinazione dai Francesi; e penetrativi finalmente i soldati di lui, passarono a fil di spada il nemico, commettendo crudeltà che si dissero straordinarie. Mentre eseguivansi queste barbarie, il re Luigi a Cassano gittò tre ponti sull'Adda, che passò senza ostacolo, e tosto avviò l'esercito francese verso Pandino e Vailate: ma, strada facendo, il 44 maggio incontra fra Mirabello e Agnadello le truppe veneziane, e qui avviene la famosa sconfitta di queste. Rimasero sul campo da quindici a ventimila persone, o secondo alcuni diecimila (2): l'Alviano rimase ferito e prigioniero, le bandiere, le armi, grandissimo numero di persone caddero in mano del nemico, il quale, per quanto narra il Grumello, ebbe la vittoria anche pel tradimento

(1) V. Docum. I.

(2) Vedi Verri, Roscoe, Grumello.

di Alvise Avogadro e di Soccino Benzoni, capitani della Repubblica. L'Orsini si ritirò prestamente sul Bresciano, sperando poter colà opporre qualche resistenza al nemico, ma troppo era lo sbigottimento e la confusione che la disfatta d'Agnadello avea posto nel cuore dei veneti soldati. Udita la vittoria delle armi francesi, non si perdettero però d'animo quei Veneziani che erano governatori o castellani sul Cremonese. Fra questi Bernardino Tagliapietra, podestà di Caravaggio, si difese a lungo con molto valore, e preso dai Francesi dopo fiera resistenza, fu menato prigioniero in Francia. Caravaggio, che fu il primo luogo a venire in mano del re dopo la vittoria dell'Adda, si arrese il 14 di maggio; il 18 i Francesi furono in Bergamo, il 23 in Brescia e il 24 alle porte di Cremona.

Vedendo le cose ridotte a sì mal punto e come in nessuna maniera contar si potesse dalla Signoria sui cittadini, il podestà Alvise da Mula e il capitano Zaccaria Contarini, allora governatori della città nostra, raccolte le lor soldatesche e quante provvisioni poterono, si ritirarono nella rôcca di S. Croce, comandata, come fu detto, da Marco Loredano.

Come i governatori si furono ritirati in ca-



stello, i cittadini, creati dodici fra loro a governare la città <sup>(1)</sup>, aprirono le porte di Cremona a Galeazzo Pallavicino de' marchesi di Busseto, condottiero al servizio di Luigi XII e che aveva preso parte alla battaglia d'Agnadello <sup>(2)</sup>. Entrò il Pallavicino in Cremona il giorno 24 <sup>(3)</sup> di maggio a nome del re di Francia e seguito dalla sua compagnia <sup>(4)</sup>.

Il giorno successivo Luigi XII, che trovavasi in Brescia, scrisse ai Cremonesi una lettera nella quale li ringraziava di essersi dati a lui spontaneamente: e perchè, soggiungeva, era necessarissimo provvedere di vettovaglie l'esercito francese che andava a Peschiera, ordinava ai Cremonesi che a questo spedissero quella maggior quantità di pane che avessero potuto; li ringraziava quindi e prometteva che sarebbe stato per loro un buon re <sup>(5)</sup>. Così il governo di Francia inauguravasi fra noi con nuove imposte, le quali au-

(1) V. Doc. I.

(2) Litta, fam. Pallavicino, tav. XXI.

(3) E non il 25, come scrisse il diligentissimo Sanudo.

(4) V. Doc. I. Questo fatto non viene accennato dal Litta, mentre ne parlano i nostri documenti e tutti gli scrittori Cremonesi.

(5) V. Doc. V.

mentando sempre di anno in anno, doveano condurre la città nostra, un tempo sì fiorente, a quello stato di povertà e di miseria (descritto sì bene dal Robolotti) <sup>(1)</sup> che toccò il colmo sotto l'infauato governo di Spagna.

Mentre in Cremona si alzavano e si acclamavano le insegne di Francia, i Veneziani dal castello intimorivano la città colle artiglierie <sup>(2)</sup>. Giunse l'Araldo del re cristianissimo e intimò a quei della fortezza che si rendessero o sarebbero trucidati <sup>(3)</sup>; ma quelli risposero negativamente, continuando a gettare proietti innumerevoli sopra Cremona, il primo de' quali, come scrive minutamente il Bordigallo, cadde nella casa di Martire Sommi, ed altri in casa di Giacomo Trecchi, in quella dello stesso Bordigallo, nella Canonica, nel Battistero, nella chiesa di S. Ilario, in quella di S. Paolo e altrove, arrecando gravissimo danno alle persone e agli edificj <sup>(4)</sup>. Questo fatto inasprì la popolazione contro la repubblica, talchè il popolo corse a cercare quei pochi partigiani di lei che ancora avan-

(1) Robolotti, *Cremona e il suo territorio*.

(2) V. Doc. I.

(3) V. Doc. I.

(4) Bordig. Cron. cit.

zavano coll' animo deliberato di ucciderli; fra questi Andrea Ala, che non fu trovato, e Gian Francesco Mussi, che, preso dal popolo furibondo, fu tagliato a pezzi <sup>(1)</sup>.

Frattanto i quarantacinque ostaggi cremonesi che erano a Venezia chiesero al doge di tornare in patria, affinchè le lor donne e i loro averi non patissero ingiuria dai Francesi <sup>(2)</sup>, i quali anche in Milano avevano irritato la popolazione per la eccessiva loro galanteria <sup>(3)</sup>, vizio o virtù che tornò fatale a quella nazione anche in tempi a noi più vicini <sup>(4)</sup>. Il doge diede buone speranze ai supplicanti, ma il senato rispose negativamente con deliberazione 29 maggio <sup>(5)</sup>. Però, essendo gli ostaggi poco accuratamente custoditi, varj fra loro fuggirono, e fra questi Giovanni Corradolò Stanga. In mano della Repubblica non ne rimasero che sedici, e gli altri tornarono alla patria, alcuni passando pel Ferrarese, altri per Vicenza, dove giunti, racconta il Sanudo, diedero mezzo ducato a un tale affinchè an-

(1) V. Doc. I.

(2) V. Doc. I.

(3) Verri, *Storia di Milano*.

(4) V, Doc. I.

(5) V. Doc. VI.

desse a cavare gli occhi a un' effigie di San Marco , e loro ne portasse la calcina su cui eran dipinti (1).

Finalmente il 20 di giugno , o , secondo altri , il 16 dello stesso mese (2), il castello di Cremona si rese ai Francesi. Il Campi lo dice reso sotto certe condizioni , delle quali non trovammo memoria : dai documenti nostri pare invece che queste condizioni non avessero luogo , poichè le artiglierie del castello si trovarono inchiodate e i governatori veneziani furono condotti prigionie (3) prima in Milano (4) e di là in Francia, ove nel 1513 morì Zaccaria Contarini, capitano, e nel 1509 Alvise da Mula, podestà (5). Era anco nella rôcca Marco Loredano, del quale non conosciamo la sorte, ma non con esso, come trovammo scritto, il Dandolo (6), suo predecessore nel comando della fortezza, il quale era già morto fin dal 14 marzo di quest'anno (7).

(1) V. Doc. I.

(2) V. Doc. I.

(3) Doc. I.

(4) *Compendio univ.*, ecc. cit.

(5) Museo Correr di Venezia, Libro de'Reggimenti, Cod. 43.

(6) Ciò erroneamente si afferma nel citato *Compendio*, ecc.

(7) V. Doc. I.

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## DOCUMENTI

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I.

( *Bibl. Marciana*, Diarii Sanudo, vol. viii.  
*passim* all'anno 1509 )

8 Marzo

Di Cremona come il cap.<sup>o</sup> Zeneral è stato li, e laudato li bastioni qual si va fazendo; et dil Zonzer di latantio di bergamo et fra jocondo insegner e li etc. ut in literis.

14 Marzo.

Di Cremona di 14 di la morte di s. pollo dandolo castelan passava anni 80 mal condizionato morto di febre item aver il Vescovo di Mantoa chel marchese mandava 200 cavalli francesi a viadana etc. ut in literis.

20 Marzo.

Di Cremona di rectori di 20 avisi de li nulla, per ho da conto de provision fanno li il conte bernardin el conte Alvise Avogaro D. Vincenzo di naldo con 1000 fanti.

21 Marzo.

Di Cremona fo letere di 21 in questa sera Zonte, dil zonzer di s. Antonio Condolmer vien orator nostro di fraza venuto per pò, parti a di 17 da turino, erra con lui do nobeli che studiavano a paris s. mafio liom q. s. lodovico, et s. leonardo Venier di S. Moisè.

Di Cremona di 50 cavalli venuti la note a Soresina a tuor D. Gaspar Stanga e menarlo di la di ada ut in literis ma credino sia fentione.

1 Aprile.

Di Cremona continue erano lettere et queste di ozi chome 10 cavalli fon quelli veneno a Soresina di francesi a tuor Domino Gasparo Stanga. Erra li ala sua possessione et lo conduseno di la di Ada senza far altra movesta; et si tien sia sta soa intelligenza etc. ut in literis.

Aprile (?).

Di Cremona et di Crema et Bergamo in consonanza di una crida fata la domenega a Milan et ali confini che da parte dil gran Maystro in termine di tre zorni tutti li subditi dil re vadi dî la e pasati sarano trattati come Venetiani et cussi quelli voleno andar di la nostri subditi Vadino in termine di zorni tre aliter sarano trattati ut supra.

9 Aprile.

Di Cremona di 9 come a Piasenza erano fanti 2500, item il re partiria adi 10 di lion per italia, item scriseno lettere ali capi di X.<sup>ci</sup> per certa materia tratano et fo fato vicecapo di X.<sup>ci</sup> s. andrea Loredan in loco dil Malipiero in li consier.

10 Aprile.

Di Cremona vidi lettere di 10 come hanno per certo il re di franza adi 10 partiria di liom per italia et esser sta posto un tajom a piasenza di ducati 15 milia e cussi ale altre terre dil stato di Milano secondo la condition sua, item a piasenza hanno prepara stara 5000 formento per far pan per la zente fransese, adeo si dubita le biave non se incharissa ma hanno bisogno di spelta, item a la guardia di piasenza e fanti 270 et 250 lanze et ne aspetano 50 lanze di la compagnia dil si-

gnor Galeazzo di San Severim, item e sta conduto di  
franza boche 36 di artilarie 15 canoni et 18 colobrine.

12 Aprile.

Di Cremona di 12 dil Zonzer li di S. Jacomo man-  
lesso va prov. a pizigaton e instruto andava verso pi-  
zigatom hanno provisto di fanti etc. item hanno il re  
di franza vien di longo in italia et francesi di la di  
Adda fanno grandissimi mali maxime guasconi adeo li  
popoli sono desperati, item mandoe una letera auta dil  
conte Alvise Avogaro e a pizigaton. il sumario over  
letera sara qui sotto, item dil zonzer li di domino lac-  
tantio di Bergamo per intrar in castello et li hordini  
dati per li proveditori zercha li fanti hanno a star.

13 Aprile.

Di Cremona di 13 alcuni sumarj come apar et una  
lista di la zente franzese.

Et la sera a hore 2 di note vene etiam lettere di Cre-  
mona di 14 horre, 18 come a horre 16 erra zonto li  
uno araldo dil re di Franza con cavalli 5 qual vien  
a Venexia per notificar la guerra et dice il re esser  
a questo zorno a turin l'anno fato acompagnar, va a  
mantoa poi di la a Venexia.

Aprile (?).

Item per uno venuto ozi da piassenza che li si pre-  
para uno ponte su 8 cobie di burchij e diman sara  
fornito et e passato 800 cavalli di qua per andar a lodi  
et ai castelli di bocha di Adda e 200 schiopetieri li  
qual castelli e propinqui a pizigaton.

15 Aprile.

Letera di 15 di hore 10 come in quella notte ebene  
lettere di s. alvix bom dotor podestà di caxal mazor

che a Viadana passava lanze fransesi et corevano su quel territorio et channo menato via bestiame e falo presoni et che si dovesse provederli di zente, unde essi rectori subito scrisseno a li proveditori zenerali in veronese che li mandasseno fanti in Geradada et uno di lhorò venisse de li per esser a quelli confini di oio.

15 Aprile.

Letera di 15 di horre 18 chome hanno francesi passavano tuta via po mia 6 di sora cremona et 4 mia sora caxal mazor, videlicet li in mezo unde preparavano et li mandavano alincontro le zente darne e li in Cremona videlicet il conte Bernardin et il fiol et il conte Alvixe Avogaro qual erra ritornato di pizagaton.

Aprile.

Letere di Isola di la Scala di proveditori zenerali di horre 21 Eri come s. Andrea Griti di partiva con 1500 fanti per andar a Ghedi a trovar il capitano zeneral et andare in Geradada, tamen non haveano inteso il passar di francesi, item scriveno di le zente da arme e in campo et il pocho numero et di le fauterie et altri bisogni e di danari, et hanno mandato in Geradada etc. item chome al sig. conte e occupato e andato verso ponte molion dove vol far uno bastiom alincontro, et a ruinato il ponte et principiato a lavorar etc. Et postovi artelarie assa per segurar il veronese da quella via perchè dil resto e quasi sicuro per le aque et paludi etc.

Et molte altre letere fo lette.



Adì 13 April in letere di Cremona

Descrptione de le Zente francesi che a questo di  
se ritrovano in Italia.

A Como: se ritrova la compagnia di Monsignor de  
terenaja

A Lecho: . . . . .	con Lanze	50
La compagnia di monsig. cuiandene . . .		50
A Trezo. La compagnia del Baron de Bernia .		50
A Cassano. La compagnia di mons. de Fois .		50
Item parte dell'arcieri di Galeazzo Pala-		
vixini . . . . .		50
A Melzo: De la compagnia di mons. de Fois .		80
A Lodi: La compagnia di Zuan Jac. Triulzi .		100
Item la compagnia di mons. Montasom .		50
Item la compagnia di mons. de Libret .		50
Item la compagnia di D. Theodoro Triulzi .		50
A Piasenza: la compagnia di D. Galeazo Pa-		
lavixino . . . . .		50
Item la compag. che fu di d. Ant. M. di		
Sanseverin . . . . .		50
Item la compagnia de Madona delanda .		50
Item la compagnia de Mons. de Bren .		50
Item la compag. de mons. de la Foseta .		50
Item la compagnia de Madama Zatelar .		50
A Parma: La compagnia de Madama de		
Alegra . . . . .		50
Item la compagnia de mons. di la Paliza .		50
Item la compagnia de mons. Rochon		
tagliata . . . . .		50
Item la compagnia de mons. Ambrocurt .		50
Item la compagnia dil Marchexe Monfera .		50
In Mantoana la compagnia di quel Marchexe .		100
Item la compag. dit Marchexe di Saluzo .		50

Fantarie.

A Trezo fanti . . . . .	N.	1000
A Cassano » . . . . .	»	2000
A Lodi » . . . . .	»	4000
A Piasenza » . . . . .	»	6000
In via di qua dai monti per andar a Parma et in Mantoana. fanti . . . .	N.	6000

15 Aprile .

Di Cremona letera di XV. horre 23 ut supra come  
a horre 14 il Marchexe di Mantoa auto Caxal Mazor e  
letera breve solum di questo aviso.

20 Aprile

Adi 20 da matina do letere di Cremona 17 et 18 ,  
in la prima come fransezi di Cameran dovean andar  
a campo a pizicatom et hanno fato che fregosin di  
campo fregoso stij dentro pizigaton. Et che alcuni  
loghi di soto Cremona zoe piadena calvaton spineda  
San Zuane Choxe et il Castelzeto di ponzoni e altri  
locheti si hano dati a francesi siche fin 5 mia apresso  
la terra hano otenuto (item Domino Andrea alli cita-  
dim de li ha promesso darli 3000 ducati per li bisogni)  
item la note tutta la terra e sta in arme persone 4000  
Dubita etc, sollicita si li mandi provisionati per non  
essersi non 500 di Lalantio ni la terra et in la rocha  
200 (item le porte ha date 3 al conte bernardin con  
la sua compagnia et do al conte alvixe avogaro.

Adi primo Marzo

Lista de le fantarie stipendiate per la signoria nostra  
et primo li conestabeli servono ne le terre et forteze.

Domino Vicentio de Naldo . .	provisionati	1000
Domino Lactantio da Bergamo . .	»	500
Strenuo Francesco da Maram. . .	»	300

23 Marzo

Di Cremona di rectori et proved. Gritti di 23 horre 3 di notte come li ballesrieri sonno a pizigatom capo zizim di axola hanno brusacto alcuni molini et barche che erano a Castion loco di inimici... per far el ponte et hanno preso alcuni molinari item che essi rectori Et proveditor General hanno mandato uno trombeta a nemici a farli intender che se in termine di do zorni non ritornarano a la ubidientia di la signoria nostra li manderano a metter a sacomano et Za erano venuti alcuni credemo doman vegnirà et resto come apar per una poliza. qui soto notada. Exepto Casal maxor con le ville di quel territorio dove e una bestia chiamato monsignor dominon con 100 fanti Comandati e li fa grandissima Extorsione de danni et altro item per uno degno di fede hano che ogi passava a viadana gran numero di Vasconi li qualli si drizzavano a marcaria per passar oio a quel ponte et unirse con el marchexe de Mantoa dicono al num. 4000 che non credeno.

Maggio.

E da saper li citadini Cremonesi sonno in questa terra fonno parte del principe pregandolo li fosse dato licentia pel che la terra e in liberta acio venendo francesi le sue donne e caxe non patischano il principe li disse fin do zorni si vederia di expedirli or questi mandoe uno lhoru messo a cremona el qual eri ritorno e dice prima chome li 12 citadini eleti ha lhoru al governo di la terra quali stevano in palazzo item che adi 25 venire introno dentro palavesini per nome dil re di franza con certo numero di fanti e homeni darne e cussi la terra si lè data E levono le insegne dil re, item haveano manda per guastadori acio il castello non

ruinasse le caxe el qual havrà comenza a trar ala terra, item subito zonse laraldo dil re et ando soto al castelo dicendo si rendesseno aliter sariano tutti tajati a pezzi et impicati et nostri li risposeno volersi tenir per San Marco et che D. Zuan Franco di Mussi primo citadin erra staio tajato a pezzi da Cremonesi per certa soia fatta ali parenti di foraustiti che li disseno li Cremonesi, venivano el lhorò hessendo per andarli contra li volevano sèrar fuora di la terra et loro darsi a Franza unde questi non andono et con furia corseno al palazzo et amazono ditto citadin Etiam fo ditto zercheno Domino Andrea di Alli et non lo trovano.

Maggio.

Di Cremona di rectori non erano letere per esser le strade rote ma lhorò in rocha fevano ogni provision.

Maggio.

Fu posto per i savj dar licentia ali Cremonesi sonno qui vadino a Cremona ei fo gran mormoration in pregadi non volendo per niun modo non so si la fosse contradeta unum est non fo manda la parte o vero la fo persa, ita che no haveano licentia che la tenivano certa di haver.

Maggio.

Cremonesi erano in questa terra bona parte non havendo altra custodia fuziteno tra i qual el prothotario Stanga, Domino Zuam Curandolo et altri et dicitur zonti a Vicenza visto un San Marco deteno mezo Ducato a uno andasse a cavarli li occhij et toleno quella calzina e la portono con lhorò (parte fuziteno ala volta di ferara siche resto qui numero 16.

Giugno.

Item fo confirmado il castello di Cremona haversi resola adì 16 sabato horre 12. salvo li fanti con tutte sue robe e le persone di rectori proved. e castelano, altri dice. hanno fato presoni et che le artelarie erano sta inchiodate, questa nova si have per un fante di alcuni cremonesi qui retenuti qual dice parti de Cremona za tre zorni tamen Zuam cota parti adì 17 domenega dil campo dil re da peschiera et non si diceva questo, item si dice altri e venuti parti luni adì 20 di Cremona che ancora si teniva altri disse aver visto jacomin di Valtrompia erra contestabele li passar a pontevigo con cari di robe or quello sara scrivero, sapendo la verità tamen tutti tien sia vero non senza biasmo di sior Marco loredan proved. che volea far tante cosse per il parlar fato a quella so cugnà Maria Camilla (?).

Sumario di lettere di s. Zacaria Contarini et cav. cap. di Cremona venute in questa septimana sancta e in feste di Pasqua 1509.

1 Aprile.

Letera di primo April come haveano nova certa esser zonto a piacenza a parma lanze 600 et fanti 4000 et si preparava alozamenti per altri 4000 fanti.

2 Aprile.

Letera di 2 dito come per uno venuto da pinarol dice haver ritrovato in diversi lochi per camino da zercha 500 fanti et visto a mortara do compagnie di lanze 100 per una vindelicet la compagnia de monsignor de Tala et quella dil marchexe di monsera item

dice haver veduto zercha 80 cavalli grossi che si conducea mano verso milan, item in Turin che quel Duca havia tenuto tre stati et concluso dar al Re di franza 100 lanze et 2000 fanti a sue spexe, item che a Milan zercha 60 zenthilomeni se hanno offerito servir il ditto Re con certo numero di cavalli a sue spexe e la menor oferta erra di dieci cavali, item si diceva li chel pontefice havia Zurato li capitoli fati a Cambrai e scòpertosi in favor dil re di franza et erra per concederli una decima sopra li beneficij Ecclesiastici, item si dice el signor Zuan jacom Triulzi esser zonto dal re et esser molto sta honorato, item che si parlava di butar 3 ponti do sopra po zoe uno a borgoforte et il terzo sora adda, item per uno burchier venuto di pavia qual ha referito come li a pavia Erra gran numero di burchij e burchieli et ne hanno visto n.ºm. 40 ligate insieme a doe per cobia con li soi travi et solari per far un ponte sopra le quale dise haver veduto esser sta cargato da 25 in 30 boche di fuoco et molte grosse item hanno inteso per altra via che fransesi conduseno con si qualche chareta de artelarie mazore et minore secondo la sorte de le compagnie, item per letere dil conte alvixe avogaro da pizigaton hanno come 2000 Vasconi haveano passato po e doveano venir a lozar a Castiom mia tre apresso Castel lion loco nostro, tamen questa nova non reusite.

3 Aprile.

Letera di 3 dito come a Milano e sta fata una crida che tutti li salvi conduti fati per avanti non sieno di alcun rigor ne habbia alcun effetto e se persona alguna del prefato territorio Venitian anderano con robe o merchantie o senza dite robe siano confiscate et le persone

fati presoni et che se persona alcuna del territorio Venetian e subdito di la Signoria se ritrova al presente nel dominio dil Re di franza in termine di tre zorni se habbino a partir altramente non serano securi et serano fatti presoni, tutta volta che tutti quelli Cremonesi di Geradada Cremaschi brexani et bergamaschi se vorano retirar nele terre dil re di franza siano securi l'oro et le robe sue, item come hanno per via certa che a parma e piاسenza hanno principiato a dar danari a le fanterie. Da milan li e sta conferma che Domino Achilles de Grassis andava a berna per far li 3000 sguzzari per il papa anderia poi a trovar il re di romani, item il cardinal pavia che a bologna dia andar omnino a pavia (?) (item si dice che in questo appuntamento di cambrai dacordo il re di franza dea romper guerra ala Signoria et star 40 zorni in campagna prima che li altri Collegati rompino).

4 Aprile.

Letera di 4 come per uno messo dil conte Alvixe Avogaro venuto di milam era qualche difficultà a far El compartito de li ducati 100 milia promessi al re perche molti voleano aspetar la venuta dil re in italia prima se pagasseno ditti danari, item ditto messo ha veduto li da 1500 fin 2000 fanti non ben in ordine et che le arme a milam sono incharite per la zente vengono e per la trata di la ferarezza li aleva la signoria nostra, item a pavia ha veduto 14 pezi de artelaria grossa et 26 fin 30 de minore trata dil castelo di Milano e fata condur li a pavia et ha veduto 18 de barchij incadenati a doij E molti maistri che lavoravano schale, item che Domino tiberio Minio di S. Luca et il suo compagno da la torre che venivano di barbaria

quali a piasenza da mons. Rochabertim erano stati lasciati con le robe, item per uno cittadino Cremonese hanno inteso che fransesi haveano deliberato far uno ponte verso montixelli che alincontro di Cremona.

5 Aprile.

Letera di 5 come haveano auto letere di s. Lorenzo foscariini podesta di pizigatom che auto aviso la note passa a lodi erra sta arma 4 burchiele e doveano venir quella note pasata over questa che viene a brusar tutti li molini da la nostra banda, unde inteso questo essi rectori hanno fato cavalchar e andar homini darne armati ala liziera tutta la notte atorno quelle rive e mandatovi etiam provisionati di domino vicenzo di naldo Tamen (non veneno).

6 Aprile.

Lettera di 6, dil zonzer li domino Zuan Agnolo de Baldo vien di trento dice aver de li aviso di la corte di li imperador di X marzo qual e imbarbanza a balduch (?). E teniva li stàti in ditto locho per haver subsidio di danari et che la dieta di Vermès si prolungeria a san Zorzi e forsi a san Zuanne et che il Zeneral di Landriano dice che limperador non sara in ordine avanti septe mbrio, item hanno li a Cremona inteso per do vie che a Milam e lodi si dubitava di sguizari non fasezze novita e piu che certi vasconi doveano venir a lodi rano sta inviati a quelle bande, item li a Cremona si dice che limperador a rimesso Zuan piero stella nostro secretario in qualche loco, per ho non si ha letere di lui za tanto tempo.



8 Aprile.

Letera di 8 come gram numero de Vasconi Erano verso parma li qualli fanno grande insolentie e disonestà e tutti crida hanno menato via undeci donzele de una villa de piasentina, item in una altra villa ne erano alozati alcuni in caxa di un contadino et usando disonestà Et ditto patron tene modo di levarse con le done di caxa e bruso la casa con quelli fanti che erano dentro e ditte fanterie vanno a Mantoa.

Lettra di XV horre 3 di note Aprile 1509.

15 Aprile.

Letera di XV horre 3 di note come avisano dil passar in quella matina po le Zente francese et come mandono fuora quelli 3 conduttieri sonno de li con le compagnie lhorò Videlicet del conte Bernardin et il fiol et il conte Alvixe Avogaro i quali andono con gran fatica etc. e tutto ozi fino horre 22 scaramuzono con inimici et si havevano auto pur 500 provisionati con lhorò che niuno non haveano hariano auto victoria et che solum in Cremona e provisionati 500 di Domino Latantio perchè Domino Vincenzo di Naldo con li soi fanti erra partito di hordine di proveditori zenerali et andato a Bergamo i qual 500 provisionati erano in la terra non li volseno mandar fuora per bon rispetto E non romagnir senza niuno et che hanno li francesi passati sono 150 homeni darne 200 cavali lizieri 2500 fin 3000 fanti hanno 4 boche di artelaria zerca mia 4. Contan di quella terra et non erra sta fatto per nimico danno alcuno ale nostre Zente Scaramuzono ne ali cavali ma ben al horò per nostri li fono tolti do cavalli

fato do presoni et do morti et nostri ritornano in Cremona et inimici si alozono a morasco: Scrisseno di questo subito in campo ali proveditori Zenerali che provedeno et ozi li a Cremona feno congregar el consejo Zeneral imo quasi tutta là terra ali quali li feno una bona persuasione che volesseno metter in execution le promesse fate li superior zorni certificandoli havriano la gratia E remuneratione de la ill.<sup>ma</sup> Signoria con grandissimo suo contento li risposeno esser prompti e promesse di fare tutto quello li saranno possibile ma ben voriano le armi fonno messe in Castello al tempo di Domino Domenico Bolani cap. de li item scriveno sperar diman di haver tutta la terra a lavorar a li bastioni perchè sieno compiti et e sta chiama le visinanze e messo in hordine 500 fanti con li quali farano al meglio potranno, item manda uno riporto di Venturin stato acompagnar l'araldo Monzogia a Mantoa.

Riporto di Venturin Gavezoni quale e andato a compagnar Monsoglio Eraldo del re di franza fuori di Cremona.

Dice chel va a Venecia et tien la via di Mantoa e di li a Verona poi fino a Vicenza li dimando si lhera vero quello lha inteso Zoe se el ge e parte alcuno a venecia che chi aricorda de restituir terre li sia taia la testa et li de questa similitudine se el fusse di mandato da el re di franza una cossa de la ill.<sup>ma</sup> Signoria et che per qualche uno a ricordasse che el fusse ben fato a dargela se quel tale haveva penna alcuna al quale li rispose che lui non sapea simel cose et li dimando etiam dove erra brexa et de che sorte lhera al che lui non li rispose a verso ma uno suo trombeta milanese

16 Maggio

Letera di 16 horre 3 di note chome per uno suo da milan hanno esser zonte a milan 2000 marangoni et 2000 guastadori venuti di franza e che a lodi e parma e piasezza erano sta deputati li pistrini per far el pan per il campo et Exercito lhorò chel se arma a zenoa per zenoesi 4. nave grosse et 8 gatie quale dieno andar nel porto di Gaeta e larmada di provenza e in hordine ancora li et expeta in alto mar: item che a lodi sono fantarie assai ultramontane videlicet, zente Savoia le lanze et final item che a brazello dicno esser zenti cavalli 1000 capo don juliano item che lo venier a caxalmazor di francesi e stato autor un Angelo el quale alias fu morto uno suo fradello, item di lo venire li in cremona e stato causa ancor uno Santino Cartarello, item de imperador se a ferma fede come laceptado li 100 ducati portatoli per monsignor di paris milanesi hanno exborsado li 100 ducati et chel re di franza a fato prometer ali dacieri di restituirli lanno passato Et che dito re paga a le fantarie ducati 4. videlicet f. 18 de imeperiali al mexe per provisionato.

17 Maggio.

Letera di 17 horre... Come per molti mandati in bocha di Adda a riportato chel ponte li sta ancora con Guardia di alcune fantarie perche a cecinar Voleno far uno asalto a pizigatom et perho essi rectori hanno fato retenir el fregoseto alpidito loco, item che la banda di sotto tutti quelli casteli Como e piadena calvatom Spineda San Zuam in croce el Castelletto di ponzoni et altri fino 5 mia di la terra sono regi o francesi, item domino Andrea Dialli cittadino deli hanno promesso ducati 3000 item voriano danari e zente ets.

scrive chome la terra e in arme Stata et sonno in gran periculo in la terra e solum 800 provisionati di Latantio di Bergamo et in rocha 200, item e il greco Zustignan Genoese Venuto per far la compagnia di fanti... ma non compita si non... e restatoli.

18 Maggio.

Letera di 18 horre 14 dil mandar a Brexa S. Sebastian Malipiero camerlengo al proved. griti a solucitar mandi il soccorso di zente si non dubitano di mal assai etc. et bisogna presto proveder.

18. Maggio.

Letera di 18 horre 17 Come Domino nicolo da doerali hanno referito che uno suo balestrier venuto di la di po li ha dito per cossa certa chel non passera 4 zorni chel campo dia venir li a cremona et un gran forza di zente e artilarie, e a questo fine rochabertin sta in Cocha di Adda e intratien li el ponte ne ha dito in super che certamente hanno intelligentia in quella Città e poco avanti e venuto uno de esto El qual li han dito che rochabertim ha fato far publice cride che a penna di forcha algum non fazi danno a la villa di sesto e aqua negra perchè si hano dato a francesi e li hanno fato restituir tutti li priseni et bestiame tolti e più hanno mandato a dire a quella de la Crota che se li fanno restituire uno cavallo che li fo tolto domene-  
nega li restituiranno tutti li soi homeni et robe che e cosa di mala sorte perchè questi tali non fanno questo salvo per farse grati quelli cittadini che hanno auto danno da lhor.

18 Maggio.

Letera di 18 horre 4 di notte ozi li e sta fato intender come D. Galeazo palavixim e a torchiara et chel

dia vegnir sopra po et che fra doi zorni farano uno altro pasazo in cremonese e che di Cremona si fa mal concepto zoe chel re di franza la debbi haver: che tutte le zente da piè e da cavalo che erano alozate sopra la stra romea tutte erano su la riva de Adda chel re veniva a milan con gran fretta e che di la tutte le cosse di la Signoria se tenivano perse del tutto: item per letere di pizigaton come li francesi che haveano preso trevi sonno ingrosseti fino al numero di 10. et dieno venir a Cremona.

#### 19 Maggio.

Di Cremona di 19 horre 16 come per uno venuto da vincenza et uno altro di bocha di Adda erano certificati che fra dois zorni inimici voleno venir a far uno asalto a quella terra et fenno questa cominazione cge si se saranno de plano li farano bona compagnia et si expecterano la prima botta di bombarda che li meterano tuttavia fuoco et ferro, item che tutte le ville li di sopra fino a do miglia a la città se sono rese e tutte hanno levato la croce bianca la terra e in arme et non sanno essi rectori de cui fidarse sino da ogni banda risonava pessime parole, e non pono cerchare la radice perchè non hanno ne forze ne modo: tutti dicono a una croce che quella terra e abandonata dala Signoria nostra et più che non ha anche forza de ajutarla che e quelle parole si soleno dire sempre che la cita voleno far novita Et cussi rectori si afatichano quanto li he possibile in farli bon cor: e darli gran speranza mar non zoba e sil non se ha uno exercito in campagna che fazi spale a quella terra non vedeno il modo si possi tenir. E di horra in horra avisano al proved. Griti e lo pregano e suplichano chel provedi di quante zente che per ogni via e modo e possibile

e imaginabile et presto presto quando ben el dovesse levar di quella terra di brexa e teritorio tutte le zente che poleno portar ar et mandarle li a Cremona fin che el re zonga el subsidio ordinario che li bisogna, item hanno riferito lettere dil proved. di orzi nuovi che li avisano che fra doi zorni haverano infanlanter el campo atorno Cremona, item il camerlengo malipiero quando a Brexa a trovar il proved. Griti per sussidio non e ancora ritornato.

Et inteso queste lettere quelli di colegio e la terra comenzono a star di bona voia sperando saria socorsa, et a vespero Gionse una lettera di Cremona di questo tenor.

(19 Maggio)

Lettera di 19 horre do di note dil zonzer il S. Sebastian Malipiero camerlengo dice diman sara li il proved. con 2000 provisionati el chel Capitan zeneral con il resto di lo exercito lo seguira El qual riporto a cessado al rumor che era in questa terra e stata in arme e perogni canto se mormorava in modo che se li inimici si fusseno a proxim ati seria sta da dubitar assai et questa sera inteso tal riporto sonno tutti mutati pare che li sia levato l'asedio datorno (item per uno venuto di bocha di Adda che li inimici voleno levar quel ponte item per lettere di Crema a horre aute che francesi ozi buttano uno ponte al ponte de castion et esser anda verso ditto loco uave 18 carge di zente che se cussi: E voleno far uno assalto a Castel lion per robarlo perche tutti li soi tratti e con tradimenti.

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II.

(Archiv. gen. di Venezia).

Mcccccviiij DIE v JANNUARj.

p. Andreas Venerius — Domenicus Trivisanus eqs.  
— Leonardus Mocenico — Andreas Gritti.

Sapientes Consilij.

Hyeron. Quirinus — Paulus Emo — Marinus Georgius — Aloysius Pisani.

Sapientes T. firme.

Avvendo più volte l'Illus.<sup>mo</sup> Sig. Gio Giacomo Triulcio dal tempo della adoptione nostra della Città di Cremona, in qua fatto supplicare alla Signoria nostra, e per parte di un suo nuncio con grande istanza supplicando; et avendo l'anno 1486 16 M.<sup>zo</sup> D. Renato Triulcio suo fratello comprato alcune Possessioni libere et esente dal S. Bartolom. da Salerno poste nel luogo de Formigaja nel territorio nostro Cremonese con licenza e saputa dello Illus.<sup>mo</sup> Tunc Duca de Milano come dall'istromento di detta Compra appare, la quale come detta esenzione sempre quieta et pacifica senza alcuna alterazione ha goduto fino a tempo del prefatto felice acquisto: La Signoria nostra si degna confirmare al M.<sup>co</sup> D. Renato suo nipote detta esenzione a ciò non si ritrovi in condizione pegio che al tempo della Signoria nostra di quello che era al tempo del Signor Lodovico; et avendo di questa cosa scritto molte volte alla Signoria nostra, con dimostrazione di grandissimo desiderio di tal confirmazione, per onor suo, noi ne avendo più volte parlato e con proveditori nostri generali in Campo, e con il Secretario nostro a milano sopra di ciò, si fa la Signoria nostra a gratificarlo e sodisfarlo a tal desiderio proprio.

L'anderà pertanto che per autorità di questo Consiglio, sia preso che in speciale e precipua gratificazione del prefatto Ill.<sup>mo</sup> Sig. Gio. Giacomo Triulcio sia scritto ai Rettori nostri di Cremona presenti e futuri che debbino al predetto M.<sup>co</sup> D. Renato Triultio suo nipote serbar la esenzione sua della Possessione de formigaia anteditta si come al tempo de Duchi di Milano era osservato.

De parte . . . . .	128
de non . . . . .	30
Non synceri . . . . .	1

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### III.

(*Archiv. gen. di Venezia*).

M. D. viij Die Tertio Februarij.

p. Andreas Venerius — Antonius Tron — Dom. . . . .  
eqs. — Leon. Mocenic. — Geor. Cor. eqs. — Andreas  
Griti, Sap. Cons.

Hyer. Quirinus — Aloys. . . . . — Mar. Geor. —  
Antonius Justin. Sap. T. F.

Il Castelo della Città nostra di Cremona è della importanza e principalmente ai presenti tempi, che ciaschedun ben intende e perciò.

L'anderà parte: che de presenti per Scrutinio de questo Consiglio eleger di debba uno Proveditor nel Castello nostro di Cremona, e possi esser tolto da ogni loco et officio: sia tenuto partire in termine di giorni otto con quella Commission che li sarà data per el Collegio nostro. Abbia esso Proveditore Ducati sessanta



al mese per sue spese dei quali non sia tenuto render conto alcuno. Meni con lui famigli quattro. Non possi uscir di Castello, sotto pena della vita: A Castellan veramente contestabile, et altri esistenti in esso Castello, e chi in futuro ci fosse abbiano e debbino stare ad obbedienza di esso Proveditore.

De parte . . . . .	167
de non . . . . .	1
Non synceri . . .	0

Electus D. Marcus Lauredano q. D. Antonij eq.

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IV.

(*Bibl. Marciana di Venezia* — Diarii Sanudo, vol. VIII, pag. 134 ).

Letera e lista de citadini Cremonesi mandati a Venetia, scritta li 3 Mazo 1509.

Di Cremona di tre horre 24 come hessendo zonto li venuto di campo D. Zuan Diedo proveditor di le fantarie con sier Sabastian Malipiero camerlengo di Cremona el qual andò in campo a questo effecto. Et vene de li per levar li ostasi fenzenzo aver hordine di provediori zeperali et cussi essendo stato la note essi rectori fin 8 horre di notte juxta i mandati dil Con. di X.<sup>ci</sup> a far la nota di quelli doveano mandar et cussi in quella mattina levono 45 Cittadini come apar in la lista qui sottoscritta i quali insieme con Domino Venier di la cassetta e da tute le compagnie di quelli di brixigelle sono sta mandati in campo li quali ostasi vano e li fanti li aviano drieto a man a mano E cussi a horre

dieci li aviono i quali li feceno venir a palazzo e senza partir li messeno a camino, e li proveditori li manderano a Veniexia per la via di brexa con bona custodia (E poi quel Zorno da poi disnar chiamono el Conseio Zeneral et parlo esso capo. et justifico questo apto di levar et feno che ogniuno mostrarono di remanir ben contento Tamen a molti e stato assa molesto.

1509 adi 3 Mazo, Lista de Citadini Cremonesi mandati a Venetia.

Revdo Dom.<sup>o</sup> Corandolo Stanga comissario di Sant'Antonio. — Dom.<sup>o</sup> Zuan clemente Stanga cavalier. — Dom.<sup>o</sup> Zuan Baptista Stanga Doctor et cav. — Conte Zorzi del persico. — Conte Ferando del persico. — D. heliseo raymondo cavaliere. — D. Piero martir ferer et Dott. cav. — D. Jacomo Ponzon Dot. Cav. — Dom. Marc'Antonio Ponzon. — D. Zironimo Vesconte. — D. Zuan Melchiorre di fodri. — D. Alberto Da Dovara. — D. Ottolino caviazo (Cauzio). — D. Semprevivo Sfondra. — D. Piero Martir Sfondra. — D. Stefano Sfondra Dot. — D. Zuan Antonio Mejo D.<sup>r</sup> (Del Miglio). — D. Jacomazo da Salerno. — D. Benedetto da Salerno. — Dom. Gratiadio River (Ripari). — D. Zuambaptista dela rocha (o Rocca). — D. Antonio Maria dal Mazo (Muza o Muzio). — D. Antonio Gallerate. — D. Alessandro Gavaizon (o Guazzoni). — D. Antonio dei Tinti. — D. Guerier de Celan (Guerino?). — D. Hilario Carbon. — D. Nicolò Gallerati. — D. Francesco Zucho D.<sup>r</sup> — D. Zuan Andrea Maynardo Cav.<sup>r</sup> — D. Zuan Bartholomeo da E (Ho). — D. Hironimo Mondaner. — D. Gasper Mariam. — D. Alexio Zanebon D.<sup>r</sup> — D. Octavian Da Borgo. — D. Zuam da Casal Cav.<sup>r</sup> — D. Baldassar Zaccaria. — D. Zuan Pietro Golferam. — D. Zuan Baptista Barbo. — D. Zuan Antonio Stanga. — D. Alexandro Giosan (o Glossiano). — D. Filippo Maria de Ro-

verti (Ariberti). — D. Roberto di Roberti (Ariberti). — D. Galeazo Maynardo. — D. Antonio Hermenico (Ermenzoni).

Et questi per li Provveditori Zenerali con custodia fonno mandati a Brexa et de li a Verona et giunsero qui adi . . . . Mazo.

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V.

*(Archivio della città di Cremona)*

Ludovicus Francorum Rex Dux Mediolani etc.

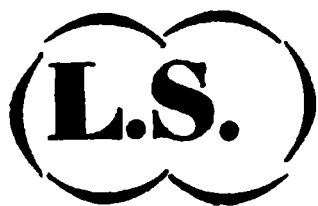
Ali beneamati et fideli nostri Presidenti  
dela cita nostra di Cremona.

Beneamati et fideli nostri. Siamo stati advisati con quanta affectione et dimostrazione de fede verso noi ne siati offerti et spontaneamente dati. Havemo hauto gratissimo, et siamo per farve cognoscere: che così como voi seti disposti a fare lofficio di boni subditi cognosciati che ancora noi havemo animo di farve sentire li effecti et tractamenti duno bono Re et S. Resta che continuati nela vostra bona dispositione, et perche hora non auemo maggiore studio et diligentia che in provederechel nostro exercito quale inviamo ad Peschera sia bene abundante de victualie et principalmente de pane, essendo advertiti che nela cita vostra e bona quantita di grano et farina havemo piacere et così vi caricamo at stringemo ad volere subito fare fabricare la maggiore quantità di pane potreti et in continente inviarlo alo exercito nostro dove lo vendereti ad honesto et bono precio. Il midesmo ne piacera faciat

de vino victualie et biade da cavallo ma così como quella del pane e più necessario maggiormente ne e ad core vi sforziati de servirne al nro exercito di maggiore quantita. Poteti fare molte significatione de la affectione vostra in noi, ma questa non potrà essere più grata. Expectaremo dagati adviso al bendilecto nro Generale di Normandia de le bone provisione che circa cio avereti facte. Brixie xxv May MDVIIIJ.

LOIS

Loblet (?)



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VI.

*(Archiv. gen. di Venezia)*

Mcccccviiiij Die xxviiiij Maij.

p. Andrea Venerius — . . . . Tronus — Aloys. Venerius — Gregorius Emus — Paulus Pisanus eqs.  
Sapientes Consilij.

Ant. Condulmarus — Aloys. de Priolis — Aloysius Mocenicus eqs., Sapientes T. firme.

Sono già molti giorni che in questa Città nostra alcuni Cremonesi mandati da Procuratori nostri quali per le cose che all'ora occorrevo, et perchè hanno prestato obbedienza e ne fanno istanza di poter ritornare alle case loro, non essendo di alcun proposito il restar quì; L'anderà pertanto che domani mattina sieno chiamati in Collegio e per il S. Principe sieno licen-

ziati con quelle buone e accomodate parole che ben saprà usar la Sig. sua, a ciò meglio disposti che sia possibile si partano dalla Patria nostra.

De parte.	. . . . .	35
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## **CAPITOLO QUINTO**

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## **SOMMARIO**

**(1499-1509)**

**Ragguagli della Chiesa e della città di Cremona dal 1499 al 1509. — Scienziati, letterati ed artefici cremonesi fioriti in questo tempo. — Condizione della pittura cremonese. — Ingresso di Luigi XII in Cremona. — Feste celebrate in questa circostanza. — Conclusione.**

**Documenti.**

**N**ei dieci anni scorsi sotto il dominio della Repubblica di Venezia ebbe la città nostra tre vescovi: Ascanio Maria Sforza, Galeotto Franciotto della Rovere e Girolamo Trevisano.

Ascanio, quinto figliuolo di Francesco Sforza e fratello del Moro, nacque nel castello di S. Croce in Cremona il 23 marzo 1455, e fu vescovo di Pavia, di Novara e di Cremona dal 1486 al 1505, nel qual anno morì in Roma, dove da Giulio II nella chiesa di S. Maria del Popolo gli fu innalzato un monumento. La sua vita è troppo nota <sup>(1)</sup>, perch'io abbia a discorrerne in questo breve scritto; solo dirò che non fu quasi mai alla sua sede di Cremona, ad amministrare la quale tenne Alessandro Oldovini, patrizio nostro, auditor di Ruota e

(1) V. fra gli altri il Litta, fam. Sforza.



nel 1497 vescovo di Cesarea per concessione di papa Alessandro VI. Ascanio lo elesse a suo suffraganeo nel 1501 <sup>(1)</sup>, e durò in questa carica, confermato da Giulio II, fino al 1505, in cui venne eletto a nostro vescovo Galeotto Franciotto della Rovere (nipote del Papa), che durò nel vescovato cremonese solo due anni, essendo morto nel 1507. Da una deliberazione del Senato veneto, in data del 24 gennaio 1500 <sup>(2)</sup>, apprendiamo come prima della venuta dell'Oldovini, il cardinale Sforza non avesse incaricato alcuno ad amministrare le rendite del vescovato. La Repubblica ordinò quindi che quelle rendite fossero conservate intatte affinchè servissero, abbisognando, a ornare la chiesa ed il vescovado. Questi denari doveano tenersi sotto tre chiavi, la prima delle quali affidata ai governatori, la seconda a un cittadino eletto dalla Comunità e la terza a un canonico cremonese della Cattedrale. In quella stessa deliberazione s'impone che vengano sequestrate tutte le rendite ecclesiastiche del cardinale Sanseverino e messe insieme con quelle del vescovado.

(1) Morì l'Oldovini nel 1514 e fu sepolto in S. Vincenzo di Cremona. V. l' Arisi (*Praetor. Crem. series chron.*)

(2) V. il Documento a questo capitolo.

A Galeotto successe nel 1507 fra Girolamo Trevisano, patrizio veneto e monaco cistercense. Questi durò in carica fino al 1523, ed ebbe fama, al dire del Visch, di filosofo e giurisperito preclaro <sup>(1)</sup>.

Sul finire del dominio veneziano (1509) la Cattedrale cremonese contava otto dignitari prelatizii ed otto canonici, ch'esser dovevano tutti di nobile famiglia, dodici mansionari e cantori e due protonotari. A S. Agata vi erano otto canonici e un proposto. Cinque i priorati, cioè S. Margherita, S. Vito, S. Vittore, S. Silvestro e S. Croce; sei abbazie, S. Lorenzo, S. Antonio, S. Tomaso, S. Paolo, S. Pietro al Po e S. Abbondio; undici le parrocchie: S. Cristina, S. Michel vecchio, S. Leonardo, S. Jacopo, S. Apollinare, S. Lucia, S. Ambrogio, S. Giorgio, S. Luca, S. Antonino e S. Egidio e Omobono: ventuno i monasteri, di cui otto di frati e tredici di monache; una società di Disciplini, che vestivano cappe nere e verdi, e un'altra di preti <sup>(2)</sup>,

(1) Arisi, *Crem. lit.*

(2) *Disignum, descriptio et mensura geometrica urbis et territorii totius Cremonae cum castris, villis, locis et fluminibus*, 1509. Questo è codice inedito del Bordigallo, che si conserva in casa Pallavicino a Cremona, e fu citato dal Robolotti, che ne diede un sunto nei suoi *Monumenti storici e letterari di Cremona*.

dei quali era allora in città un numero in finito (1).

Era in questi tempi la città nostra più popolosa che non sia attualmente; imperciocchè, secondo la relazione di Paolo Pisani al senato (2), il numero degli abitanti saliva a quarantamila. Sei erano le porte: quella di S. Luca, la Mosia, S. Pietro al Po, Pulusella, S. Michel Vecchio e Ognissanti. Popolatissimi, dice il Bordigallo, erano alcuni quartieri a' dì nostri fatti deserti, e in quello fra il Duomo e la chiesa di S. Domenico era il *postribolo delle donne dishoneste* (3): Cinquantquattro le torri in città, non contando i campanili, per cui a ragione Cremona si chiamò *turrita*.

Il Bordigallo, che scriveva nel 1509, racconta come trentotto fossero i giureconsulti, settanta i notai di collegio, trentotto i medici, dieci i maestri di umane lettere: e fra le fa-

(1) *Quorum infinitus est numerus*. Burdig.

(2) Vedi questa *Relazione* nei Documenti al capit. III.

(3) In questo secolo corrottissimo, in cui il vizio ebbe a campioni il pontefice Alessandro VI e la sua famiglia (per tacere degli altri), non fu Cremona delle città meno corrotte. In un' antica stampa degli statuti nostri, all'articolo: *De poena sodomite: sodomite igne concrementur*, leggo scritto di mano del tempo: *Hoc statutum vacat, ne tota gens pereat*.

miglie nobili, ch' erano in grandissimo numero e presso le quali fioriva allora ogni buona virtù, eranvi due marchesi, venti conti e sedici cavalieri. I cittadini componenti il Consiglio generale della città erano centotrenta, e questi eleggevano dodici *presidenti al governo della città* che duravano in carica un mese. V' erano sei prefetti alla fabbrica del Duomo, al Torrazzo e al Battistero, sei al Naviglio ed agli acquedotti civici, sei all' ufficio del Decoro e delle Strade, tre per l' estimo delle case, sei alla sanità e sei alle vettovaglie. V' erano inoltre sedici cittadini alla reggenza dello Spedale Maggiore e al Monte di Pietà, sedici a quello di S. Alessio, altrettanti a quello degli Orfani; tre a S. Corona Serafica, tre al Collegio dei nobili fanciulli, altrettanti a proteggere i carcerati, sei agli alloggi militari; e otto notai collegiati attendevano agli esami delle cause.

Rilevasi da molti fatti che i Veneziani trovassero presso di noi fiorente ogni maniera di studi. Le pubbliche scuole di scienze e lettere, sebbene decadute dall' antico splendore, erano ancora di bella fama in Cremona, poichè qui accorrevano molti giovani appartenenti alle più illustri famiglie d'Italia, e chiarissimi

maestri v' insegnavano. Le scienze, le lettere e le buone arti furono sempre onorate presso i Cremonesi, e verso questo tempo si elevarono a maggior grido: la giurisprudenza, la filosofia, la retorica, la medicina ed ogni altra illustre disciplina, non esclusa l'astrologia <sup>(1)</sup>, ebbero fra noi in questi dieci anni valenti cultori. Ricorderemo fra loro Antonio Manna, Niccolò Lugaro, Stefano Sfondrati, Antonio Picenardi, Paganino Ugolani, Valerio Schizzi, Antonio Trecchi, Pietro Martire Ferrari, Gianpietro Schinchinelli e Tommaso Raimondi, notati dal nostro Arisi, fra i giureconsulti. Nè fra i letterati sono a dimenticarsi Girolamo Vida, il più illustre di tutti, benchè nel tempo di cui ragioniamo assai giovinetto; Guido de Zoppis oratore e poeta, Stefano Dolcino, Bernardino Bolognini, Pietro Offredi, Daniele Caetano <sup>(2)</sup>, Bernardino Licinio, poeti e retori che scrissero generalmente latino. Aggiungansi a questi Giulio Superti, che compose

(1) V. Arisi, *Crem. lit.*, tom. I, pag. 403.

(2) Nella Quiriniana di Brescia esiste un codice con questo titolo: *Compendium rhetoricae d. Mathei Camarioti Constantinopolitani, scriptum fuit per me Dan. Cajetanum A. 1497, dum Utini publice profitebatur salario aureorum centum* (Robolotti, *doc. let. ecc.*, pag. 111.)

un dialogo sull'onor delle donne, e un trattato sull'amor conjugale, Bartolomeo Ermenzoni grecista e retore, Sforza Forlivio autore della *Erodiade* e della *Vita di Giobbe*, Giovanni Battista Malombra, dotto nel greco e nella giurisprudenza, Pietro Somenzi grammatico, Giuseppe Madalberti, che scrisse *Veneris amores cum Adonide*, *Actheonis transmutatio* e *Judicium Paridis*, Gian Francesco Mussi giureconsulto, dotto nell'ebraico e nel greco, Evangelista Fossa grande ammiratore di Virgilio <sup>(1)</sup>, Lorenzo da Cremona orator sacro, Girolamo Carenzoni e Pietro Battista medici, Cataldo Manna dottissimo nel greco, nel caldeo e nell'ebraico. filosofo e medico insigne che scrisse *De Pulsibus*, *De Nexu utriusque philosophiae*, *De morbo gallico*, *De generatione et corruptione*, *De semine infecto*; e Leonardo Mainardi, astronomo, fisico e matematico, autore d'un'opera intitolata: *Artis metricae poeticae compilatio*, il quale, al dir del Vida, *suo tempore non tantum inter nostros, sed etiam inter omnes in iis studiis* (gli astronomici) *tenuit principatum*. Ne sono

(1) *Bucholica vulgare de Virgilio composta per el clarissimo poeta frate Evangelista Fossa de Cremona, dell'ordine de Servi. Venezia 1494.*

a passar sotto silenzio i nomi di Sigismondo Borghi, di Leonardo Botta e di Marchesino Stanga, segretario del Moro, che con altri loro concittadini mantennero il nome cremonese in onore nelle corti italiane e nelle straniere.

La pittura particolarmente poi sembra che sotto il veneto dominio prendesse un nuovo indirizzo: imperocchè Boccaccio Boccaccino, il più grande, a parer nostro, fra i pittori cremonesi, che, senza offendere l'originalità, erasi giovato del fare severo di Giovanni Bellino e del soave di Pietro Vannucci da Perugia <sup>(1)</sup>, cominciò in questo tempo a lavorare in maniera da mostrar chiaramente d'essersi servito del modo bisantino, già presso i Veneziani in grandissimo onore. Il felice innesto del nostro antico modo di dipingere con quello, è fatto non avvertito, ch'io mi sappia, da alcuno scrittore italiano, ma solo da un moderno francese <sup>(2)</sup>. Prova di quanto asseriamo è la gran figura del Cristo dipinta nel 1506, nella quale non è sproporzione fra la gran-

(1) L'anno avanti che i Veneziani venissero a Cremona (1498) il Perugino dipinse la sua Madonna per l'altare Roncadelli, ora Manna, in S. Agostino.

(2) *De l'art chrétien*, par A. J. Rio. Paris 1855.

dezza delle forme e la grandezza del pensiero che l'ispirò; monumento d'alta importanza nella storia dell'arte cremonese, come quello che segna una nuova sua fase; dipinto d'insigne maestà che formò l'ammirazione di tutti i riguardanti, dai contemporanei di Boccaccio al Sabatelli e all'Appiani. Fra i pittori cremonesi fioriti in questi dieci anni ricorderemo anche Galeazzo Campi, Altobello Mellone, Bonifacio Bembo, Bartolomeo e Genesio Zelati, Bernardino Riccò, Lattanzio Cremonese, Alessandro Araldi, Paolo Antonio Scazzoli, Francesco Tacconi <sup>(1)</sup>, e frate Antonio Tormoli, pittore di vetri. Nè taceremo fra gli architetti e gli ingegneri il cavaliere Eliseo Raimondi, Girolamo Bonetti, Tommaso Zezzano, Lazzaro Pozzali, Francesco Bigallo, Lurano da Castellone, Gian Donato Calvi e Aguccio da Cremona <sup>(2)</sup>. Nè fra gli intagliatori e cesellatori vanno dimen-

(1) Dipinse a Venezia nel corridore a sinistra dell'organo di S. Marco nell'anno 1490; sotto questa pittura si leggeva il suo nome, che or più non ci si vede, forse perchè coperto dalla cornice.

(2) Dobbiamo, io credo, la scoperta di questo nostro artista all'amico mio cav. Damiano Muoni. Vedi il suo dotto lavoro su Binasco, nel quale dimostra come alla venuta di Leonardo la pittura già fosse insigne in Lombardia, talchè deve reputarsi aver Leonardo non fondato, ma migliorato le nostre scuole.



ticati Tommaso Fodri, Andrea da Cremona, Giovanni Gasparo Pedoni <sup>(1)</sup>, Gian Maria Platina, Paolo, Tommaso ed Imerio Sacchi <sup>(2)</sup>. Nè sarà inutile avvertire come avesse principio in Cremona poco prima del dominio veneto l'arte tipografica <sup>(3)</sup>, e come dalle officine cremonesi di Antonio Conti uscissero le Bibbie ebraiche e le migliori opere dell'antichità latina. Verso quell'epoca molti libri corali del Duomo vennero ornati di caratteri e di figure miniate con isquisita eleganza.

Fra questi miniatori vanno ricordati con onore Lorenzo Fodri che scrisse e dipinse il libro *processionale*, Giorgio dalla Rocca autore di un messale dipinto per commissione di

(1) È opera sua il bel camino del Municipio di Cremona che porta il busto del Trivulzio e l'iscrizione IHOES-GASPAR-EVPEDON IHII. L'ultima parola il Picenardi l'interpreta 1503, il Grasselli 1502; non sarebbe meglio interpretarla 1511? molto più che in quest'anno era fra noi il governo di Francia.

(2) Nessuno parlò mai di questi tre artisti: io ne trovo memoria nell'archivio Sommi Picenardi di Cremona. Sono i Sacchi autori degli intagli de' sedili del coro alla Certosa d'Asti, dove si legge: *Prioratum regente domno Bartholomeo de Murra Thomas Sacha Cremonensis cum Paulo et Hymerio filiis hoc opus fecit MCCCCLXXXVI XX sept.*

(3) Ebbe l'arte tipografica principio in Cremona nel 1485, secondo l'Arisi. V. *Histoire de l'art de l'imprimerie* di J. la Caille, Parigi 1689.

Giovanni Schizzi pel prezzo di circa sessanta fiorini d'oro, Giovanni e Pietro fratelli Gadi, autori di quattro bellissimi *antifonarii*; e particolarmente Antonio Cicognara che dipinse alcuni corali della Cattedrale, e i maravigliosi *Tarocchi* pel cardinale Ascanio Sforza e per due sorelle di lui, monache nelle Agostiniane di Milano. Queste magnifiche carte da giuoco esser doveano cosa straordinaria, poichè è fama che venissero pagate mille e cinquecento monete d'oro (1).

(1) Dalle interessantissime lettere antografe di Leopoldo Cicognara che si conservano nell'archivio Sommi Picenardi di Cremona togliamo questi squarci che si riferiscono al nostro Antonio Cicognara:

Venezia, 18 Maggio 1827.

« . . . . . la ringrazio anche di quel miniatore distinto  
« di cui ella mi regala notizie, ma bisognerebbe trovarmi un  
« libro ben autentico di questo Antonio (Cicognara). Io ho  
« perduto un'opportunità singolare, ed è stata quella di ac-  
« quistare un bel Cosimo Tura; pittore rarissimo contempo-  
« raneo di età e di stile a Mantegna, tanto lodato dall'A-  
« riosto, che figurava una bella Vergine in trono sotto cui  
« era scritto:

« Antonio Cicognara, o Vergin pura,

« Dipinger fece questa tua figura.

« Chi sa che non fosse questo Antonio miniatore od  
« altro ?

Il giorno 24 di giugno 1509, sacro a San Giovanni Battista, precisamente un mese dopo che Cremona erasi data ai Francesi, ebbe luogo il solenne ingresso di Luigi XII. Erano con

Venezia li 3 Giugno 1827.

« . . . . . Ella ha sviscerato nel suo paese una quan-  
« tità di belle notizie che tengo in serbo. Ma possibile che  
« di quel mio antenato (Antonio Cicognara) non le abbia  
« a riuscire di trovarmi una pagina, un libercoletto, una  
« reliquia col nome autentico di quella rispettabile antichità? Quei nostri antichi miniatori italiani non la cedevano  
« ai bravi miniatori di Fiandra, senonchè i nostri fecero  
« minor numero di lavori, e quelli empirono la Francia e  
« l'Inghilterra prima della riforma. . . . . Vi è un singo-  
« lar destino in alcune cose del mondo! Ella mi manda la  
« cognizione di quell'Antonio Cicognara miniatore, che non  
« so qual relazione aver possa con quell'Antonio il quale  
« nella stessa età faceva dipingere a Cosimo Tura . . . .  
« . . . . . un bellissimo quadro in Ferrara, che conosco, e  
« che deve essere o presso il conte Costabili, o nella galle-  
« ria di Berlino: chi sa se sia la stessa persona?

Venezia li 29 Gennajo 1829.

« . . . . . Trivulzio (Gian Giacomo) ha un mazzo di  
« carte che non sono nè tarocchi, nè sono di Mantegna,  
« nè sono neppure di scuola veneta o padovana. Attendo  
« qualche dettaglio . . . . Il bellissimo è in casa Busca,  
« ed è fatto a Venezia col privilegio del Senato. Altro in-  
« signe d'autor milanese, se non forse cremonese, è quello  
« in casa Visconti Gonzaga. . . . Le rendo grazie per aver  
« mandato quel passo di D. Bordigallo e di G. G. Torresino  
« che esprimono come Antonio Cicognara abbia miniato  
« mazzi di carte da tarocchi per Sua Eminenza e per le  
« reverende monache. Si vede che era molto in uso il giuo-

lui il duca di Ferrara, il marchese di Mantova, quello di Monferrato, il marchese di Saluzzo, il nunzio Pontificio, l'ambasciatore di Spagna e sette cardinali. Fu incontrato da alquanti gentiluomini che vestivano abiti di seta turchina ricamata a gigli d'oro, in onore di Francia <sup>(1)</sup>; e le strade ove passar dovea erano

« co nelle residenze Vescovili e nei conventi delle Mona-  
« che, e non è meraviglia che il Tassoni scrivesse di quel  
« Monsignore che:

« Giuocava i benefici a sbaraglino. »

Bologna 15 Settembre 1829.

« . . . . Con sua 22 gennajo anno corrente mi scrive  
« ella in proposito di Antonio Cicognara: *1454 in quest'an-*  
« *no il nostro Antonio Cicognara eccellente pittore de qua-*  
« *dri et bravo miniatore, miniò et dipinse un magnifico maz-*  
« *zo de carte dette de Tarocchi da me veduto et ne fece pre-*  
« *sente all' ill. et rev. Monsig. Ascanio M. Sforza, ecc. Que-*  
« *sto mi disse ella essere il testo del cronista Bordigallo. Ma*  
« *se il cardinale Ascanio fratello di Lodovico il Moro era*  
« *figlio di Francesco Sforza e di Bianca Visconti, figlia*  
« *illegittima di Filippo Maria Visconti, ne viene per conse-*  
« *guenza che Filippo era avo di Ascanio: e siccome il car-*  
« *dinale Ascanio nacque nel 1475 (\*) due soli anni prima*  
« *che morisse il detto avo, spento nel 1477, così non posso*  
« *capire come il ragazzo in età di soli 9 anni potesse ri-*  
« *cevere il presente del mazzo, e allora fosse Monsignore,*  
« *con quel che segue.*

Archivio Sommi Picenardi in Cremona — ( Lettere  
autografe d' illustri personaggi — seconda serie — 1757 —  
184...., N. 141, 142, 152, 155 )

(1) *Compendio*, ecc. Grumello, *Cron.*

(\*) Ascanio non nacque nel 1475, ma bensì il 23 Marzo 1455 nel castello di Cremona; e nel 1484 fu creato cardinale.

ornate di tappeti e di archi trionfali. Questi erano sei, e vi si leggevano iscrizioni allusive alla circostanza, che ci furono conservate diligentemente dal Bordigallo.

Sull'arco di S. Agata erano scritti questi due distici:

SOLA FIDES MUNDO, DEUS UNDIQUE REGNAT ET ALTER  
IN TERRIS FLORET . . . . LUDOVICUS AMANS.  
CAESAR IN EGIPTO POMPEIUM VINXIT, ET AFROS  
SCIPIO; RES FRANCUS ITALIA VENETOS.

In quello innalzato in vicinanza di S. Elena questi altri:

VIVITE FELICES POPULI SUB TECMINE REGIS  
FRANCORUM TUTUS QUI LIB. ESSE POTEST.  
MAJESTAS ET AMOR REGI BONO QUEVIT (?): ALMA  
JUSTITIA HUNC CIVES DILIGITE IN DOMINO.

In quello a S. Leonardo:

LUDOVICO INVICTISSIMO, POPULIS PIENTISSIMO,  
CIVIBUS LIBERALISSIMO, IN VIRTUTIBUS MAXIMO  
HONOR ET GLORIA.

Sull'arco a S. Marta:

LIBERTATIS PIA IUSTITIA ET PAX AMICA  
LILIUM FLOS ET PACIS PATER. ?

In quello a S. Silvestro:

LUCIFER ANTE DIEM TERRAM ILLUMINAT ORTU  
SACRAQUE MAJESTAS REGIS UBIQUE VALET.

E finalmente sull' arco alla porta S. Luca questi versi allusivi allo stemma del papa e a quello del re:

PAPA GERET QUERCUM, JOVIS INCLITUS ATQUE SERENUS  
... . LILIA REX POTENS.

Le feste che ebbero luogo in questa circostanza furono mirabili, dice il Campi: Luigi fe' distribuire al popolo pane e vino in abbondanza, e per tre giorni si fecero processioni, suonarono a festa le campane, echeggiarono canti e suoni per la città illuminata con molti falò in segno di gioja <sup>(1)</sup>. Quanti giorni si trattenesse il re in Cremona non sappiamo sicuramente, ma certo pochi, e forse tre <sup>(2)</sup>. Ebbe Luigi ricchi doni dai cittadini <sup>(3)</sup>, ma in che questi consistessero non ci fu dato sapere. Nell'anno stesso 1509 il re poi concesse privilegi agli Stanga, ai Trecchi, ai Tinti, ai Ponzoni, ai Manara e ai canonici di S. Pietro al Po <sup>(4)</sup>; e, partito, s' avviò verso Pizzighet-

(1) Bordig. Cron. cit.

(2) *Comp. Stor. univ.*; e *Cron. crem. cit.*

(3) Burdig. Cron. cit.

(4) Nel libro di *donazioni, concessioni*, ecc. seg. R. RRR, (archivio di Milano) leggonsi i segg. privilegi:  
1509. 14 Nov. Pro Stanghis. (conferma dei privilegi ai conti Gio. Batta e Gio. Antonio fratelli Stanga, non che a Galeazzo e fratelli, pure Stanga) pag. 149, tergo.

tone , indi a Crema , a Lodi e finalmente a Milano , raccogliendo applausi e donativi per tutta la via <sup>(1)</sup>.

Così ebbe fine in Cremona il dominio dei Veneziani e principio quello degli stranieri. Duole però il considerare con quanto odio i nostri antenati cacciassero il governo di quella Repubblica, che pur fu detta buona madre de' sudditi : duole il veder gli storici nostri diffondersi negli elogi di principi forestieri , nelle descrizioni de' loro ingressi nella città che, mascherata a festa, applaudiva a' nuovi tiranni, simile al saltimbanco che ha il riso sul volto e l'angoscia nel cuore. Anche il governo di S. Marco fra noi ebbe pur le sue

1509. 3 Luglio. Pro Trecchis. (conf. dei priv. a favore di Antonio, Lodovico e Girolamo fratelli Trecchi), pag. 131, tergo.

1509. 11 Luglio. Pro Tinctis. (conf. priv. per Luigi Tinti) pag. 151 tergo.

1509. 15 Dic. Pro Ponzonibus. ( conf. privit. Cosimo, Marco Antonio , Giovanni , Vincenzo , Francesco , Gio. Luigi, Paolo, Giacomo, Pietro, Angelo) pag. 153.

1509. 5 Luglio. Pro canonicis S. Petri in Pado (abbate e canonici di S. Pietro al Po) pag. 157, tergo.

1509. Pro Manariis ( a favore di Galeazzo Manara per privilegi concessi a lui da Bianca Maria , da Galeazzo Maria e da Ludovico il Moro), pag. 166, tergo.

(1) Grumello, Cron. cit.

fieste, le sue pompe; del nome veneziano suonò alta, venerata e temuta la gloria; e fu gloria italiana. Eppure noi possiamo quasi affermare che ogni vestigio di questa repubblica fu distrutto fra noi, in modo quasi che non rimanesse ai posteri memoria di quella, se non d'onta per lei: e la vittoria straniera fu detta *giusta* <sup>(1)</sup>, e si festeggiò lo straniero. Ma le esultanze aprirono un'era di sventure lunga, crudele, sanguinosa, che noi abbiām veduto finire, e i nostri gemiti si confusero con quelli dell'antica dominatrice tradita e venduta. Non ritorneremo noi sulle discordie nostre, sui nostri errori; gli abbiamo pagati caramente e generosamente; la nostra ultima storia e l'ammirazione d'Europa l'afferma. Ma dalla laguna partono gemiti e pianti, perchè il Leone è stanco dell'Aquila grifagna; ma fa core, o Leone, non è lontano il giorno che la tua nemica sarà da te divorata, e il tuo ruggito echeggerà per tutta la terra.

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(1) Ludovico XII, Gallor. Rege Invictiss. et Mediolani duci expulsis profligatisque justo bello Venetis urbi feliciter imperanti. (Nel Duomo di Cremona.)



## **DOCUMENTO**

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( *Archiv. gen. di Venezia* ).

Die xxj Januarj MccccLxxxviiiij.

Provisoribus nostri Cremone.

Sapientes Consilij

Franciscus Fuscarenus.

Sapientes T. firme.

Volendo noi per ogni bon et conveniente respecto che le Intrade de quel Vescovado de Cremona, quale è dell' Ill.mo Monsignor Ascanio non siano per alcun Ministro del Vescovo scosse, nè administrate, governate, ma siano intacte conservate, acciò da quelle abbisognando se possi mettere in beneficio et ornamento della Chiesa et del Vescovado, volemo et cum el nostro Consiglio de pregadi, e comandemo che tutte le intrade del Vescovado predetto, et tutte altre intrade che possedesse su quel territorio nostro, esso Monsignor Ascanio de altri beneficj scuoder e sequestrar dobiate perfino altro ne sarà imposto et comandato, et acciò quelle restano intacte per sino che altro sarà deliberato, intention nostra è e così ne comandemo che quelle metter si debino sotto tre chiave da esser tenute una per Vuj Rectori, la seconda per uno di quelli cittadini, che per quella fedelissima Città nostra sarà deputato, la terza per il principal Canonico di quella Chiesa Cattedral che sia cremonese: Item siano et scosse et sequestrate le intrade dell' Abazia

del Ill.mo Cardinal s. Severin che possiede su quel territorio nostro, et de tutti altri beneficj che possiede da esser consegnate come e nel modo sopradetto.

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MG



*Prezzo it. L. 3*





Age Group	Percentage of Respondents
18-29	~65%
30-49	~75%
50-69	~80%
70+	~85%

\_\_\_\_\_

**Form 410**

MAR 5 - 1913

